32 PAGES

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

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THE FRONT PAGE.

COL. GEORGE ROBERTSON, who styles himself transfer agent and trustee of John Macintosh's Ltd., and who also in the earlier stages of his in Toronto floated the Nicoll Casing Company, has suit against TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT for $10,000 ages, alleging that this journal has, through quoting attorney who (on behalf of the Provincial Secretary's prosecuted him in the Police Court for non-compliance with the Joint Stock Companies' Act, injured him to this extent.

It is perhaps a fortunate thing, for both SATURDAY NIGHT and the public generally, that this man Robertson entered an action against us. Without it we might, perchance, have gone less carefully into this man's As a matter of fact SATURDAY NIGHT did not as much attention to Athol George Robertson and flotations as the facts now seem to warrant, but we were very busy at the time with our old subscriber Maddick and with other matters, and this young man was partially overlooked.

However, I will now proceed to rectify this oversight. It may be stated to begin with that Athol George Robertson is an ex-jail bird; that he was in October, 1908, convicted in the Toronto Police Court of distributing obscene post cards, pictures and immoral literature and was given sixty days in jail for this offense. Anyone who doubts this statement can easily verify it by applying to the proper authorities at the City Hall. The court proceedings as published at the time are reproduced on another page.

This young man, a disseminator of dirty literature, a purveyor of filthy pictures—a leader of a gang engaged in this business—has the temerity to object to an honest criticism of his corporations, and an upright and altogether authentic account of a police court happening in which he was the offending party.

It may be well to state to begin with that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has no quarrel with either the Nicoll Casing Company or the Macintosh Toffee Company. Of the Nicoll Casing Company, which I understand is now a going concern, I know at the moment very little beyond the fact that it has something to do with the manufacture of "overcoats" for sausages, and it was brought into the columns of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT by reason of the fact that Athol George Robertson had failed in this flotation to comply with the Joint Stock Companies' Act.

As regards the John Macintosh Toffee Company, TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT in its Gold and Dross columns advised against it as an investment, until such time as better proof might be obtained of its desirability; in other words until it had proven itself to be in the investment class. That our advice was sound is now amply proven, for it now develops that the business is vouched for in the advertisements by an ex-jail bird; a man convicted and imprisoned right here in Ontario for the most despicable of crimes, the dissemination of immoral literature. Under the circumstances what is Athol George Robertson's "opinion," which has been so freely quoted in the advertisement, worth?

It would have been well for the officers and directors of the Toffee Company, nearly all residents of Brockville, where the plant is located, if they had looked more closely into the record of this young man before trusting their affairs in his hands. Their proposition may be all right, but the man who is acting as their transfer agent and trustee comes rather far of the mark obtaining in upright business circles.

The original points of disagreement between Athol George Robertson and TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT arose from three sources. The first was that SATURDAY NIGHT would not accept the advertising of the Macintosh Toffee Company. The second, already noted, was that we felt obliged to advise a correspondent against this capitalization of a "sugar stick" for the investment of his funds. And finally we refused to allow Athol George Robertson the use (in other publications) of the name of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT as not being opposed to the flotation of the John Macintosh Toffee Company.

It was while our advertising men were busily employed sidestepping the Macintosh Toffee advertising that Athol George Robertson called at the editorial rooms. He said that he was worried and he looked it. Owing to SATURDAY NIGHT'S campaign against illegitimate promotions Robertson's flotation of the Toffee Company looked to him like a "dead one."

Robertson very carefully explained that he had been to a great deal of trouble and expense in attempting to float the company and it appeared as if his work had been in vain. He then proceeded to tell me something of the flotation of the Nicoll Casing Company. This flotation, he said, had gone off with a bang, and above all things Robertson did not desire that his capitalization of a "sugar stick" to go up with a bang.

Under the circumstances would it be asking too much of SATURDAY NIGHT to aid in the good work. Would SATURDAY NIGHT lend itself to giving the Toffee flotation a boost? Would I be good enough to allow him to state (in other publications) the fact that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT had not opposed the flotation? Robertson thought that SATURDAY NIGHT might in this manner give it a sort of a second hand "God bless you, my child," without straining too hard on the facts.

However, SATURDAY NIGHT could not see its way clear to "boost" a flotation of this character, and Athol George Robertson was so informed, and he was told at the same time that SATURDAY NIGHT wished him no harm, provided his flotation was honest and above board.

In Robertson's interview in The World, reproduced in full on another page, he takes TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT to task for not printing his advertisements and at the same time taking those of other corporations, which, in the judgment of the management of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, are above suspicion.

A few words on this subject will, I think, prove sufficient. The time has not yet come when SATURDAY NIGHT is required to lend its columns to jail-bird promoters of the Athol George Robertson type. TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is under no obligations, moral, financial, or legal, to sell its columns to men of the Robertson kind, and further it would be well for this man Robertson to remember that an action for libel is not a verdict for damages.

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INSTANCES of the unfailing tact and kindness of King Edward are never far to seek. His Majesty has the reputation of never forgetting a face or a name. Nor does he seem to ever forget to do a kindness when the opportunity for one offers. Word of the accident to Professor Goldwin Smith reached him, and he immediately had a cable sent to the Governor-General, expressing his sorrow for such a misfortune to "my good old friend, Goldwin Smith," and his hopes for an early recovery. It may be pointed out that Professor Smith was the King's tutor in his boyhood, and His Majesty has never forgotten the relations of those days. His prompt expression of sympathy was one of those little acts of kindness which, while unimportant in themselves, have played a great part in giving him his strong hold on the affections of his people.

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THE last sad rites were performed over the corpse of the John A. Street Company (George H. Munroe's dummy corporation) on Friday morning, the 11th inst. The scene of the funeral was the auction rooms of Charles M. Henderson & Co., and the corpse took the form of the visible assets, consisting of a nice lot of mahogany furniture. The ceremony was attended by a large band of select mourners who appeared anxious to gather in some souvenirs of the occasion.

The chief undertaker, standing on a chair, sold the mahogany at astonishingly high prices. In fact much of it brought better figures than when originally purchased by the Munroe outfit. Taken all in all, the obsequies were a great success.

The impression has been very general in Toronto that George H. Munroe disappeared from our midst with no more money than when he landed eighteen months ago. In other words that his assets rattled around in his pockets like a pea in a coal bucket.

As a matter of fact, however, Munroe left with $3,200 belonging to another fellow, and it happened in this wise:—

On the memorable morning of the day that he decamped (having come to the conclusion that New York's atmosphere would agree with him better than that of Kingston), he induced one of his close personal friends and associates to trade checks with him for the sum of $3,200. The man trusted Munroe. He believed him to be a much maligned individual. The gentleman, therefore, gave Munroe his check (which was good) for the sum of $3,200, and Munroe in turn gave his check (which was not good) for $3,200.

Munroe cashed his other man's check and that same afternoon disappeared. The trusting friend went to the bank with his twenty-four hours later. "No funds" was the curt remark of the paying teller.

The trusting friend has the check still, and he is out his $3,200, which it may be stated he had worked hard for and which constituted about all his worldly assets.

"Reputation, reputation, reputation! I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial."—Shakespeare.

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THE smouldering antagonism between the French-Canadians and Jews in Montreal has broken out in a new spot, and this time the trouble is being aired in the courts. A Hebrew took legal action against a French-Canadian landlord because the latter refused to rent him a vacant house, giving as his sole reason that "Jews need not apply." The Jew refused to recognize any law written or unwritten which demanded the segregation of his race. When the case reached court, the landlord's defence was that the priest of St. Louis de France parish had instructed all the members of his flock not to lease any property to Jews. He wanted to keep them at a good distance. Justice Guerin, who is a good Catholic himself, ruled against the landlord, and criticized the priest's action in strong terms.

The incident is worth repeating here because of the light it throws on how slowly religious intolerance dies. One might naturally be pardoned for thinking that the spirit of the Spanish Inquisition had long since passed into the realm of things dead and gone, but here it is blossoming forth in this free Dominion in the twentieth century. If the worthy Father who controls the spiritual destinies of one of the largest parishes in Montreal had his way, there would be no Jews within his special domain, and if he dared in this enlightened age of which we boast, and of which his Church and his race receives the full benefit, the thumb screw and the stake would no doubt be applied to the troublesome Hebrew who persists in multiplying and adding to himself much of this world's goods. To go even further back in the history of religious persecution, it is the unconverted Saul of Tarsus appearing in modern guise.

It is just possible that the Hebrews will now retaliate by going into the parish and buying up whole blocks, for they have the money to buy houses and the families to occupy them, and the opposition of His Reverence will doubtless add to their silent enjoyment.

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THE announcement that the historic residence of Professor Goldwin Smith, "The Grange," will ultimately be given over to the city of Toronto for an art museum, and the recent exhibitions of paintings that have been held in the present gallery of the Toronto Art Museum, have awakened a new and keener interest in art on the part of the public. But there has been for years in Toronto a small but influential body of citizens who have been enthusiastic lovers of fine paintings, and who have given proof of the reality of their attachment to the beautiful in line and color by bringing to this city a very considerable number of the works of the best painters. The recent Loan Exhibition was a striking evidence of what has been accomplished in this direction. But even that gave only an imperfect notion, as many fine canvases owned here were not displayed on that occasion. As a matter of fact, the general public of Toronto has no idea of the number of fine paintings that are to be found in the private homes of the city. And it is the intention of SATURDAY NIGHT to remedy this defect by publishing from time to time illustrated articles descriptive of these private collections. The series will be begun next week, and it is the hope of the editor that they will help to arouse public interest in the local development of art, so that in time Toronto may come to occupy in the world of painting a position analogous to that which it holds in the world of music in this country.

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THE Toronto police department has gathered in the loan sharks. The only occasion for fault-finding is the fact that it was not done soon enough.

It must be something like three years ago or more since the House of Commons passed legislation making it a punishable offence to charge over twelve per cent, per annum on loans of this character. In that interval the loan shark has been put out of business in Montreal and in Winnipeg, but it was only on Saturday last that the law stepped on the tail of the serpent here in Toronto.

Up to the present D. H. Tolman, the greatest of these criminals, has escaped punishment, as his method is to place his business in the hands of female agents, the old "blood-sucker" in the meantime keeping his own precious carcass well out of harm's way. On two occasions in Montreal his female agents were arrested and fined $500 each, and on their last appearance in Court, Judge Choquette warned them that if they ever came before him again he would send them down for six months each without the option of a fine. The Tolman office was then closed up permanently.

There is probably no class of "business" which brings so much actual suffering and privation in its trail as that of the loan shark. With the enormous rates of interest charged, it is next to impossible for people to get out of their hands once they are in. The interest piles up. New notes are given, until finally a poor man or woman will find that while they are actually working more than half their time for the loan shark, they are not, as a matter of fact, perceptibly reducing the liability.

During the investigation into the affairs of these loan offices both in Winnipeg and Montreal, it was shown in case after case that an original loan of $25 had grown into a liability of upward of $500, and that in the interval the poor devil who had got into their meshes, had actually paid back the principal many times over.

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AN Act respecting pure foods has been introduced in the House of Commons by J. A. Currie, M.P., for Simcoe. It is to be hoped that the House will be able to tear away from its marvellous naval bill sufficiently long to undertake the passage of such a measure.

As a matter of fact we need a pure food bill far more than we do a navy or a naval bill. Just why Canada should be so far behind other countries in this respect, is hard to determine. In the United States at the present time it is a very difficult matter to market foods which are in any great measure below a correct and honest standard, while here in Canada, any old thing may be sold that the public can be befuddled into buying. If manufacturers and producers generally were all honest we would have no occasion to enact such laws, but unfortunately they are not, and as it figures out, the honest producer works under a disadvantage in competing with the dishonest one.

The man who manufactures "strawberry" preserves, the chief ingredients of which are hay seed and coloring matter, and which from the day of its birth in the boiling room never saw a strawberry, has a distinct advantage over the man who is endeavoring to sell honest goods. What applies to the manufacture of preserves pertains also to all sorts of canned goods, spices, easily one-quarter of which are adulterated, to breakfast foods, baking powders, tinned meats, lard (a good share of which never saw a pig), and so through all lines of manufacture.

The United States manufacturers are successful in the sale of their food stuffs in Canada, largely for the reason that the packages contain statements that the article therein bears a guarantee under the Pure Food Regulations in force in that country. It would therefore seem that, aside entirely from the ethical and moral points of the question, it would be good business for Canada to introduce similar laws.

It is to be hoped that Canadian manufacturers will give the bill their moral support, and that the people generally will take time enough away from their individual businesses and occupations to give it a leg up with their Parliamentary representatives.

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SINCE Daniel K. Pearsons, of Hinsdale, O., announced three weeks ago that he would make a general distribution of his fortune on April 14 next, his 90th birthday, he has received more than 500 begging letters daily. He has already given away nearly four million dollars in a score of years, and says that he will die penniless. When an interviewer called on him the other day he found one entire end of the room stocked with college catalogues and pamphlets from religious institutions. The drawers of Dr. Pearsons' desk and tables, he writes, were piled with letters, many unopened, and the contents of two waste baskets had overflowed and lay in a heap on the floor.

There seems to be a good deal of the spirit which animated the vultures in this feverish rush to be in at the death of this old man's fortune, and to any right-thinking person there is something sickening in this undignified clamor for charity.

Colleges and religious institutions, which should set an example to the rest of mankind in dignity and independence, are the worst offenders. Whether it be Rockefeller's money, made by ruthlessly crushing out weaker competitors, or Carnegie's fortune, built up and fed by the blood and sweat of under-paid workmen, it is all one to these gold-seekers.

The main thing is to get alms, the ethics involved being a much submerged consideration. And the misfortune is

that they never seem to be satisfied. Their capacious maws are always open for more. There is some excuse for a poor down-trodden man, to whom life has never been kind, nor Fortune indulgent, sinking his pride to accept other men's money without a *sine qua non*, but this does not apply to colleges and universities. If they cannot sustain themselves, they do not justify their reason for existence. And the same applies to churches and religious institutions of all kinds. It is a pretty spectacle for the unbeliever and the scoffer, when Religion and Education thus humble themselves before the god Mammon.

⁂

THE great reformers of the world's history have always regarded reformation as a painful process, and have undertaken it only when compelled by their convictions and the pressure of great evils. These latter days, however, which have witnessed so many new developments, have seen the growth of a whole tribe of professional reformers—people who, far from regarding reform as a painful thing to be undertaken only when absolutely necessary, seem to consider it a business in life, and even a sort of recreation. These people start out on a reform in much the same spirit that the unregenerate start out for a couple of weeks' deer-hunting. The result of their labors is a great deal of pestiferous meddling and embroilment, the only result of which is to set peaceful folk at loggerheads and needlessly complicate the business of life.

Ontario has a number of these officious and self-appointed censors, who prowl up and down the earth to prevent the rest of the people from having too good a time, and whose misguided efforts have been responsible for more evil than all the abuses they have sought to correct. Conspicuous among these worthy, but very wrong-headed gentlemen, is Dr. Chown. He is every now and then bringing himself into the public eye and the columns of newspapers by some new scheme for the curtailment of his neighbor's liberty. His latest performance in the interest of hyper-morality and Dr. Chown, has been to approach Premier Whitney for the purpose of having all billiard rooms in the province closed up. It is hard to see what reason he has for so doing—beyond the usual reason of desiring to seem busy and "on the job." Most billiard rooms are comparatively innocent places of resort for those who want to play the game and do not happen to own a table. They are not "gambling joints." Of course, some of the players may bet on a game; but people have been known to make bets on the number of people who would pass a certain point on the street in a certain time, and on whether or not a neighbor would wear a red necktie. There may be a few "tough" billiard rooms, but the regulation of such places is the work of the police and not of the Legislature. On the whole, billiard rooms are as harmless as any other places where young men meet for amusement; and I find it a little difficult to see why it should be wrong for a man to play on a rented table a game which it is perfectly lawful for him to play on his own.

⁂

JOURNALISM figured more prominently in the recent British campaign than ever before, not only as the moulder of public opinion, but in number of candidates it gave to the rival parties. It may be added at the outset that the journalistic candidates did not fare particularly well at the polls. Among the prominent journalists returned was the Hon. Harry Lawson, who is the son and heir of Lord Burnham, principal proprietor of the London Daily Telegraph. He takes a leading part in the management of the great London daily. This is his fourth term at Westminster. Another prominent London journalist elected was Lord Winterton, editor of The World. He is one of the youngest men in the new Parliament, being well under twenty-five. Mr. P. Wilson, the Parliamentary sketch writer of the London Daily News, was rejected at St. Pancras, and Mr. Chiozza Money, a writer in the same journal, was defeated at North Paddington. Mr. Leigh Hughes, of The Morning Leader, was returned for Stockport. Mr. Harold Cox, who was defeated at Preston, is the Parliamentary and sketch writer of the London Daily Graphic. Mr. Foster Fraser, of the London Standard, was hopelessly beaten by a Tariff Reformer in Leicester. Professor Murison, also a journalist, made a good show at Glasgow, but failed to get returned.

Canadian constituencies are, as a rule, more partial to men of the quill. There are several editors in the different Legislatures, and at least a dozen at Ottawa. The Federal Cabinet can boast of two newspaper men, Hon. Frank Oliver and Hon. G. P. Graham, and Hon. W. S. Fielding is a graduate from journalism. Mr. G. F. Masterman, literary editor of the London Daily News, who was re-elected in the recent contest, is the only working journalist in the British Cabinet, being Under-Secretary in the Home Office.

⁂

PROPER care for the sick is one of the very best ways in which the philanthropic endeavors of any man or city of men can expend themselves. Sheer physical pain is a thing which all can understand, and with which all must sympathize. Any movement, therefore, which has for its goal the alleviation of human suffering and the restoration to health of the victims of accident or disease, should meet with the heartiest support of all classes—the poor, because they are the ones who need such assistance, and the rich because it is their duty to give it.

All this is by way of introduction to a few remarks on the appeal for more funds which is being made to the city by the Toronto General Hospital. This institution has been forced to enlarge the plans which were thought sufficient three years and a half ago, with the result that a greatly increased expenditure has been made necessary. A large part of this is being met by private citizens and by the University, but there still remains much to be done, and it seems only right that the City should bear its fair share. It is the intention to ask for $350,000, and when the matter is eventually placed before the citizens of Toronto for their decision there should be only one answer. The full amount requested should be granted freely and gladly, without thought of anything but the great goodness of the purpose for which it is intended.

⁂

IF the low tariff man in the United States ever had a stiff appeal to place before those whom he wishes to convert to his views, he has it now, and it comes to him in a guise that few will even attempt to repudiate. In the midst of the clamor for cheaper meat in the United States comes the news that American beef may now be purchased for less money in London than in New York. In other words, American cattle are put on board ship, sent on their way over three thousand miles of ocean, walked ashore in Liverpool, slaughtered and shipped on to London, there to be sold for less per pound than the same beef is now bringing in New York city.

Dr. James Guerin, Montreal's newly-elected reform Mayor.

I quote the following figures from The New York World, which journal has taken the pains to inform itself at first hand on just what United States beef can be purchased for in the British capital and again in the American metropolis. One of the best known West-End (London) firms was last week selling Liverpool killed American beef as follows: Sirloin, 24 cents a pound; shoulder or middle rib, 18 cents a pound; flanks or neck, 11 or 12 cents a pound.

The West-End of London corresponds with the Fifth avenue or fashionable quarter of New York. In that district the same day porterhouse steak was 35 cents a pound, sirloin 32 cents a pound—8 to 11 cents more per pound than the same beef was selling for in London.

In the middle class New York districts porterhouse steaks were fetching 28 cents a pound, and sirloin 25 cents a pound. Shoulder or middle rib was only 14 and 15 cents a pound, and flank or neck 10 cents a pound.

It will thus be seen that in all the choice cuts, London buys cheaper than does New York.

The reason for this difference in price in favor of London, in spite of the cost of transportation and the extra expense of handling, is, of course, due to the fact that the British markets are open to the world. The ranchman in the Argentine may ship his cattle Londonward as well as the Chicago beef trust. It is a case of competition, and the consumer gets the benefit.

The Colonel

De Profundis.

Being the Plaint of the "Pinched" Promoter

THERE was a fake promoter,
And he sat upon a pile
Of rock, and wore a striped suit
Of most peculiar style.
And while upon the bigger stones
He hammered hard and long
And made them into little ones,
He grunted out this song:—

"Suckers there were,
And suckers there are,
And suckers will always be;
They've been stung and stung
Since the world was young,
And it might as well be by me."

He had worked the good old public,
And had plucked it like a bird,
With everything from carpet-tacks
To "Wireless shares, preferred."
He had sold it rubber, gold, and land,
But all he gave away
Was "come-on dope" in full-page ads—
Which led him now to say:—

"I sold them oil,
And I sold them ore,
And I sold them bales of shares;
But they got a run,
And they had their fun—
That's all that a good sport cares."

He bethought him of the dinners
At a hundred "plunks" a plate,
And of the dollar-each cigars
That his directors ate.
They were honorable gentlemen
That held their names for sale,
But they were singing hymns in church,
While he sang this in jail:—

"Oh, the stuff we sold,
And the guff we told,
And the lambs that we shore with shears!
We lived like kings
On our old 'shoe-strings,'
Till they gave me seven years."

Large tears rolled down his grimy cheeks,
You could plainly trace their course,
A sympathetic warden wept
To see such deep remorse.
But the bunco-man was thinking
Of his three years more in jail,
With nine months off for conduct,
And he started in to wail:—

"Oh, the stones to break,
And the bones to ache,
And the suckers outside the gate!
I've got a plan—
And I know a man—
Lord, but it's long to wait!"

P. O. D.

COMMENT ON COBALTS

THE recovery in the New York market has had no effect on the Cobalts. Brokers report that the purchase of stock at these low levels is remarkably easy, showing an abundance of stock for sale. On the other hand the buying power of the market seems lessening daily. If one could see any prolonged depression in the New York market even the best of Cobalts would be a sale as it is a question if the next few months have not been chosen for the distribution of important holdings of the higher priced issues. The letter appearing in Gold and Dross re Silver Queen should make holders in Cobalts consider their position if their pet stock should pass its dividend. Take the history of the Silver Queen. It is undoubted that this stock was pressed for sale long before any adverse announcement was made. The only difference between those days and these is that now the public is not quite so ready to accept explanations. This argues for a very rapid decline when the break comes.

Word now comes that Sir Henry Pellatt is going to ask Cobalt Lake Shareholders only for power to purchase 1,500,000 shares of outstanding stock. It may interest that gentleman to know the efforts some of his friends are making to work out his problems for him. The writer was in a broker's discussing the report of Sir Henry intending to purchase 1,500,000 of Cobalt Lake stock when I innocently asked "Where is the money to come from?" when the office boy spoke up and said: "Oh, Sir Henry is going to sell his barns."

Now, any one who knows Sir Henry Pellatt, knows he is not going to sell his "barns," which illustrates how ready bull news can be manufactured and the general unreliability of the same.

Little Nipissing has settled a little but it has to go some further before it approaches bed rock.

Crown Reserve does not seem to have any definite price trend. A letter from the north reports poorly of the ore being mined, while it seems hard for the mine to turn out more than a car a week. However, as the great majority of the stock is probably held under a dollar, a slump of a dollar or so won't hurt very many. Nipissing pays just about the same as Crown Reserve and one would think it would be a safe game to sell Crown and buy Nipissing, not but what the writer thinks the market value is preferable to either.

The large amount of ore coming from the La Rose must be a great part low grade. News from the mine is conspicuous by its absence. On the market there appears as great a short interest as ever and this is probably helping to sustain it. It is quite on the cards that some bull news will be forthcoming soon which will put the shorts to cover.

Words comes that the Temiskaming has high grade ore at the 420 foot level. This is most important and acceptable news both for the mine itself and the camp. The occurrence of ore in the Temiskaming is somewhat unique in that the veins occur in a basaltic dike of Keewatin age and not in the Keewatin itself. The quantity of ore is reported to be generous.

It is very amusing to see the frequency with which the subsidised press reports the rate of disbursement being turned loose by the Kerr Lake on the 15th of March. It has been printed about six times already. The writer has no faith in the disbursement and not much more in the mine. I believe distribution is going on.

Apropos to what was here said two weeks ago about Hargraves, a man who had purchased many thousand shares between 50 and 60 told me that he visited the property recently and dumped his holdings overboard.

There were only seven shippers in Cobalt's list last week and only one, the La Rose, shipped over 100 tons. Crown Reserve had one car, 62.07 tons. The figures give Crown Reserve 277.21 tons for the year, or an average of a 2/3 of a 60 ton car per week. Altogether, the list looks sick and while the advent of electric power may turn more wheels there is an explanation lacking for present conditions.

Many worthy citizens of Toronto are quite prone to point the finger of scorn at the Yankee crooks down in New York, but even the Yankee will not tolerate the use of his mails for defrauding the public. The SATURDAY NIGHT gets enquiries about stocks that have never been advertised. How do people come to buy these stocks? By having their homes invaded by circulars. The U. S. Government looks into its mails. The Dominion Government, while it finds time and power to refuse the mail to the Calgary Eye Opener for fear it might corrupt the young, has no power to prevent its mails being made an avenue for the robbery of the old.

SHEPHERD.

The Mad Dog Craze.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—As the Saturday Night has started a crusade against fakirs and fake schemes in general, is it not apparently an attempt on the part of the Pasteur Institute of New York to work up business during these dog days? This scare of rabies written up by the newspaper is greatly exaggerated. It is the Pasteur Institute people inciting the imagination of the public on the prevalence of rabies throughout the Province—a sort of get-rich-quick scheme. Possibly there are a few genuine cases of rabies—but in most instances it is purely imagination on the people's part. It is positively certain that it is impossible to tell from examining the head of a dead dog within two or three days of death whether microisms of rabies is present or not. The only way is by inoculation, which would take at least three weeks to discover; then injecting the microisms in some living animal to test whether it is infectious or not.

There isn't any microbe discovered of rabies, neither by Pasteur or any one else.

What the analysts get hold of is the spinal cord, containing the ordinary microbes which occur at dissolution, and appear in all dead carcases by the millions shortly after death.

Yours truly,
WM. G. McMILLAN.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 14, 1910.

Professor Willis L. Moore, head of the United States government weather service, asserts that advocates of forest preservation are not on sure ground when they attribute decreased rainfall and excessive floods to the wholesale destruction of timber. The forests should be preserved for their own value, the meteorologist declares; but the plea in their behalf must be limited to that basis. The investigations of the bureau, he admits, lead to the conclusion that there is a general decrease in rainfall; but the diminution is just as noticeable in sections where there has been no reduction in forestage as elsewhere. Furthermore, Professor Moore says, floods are no greater or more frequent than in the past.

Dr. Sophie Herzog of Brasoria, Texas, is the only woman railroad surgeon in the world. She has held the position of surgeon for the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexican Railroad ever since that line was built.

Make your Tea the New and Perfect Way

BY USING THE

"UNIVERSAL" TEA BALL TEA POT AND THE "UNIVERSAL" SAMOVAR

This, the only way of making perfect tea, is simple. You place the leaves in a perforated ball, suspended on end of a light chain from the inside of lid. This is drawn up into the lid and the pot filled with freshly boiled water. Lower the ball into the water for say 3 or 4 minutes and again secure in lid. The result is a perfect cup of tea free from any harmful properties.

The "Universal" Tea Pot (aluminum) costs $3.50
The "Universal" Tea Pot, nickel-plated finish, ebony trimmed, costs $6.00
Other designs, same price.
The "Samovar," same style as the "Universal" Tea Pot $10.00
The "Samovar," with fancy trimmings (as illustrated) costs .. $11.00

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St. Charles Grill

are conducive to a restful, contented feeling that is refreshing and stimulating after the busy rush of the work-a-day world. There pleasant anticipations of the hungry appetite are realized in a generous, well-cooked meal, served in a cleanly, dainty and appetizing fashion.

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INVESTMENT BANKERS
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...55	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$42.45

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ASSETS $4,617,909
CAPITAL (Subscribed) $2,500,000
CAPITAL (Paid-Up) $1,250,000
RESERVE FUND $1,250,000

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Each class of investor:

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MONTREAL - LONDON, ENG.

FINANCIAL

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 17, 1910.

ROLLING MILLS" McMaster is the way the street speaks of the latest director of the Bank of Commerce, whenever there is any question as to which McMaster is meant. Of McMasters there are aplenty, in Montreal, and of William McMasters more than one might be found, although "Rolling Mills" McMaster is the one that is always meant when people speak in public about William McMaster.

It will probably be generally conceded that the Bank of Commerce group is endowed with a fair amount of astuteness. When it is added that, although the stock book of the bank did not show an overwhelmingly large number of shares opposite the name of William McMaster, a cordial invitation was recently extended to him to join the directorate of the institution, it will become evident that the new appointee is worthy of some attention. Not many men, when invited to join bank directorates, decline with thanks, and this was not one of the exceptions to the rule.

***

The Rolling Mills Merger.

Mergers and amalgamations have more interest for the average man than perhaps any other phase of commercial and financial life. In this connection, William McMaster has been thrust into considerable prominence lately. The occasion was that of the proposed amalgamation of the Hamilton Steel and Iron Co. and the Montreal Rolling Mills Co. Who proposed it is neither here or there, at the moment. That it was proposed, and that the proposition was a serious one, is a certainty. I have confirmation of that from William McMaster, himself, so that there is absolutely no question about it. When I asked him what would be the result, he just smiled and gestured.

***

Sherlock Holmes.—In explaining a situation to you he is as effective as a Frenchman—though not so smooth—in the use of gesticulation. The forefinger of his right hand will rise and fall or remain suspended, hesitate and go on again, and one hand will meet the other slowly or with a vicious and decided blow which explains more about his character in five minutes than you might otherwise learn in an hour. You see that finger rising and describing diagrams, and if you were too far away to hear what he was saying, you would know that he was interested in what he was doing and that he was explaining—therefore a reasoning being. Then the whole hand and arm begin to move in a decided manner—there you have the man of action. Then the right fist strikes the left palm with force—and you have the fighter. I did not read that in Sherlock Holmes, nevertheless (or therefore) it is true—at least in McMaster's case.

William McMaster, who was recently elected a Director of the Bank of Commerce.

***

What About the Merger.

Well, to come back to the merger. I couldn't find out if there was likely to be a merger between the two firms. One reason I couldn't, and that one reason will be sufficient, was that William McMaster didn't know, or if he did know, he knew better than to tell me. There you have another quality—discretion. In reality, however, unless the situation alters considerably, I should judge that there would be nothing doing just now. Judging purely from the texture of the Montreal atmosphere, I should gather that one of the blue-coated and brass-buttoned forms that will gracefully pace to and fro on the quarter deck with a long, official telescope under his arm, when the deal does come off, will be that of William McMaster. He is the sort of McMaster who is master on his own ship.

***

He Rolled the Mills Along.

The reason he is called "Rolling Mills," you know, is that it's the easiest way to describe him. He really *is* the Rolling Mills, in some ways. He has been connected with the institution almost from the start. People say that about thirty-five years ago he was bookkeeper, cashier, traveller, and probably office boy and some other things which I've forgotten, all rolling-milled into one. From which it may be gathered that in those prehistoric days the business was in short clothes. As a matter of fact, it has been stated on good authority that the entire business of a year, some half dozen years after the mills started, was no more than a month's business is to-day, and would only make a satisfactory year's increase in this growing twentieth century. And McMaster just moved along with the business until he became general manager—that is, he just moved along with it like an engine driver moves along with his train, or a bronco-buster moves along with his bronco.

***

Historic Pages.

A look at the old stock book of the Rolling Mills takes one back many years and introduces him to many names which are now becoming memories. I will show you what the list looks like, and then I shall say about three words over each name. Here is the list: T. Morland, Jas. Rose, Chas. S. Watson, Thos. Reynolds, Edward M. Hopkins, C. J. Brydges, Gordon Mackenzie, George Stephen, Hugh Allan, M. Holland & Son, J. McD. Campbell, Geo. H. Hinton, Jno. McDougall, Markland Molson, Peter Redpath, D. B. Janes, Jno. Robertson, E. H. King.

The three first names formed the firm of Morland, Watson & Co., wholesale hardware merchants, where Wm. McMaster began his career as an office boy. They were probably also interested in cut nail works, lead works and rolling mills, which were a portion of the basis upon which the Montreal Rolling Mills were founded. Reynolds was president of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway, now the C.P.R. between Montreal and Ottawa. Hopkins was a factor of the Hudson Bay Co., representing the company in Montreal. Brydges was general manager of the G.T.R. Mackenzie was a wholesale drygoods man and father of Hector Mackenzie. Stephen, drygoods man, now Lord Mountstephen. Hugh Allan, the redoubtable Sir Hugh. Holland & Son owned a cut nail factory, and Campbell, its superintendent. Hinton was in the saw business. McDougall founded the Caledonia Iron Co. Markland Molson, Molsons Bank and many other interests. Redpath, sugar man and president of the Bank of Montreal. James was a coal merchant. Robertson was connected with the lead works that went into the deal, and King was general manager of the Bank of Montreal.

***

Satan Needn't Call Round.

Before leaving William McMaster, it should be said that he, in company with Messrs. Paul and Pillow, were largely responsible for the organization of the Manufacturers' Association in Montreal, and that he recently was a strong influence in the formation of the Transportation Bureau of the Board of Trade, being now one of the committee of that important branch. He is also one of the strongest advocates of the mutual fire insurance associations, such as are connected with the Manufacturers' Association, it being his claim that these prevent fires taking place, whereas the other regular line companies pay for fires which take place, and take this money out of the rest of the policyholders. He has the figures ready, and will give you them in support of his claim. In fact, there are few lines of industry in which he is not concerned, some way or other. He admits, himself, that he has concentrated all his attention upon making a success of his rolling mills and other interests and that he doesn't take enough time off for play and to familiarize himself with the other aspects of life. Tap him on almost any subject covered by the words commercial, financial or political, and you will find him full up with information. As to other sides of life—sports or diversions of that kind - we'll take his own word.

Besides the interests mentioned, he is also a director of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., and the Allis, Chalmers, Bullock Co., president of the Hamilton Powder Co., and vice-president of the Jacques Cartier Paper and Pulp Co. and the Montreal Telegraph Co. It would almost lead one to believe that Satan won't find any mischief for *his* idle hands to do.

T. C. A.

***

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1910.

IT is several years now since the Twin City Rapid Transit Company had on its board a representative of the large body of Canadians who have invested their funds in this security. But at the annual meeting the other day Mr. A. E. Ames and Sir Henry Pellatt were appointed to join the nine gentlemen who already share in the administration of that company. If any Canadian were to be given a place on the board, Mr. Ames might justly claim the distinction, for it was his firm that first introduced the company's stock to the people of the Dominion. That was back in 1899. At that time the company was paying no dividends, and the outlook was not anything like as promising as it is to-day. The common stock, with a par value of $100, was selling at $29, and that was the figure at which Messrs. A. E. Ames and Company sold the initial lot to one of their clients. Since then the firm in question has always been prominently identified with the company and has attended to not a little of its financing. In a great many ways Mr. Ames' deportment in his office reminds one of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and when one has said that one credits him with perfect business manners. Mr. Ames likes you to come direct to the point, and, when he has heard what you have to say, he answers you concisely and fully. Perhaps this is the result of Mr. Ames' banking experience, where attention to detail and an absence of anything approaching loss of time were essential requisites.

***

Twin City's Earnings Show Marked Gains.

With Sir Henry M. Pellatt as well the election to the board of the Twin City Company will mean only an addition to business duties that must already grow irksome. So much of Sir Henry's life has been spent in the public eye that many are inclined to look upon him as a man long past his prime. But this is not so; scarcely can he be said to have reached the zenith of his career. And even now many moving incidents have been crowded into a short space of manhood. Educated at Upper Canada College, Sir Henry devoted much of his leisure time to athletics, and as a sprinter earned many marks of approval. When scarcely more than fifteen years of age, he went into the brokerage business with his father under the firm name of Pellatt and Pellatt, and that designation has continued uninterruptedly ever since, though now a grandson stands where a grandparent once was. Always ardently interested in the militia, Sir Henry has little further distinction to glean in that quarter. Sir Henry serves on the boards of nine of the leading financial institutions of the country, and now he has started farther afield. He joins the Twin City board at a time when the company is in excellent shape. Last year its gross receipts ran close to seven million dollars, an increase of almost nine per cent., and its net revenue close to three million dollars, an increase of considerably over thirteen per cent. While no new

Bank of Montreal
(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	959,311.06

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SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., VICE-PRESIDENT.
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JAMES ROSS. HON. ROBT. MACKAY. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
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No delay in withdrawal
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HEAD OFFICE: 8 King Street West TORONTO

The Home Bank of Canada
QUARTERLY DIVIDEND
Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM upon the paid-up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending 28th February, 1910, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday, March 1st next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 28th February, both days inclusive.
By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON, General Manager.
Toronto, January 19th, 1910.
Six Offices in Toronto

An investment in
WELL SEASONED BONDS
insures your income. We shall gladly submit a carefully selected list of
PUBLIC SERVICE BONDS
yielding from 4.50 p.c. to 5.25 p.c., in denominations of $500 and $1,000
W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO., Bond Dealers MONTREAL

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Capital Authorized...$10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
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Available in any part of the World.
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Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

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The BEST is the CHEAPEST
Nothing to excel for make or value
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Manufacturing Stationers
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LABATT'S
Recommended by physicians for nervous people. Taken at night, it acts as a harmless and very effective hypnotic. Calming and a nerve tonic—nourishes and strengthens. Palatable and without any disagreeable after effects.
PORTER

It's a mighty institution,
Its degrees all men may trace,
For the greatest sheepskin given
Is the lined and wrinkled face.
—New York Times.

securities were issued last year, no less a sum than $850,000 was put into new construction.

⁂

Dual Board Was Found Unworkable.

An ideal arrangement was consummated something over a year ago when the Crown Bank operating in Ontario and the East joined forces with the Northern Bank operating in Manitoba and the West. At the outset the effort was put forth to have the two constituent elements in the amalgamated concern equitably represented. But in actual practise this arrangement did not work out satisfactorily, and so, at the annual meeting recently, it was decided that the Board should comprise only men resident in the West. There will still be in the East an advisory committee, consisting of Messrs. Charles Adams, John L. Coffee, R. Y. Ellis, Edward Gurney and Lieut.-Col. John White, who will lend their services when expansion of the bank in this section of the Dominion becomes imperative or when matters wholly affecting the locality are under consideration. It was Mr. Gurney who first saw the difficulties that were likely to arise if the former dual board were continued, and it is mainly through his efforts that the Northern Crown Bank has now become definitely identified, so far as its headquarters are concerned, with the Last West. But at the annual meeting he took occasion to state emphatically that the relations between the Eastern and Western sections of the Board had always been of the most amicable character. "I am glad to state the belief which I have," he added, "that the future of the bank is well assured."

⁂

Mr. Stratton: His Trust and Loan Companies.

The Hon. J. R. Stratton was called upon within the past week to preside over the annual meetings of two organizations of which he is the president, The Trusts and Guarantee Company and the Dominion Permanent Loan Company. In both instances reports satisfactory to the shareholders were presented. It is considerably over a quarter of a century since Mr. Stratton commenced to show his abilities beyond the local environment in which he was born and educated. Of Irish parentage, most of his early life was spent in the neighborhood of Peterborough, and there, when grown to early manhood, he became the proprietor of the Examiner, a paper that has always wielded a wide influence in its own section. But from the first Mr. Stratton had his eyes fixed upon an even more extended sphere of influence, and in 1886 another rung in the ladder of success was scaled when he was elected to the Legislature as the Liberal member from West Peterborough. Since then Mr. Stratton's early struggles have been only a memory. His political successes are sufficiently well known, and in the business realm he has come to be the vice-president of so commanding an institution as the Trader's Bank. Some idea of the care which he has always exercised in the investment of funds placed in his charge may be had from the fact that when the Trusts and Guarantee Company came last year to invest over half a million dollars in the Canadian West not a cent was so placed except at the instance of men thoroughly versed in the conditions obtaining in that section of the Dominion.

⁂

What A Scotchman Can Accomplish.

For much over a quarter of a century Mr. John L. Blaikie has been the president of the Canada Landed and National Investment Company. And at the recent annual meeting, though in his eighty-seventh year, he presided with no visible evidence of diminishing ability and powers. Mr. Blaikie has seen some of the most prominent men in the early formative period of the Dominion come and go, and it was his fortune to fill the shoes of at least two of these. He followed the late Sir Alexander Campbell as president of the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company and the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie as president of the North American Life Insurance Company. In his address to his shareholders, Mr. Blaikie was reminiscent. Speaking of the rapid extension of the more populous centres in the Dominion he pointed out that when his lot was first cast in Toronto in 1858 the population was only forty-three thousand, while now it ran close to four hundred thousand and covered an area of thirty square miles. Being a Presbyterian, Mr. Blaikie naturally has a high regard for Scottish approval, and so he says that "no company borrowing money in Edinburgh or elsewhere is regarded with greater favor or confidence than the Canada Landed." And as a matter of fact the company's assets rank in quality among the highest, as is only natural when an institution is under the direction of a Scotchman for close on to forty years.

⁂

Canadian Pacific and Its Rivals.

The Wall Street Journal recently published a map which indicated something of the struggle for supremacy which is now being prosecuted in the North-West on both sides of the border by four of the most prominent railroad corporations on the continent. For purposes of comparison the Canadian Pacific, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul were taken. Of the four the Canadian Pacific has by long odds the longest mileage, operating, as it does, over ten thousand miles of track directly and controlling roads in United States territory with a combined mileage of five thousand miles. The Great Northern operates a little over seven thousand miles and the Northern Pacific has close to six thousand miles under operation. The two latter, however, jointly control the nine thousand miles of Burlington road. Perhaps the greatest surprise of all is the rapid progress that has been made by the St. Paul, whose system covers close to ten thousand miles. Naturally the writer in the Wall Street Journal thinks that it is an easy thing for the Canadian Pacific, and shows absolute ignorance of the conditions when he says that the company in question is "developing a vast wheat growing territory almost without competition." In any event it is only a matter of a few years when the territory of all four will be closely cross-hatched with railroad lines, and who shall say which will ultimately prove most productive for its shareholders.

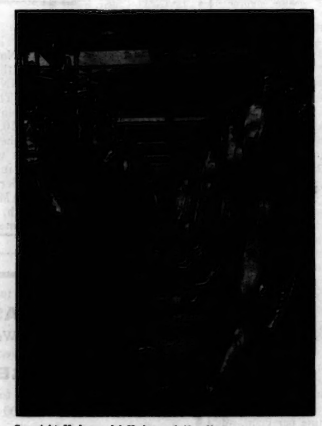
"What was you askin' for the widder's bonnet, mum?"
"Well—er—I thought ninepence."
"'E's very ill, mum; I think I'll risk it."—The Tatler.

⁂

Utopia in The Theatre Business.

In these days when no corporation on this side the Atlantic is any too prone to observe the law, and when in the United States President Taft is having the devil's own time making any of them toe the scratch, it is refreshing to run across a company that welcomes the operations of the festive legislator. Naturally this philosophic attitude does not appertain to any Canadian or American concern. Back of such a sublime disregard of the conventions must be a protracted lineage of gentlemen who were entirely oblivious of pelf. All they wanted was a fair return on their money; they did not wish to scoop up everything in sight in the short space of a twelve-month. But to get down to instances. Here is the Electric Theatres, Limited, a company operating moving-picture shows in England, that even went the length of encouraging the legislators to pass what is known as the Cinematograph Act, 1909, providing that all entertainments of this kind should be licensed. Of course, similar conditions exist in Canada, but you can bet your sweet life that the proprietors of the shows that adorn our every street corner did not get busy before public opinion commenced to make its influence felt. A law that prevents the establishment of unsafe theatres is only reasonable, but why is it that in Canada it is necessary that the proprietors of theatres should be bludgeoned into looking after the safety of their patrons. Only the other day it was suggested that the fire exits should be left open at the termination of the performances to give the people an involuntary fire drill, but Chief Thompson pointed out that the managers of the theatres were averse to the creation of a draft. And everyone who has sat through a performance is aware that all the theatres in town are badly in need of an airing. INVESTOR.

William Jacob, in his "History of the Precious Metals," estimates from the accounts given by the Roman writers that in the reign of Augustus, the first of the emperors, when Rome was at the height of its power, the amount of gold in the Roman Empire was nearly two billion dollars. This vast treasure had been gathered chiefly by conquest from the various nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa. There had been extensive mines in Spain and in the Atlas Mountains of North Africa, but their yield in the wealth of kings and of cities in Asia and Egypt had been despoiled and carried away to enrich the conquerors.



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BANK OF HAMILTON
Dividend Notice
Notice is hereby iven that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 28th February, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after 1st of March next.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 28th February, both inclusive.
By order of the Board.
J. TURNBULL,
Gen. Mgr.
Hamilton, 17th January, 1910.

Your Enjoyment of a Cigarette
depends on the honesty of the man who made it.
Expert cigarette-makers—taught and compelled to select only the best leaf—make
Tuckett's CIGARETTES
In the past fifty years the smokers of Canada have never found a Tuckett product fail them.
Stick to a brand you know is good—from a factory that never yet produced aught but the best and purest.
TUCKETT'S "CLUB" CIGARETTES—made from an exquisite blend of Virginia leaf. 15c. a package of 10.
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TUCKETT'S "T & B" CIGARETTES—for the man who likes a full-flavored Virginia. 10c. a package of 10.

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No Modern House Complete without a Billiard Table
Largest manufacturers in the world of English and American Billiard and Pool Tables, also small Pastime and Davenport Combination Tables.
Inspect our Show Rooms and send for Catalogue.
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The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
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DUNLOP AUTOMOBILE TIRES

GOLD & DROSS

Those who wish their enquiries answered through the Gold and Dross columns must give their names and addresses, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Make your questions as brief and concise as possible. The editor of Gold and Dross cannot undertake to recommend the purchase of any individual security. He would, if the occasion required, warn against a purchase, and again he might name a dozen stocks out of which an investment might be made, but the choice must necessarily remain with the correspondent and not with the editor.

G. S., Brantford, asks: (1) How the new stock of the Northern Navigation Company is to be marketed and (2) what we think of the company?

The firm of brokers most in touch with the operations of Northern Navigation Company informs us that what stock is proposed to sell has already been taken up privately. The company is one of recognized standing.

J. R. K., Toronto, wants to know whether a company manufacturing the "most efficient, durable and simplest" window screen in existence "is a safe investment?"

The stock in question might readily be worth $100, the figure at which it is offered, but the investment cannot be termed a safe one until the company has proven its worth. Until then any money placed in this way must be viewed in the light of a speculation.

G. S., Sheridan avenue, Toronto, is under the impression that the Union Trust Company is guaranteeing the bonds of the Deep-Down Mining Company.

Better enquire of the Union Trust Company before you put in your money. Have seen nothing in the literature of the Deep-Down Co. which leads me to believe this to be a fact.

Dear Sir.—Enclosed you will note circular re Can. Marconi Wireless stock. This stock seems to be a favorite with certain people for "bleeding" the innocent public. The method: Subscriptions are solicited at par value of $5 per share and then the brokers go in the open market and purchase to cover at $1.10 to $1.35 per share, pocketing the difference. The writer was stung on this stock, having subscribed through representative of Toronto brokerage house, as being original stock, etc. The delay in issuing certificate caused me to investigate through transfer agents at New York with the result that I found that stock was ex two other lots and not original at all. Further, the stock was selling on N. Y., curb at same time for $1.25 and in Montreal at $1.35. Under the circumstances I put up a holler of "fraud" and was going to enter an action when they took back the stock and returned my money. There has been a lot of stock sold in just this manner and the public should be warned of such pit-falls. You are doing a most admirable work in this connection and hope it will continue until the public are educated to all such sharp practices. A SUBSCRIBER.

Simcoe, Ont.

London Lady writes: Invested $100 in Canadian Marconi Wireless Telegraph stock with brokers here. Tell me through your paper how I can get my money back as I can ill afford to lose this money? The shares cost me $5.00 each.

You have been skinned, like hundreds of others. For details see other items in Gold and Dross columns. You can't get your money back unless you follow course pursued by "A Subscriber." Your stock is worth about $1.25 a share.

Champ, Peterboro, asks about re-organization of Bartlett Mines.

This has been answered on numerous occasions, but here goes once more. The matter has been discussed, but that is as far as it has gone. As yet Bartlett is only a prospect. The values may go down and again they may not. At the moment there is no money forthcoming to prove the property. Duluth Superior is spoken of favorably.

A Widow asks: Do you consider Illinois Traction preferred a good safe investment for a woman with small means?

As an investment the stock should be all right, returning, at the existing level (91) 6.59 per cent. But there is reason to believe that this stock has not been as yet properly digested, otherwise it would be selling around par.

Constant Reader wants to know if we consider Toronto Electric Light a good buy at the present market price, and, if so, why a stock paying 8 per cent. remains around 116?

Even at 116 the return on Toronto Electric is attractive as an investment, being 6.89 per cent. Were it not for the uncertainty arising over the incursion of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission into this field, the stock would be, as in the old days, one of the very best investments on the market. But, in the circumstances, it is not surprising that there should have been some recession from former levels.

C. A. S., Montreal, asks if the preferred stock of the Canada Cement Company is a high class investment and would like to know something of the operation of its plants?

To speak of this stock as "a high class investment" would be to designate it improperly. But there is every reason to suppose that its cumulative dividend will be paid sooner or later; several of its directors are on record in this connection. If the company is a success at all—and it is altogether likely to prove a success—the dividend will be paid. Most of the company's plants are in operation, but as not a few of them have been hampered by the installation of new machinery, it is unlikely that they would have a combined output of twice last year's consumption.

J. H., Bowmanville, asks (1) for a perfectly safe investment for $3,000, with interest from 4½ to 5½ per cent. (2) What Cobalt stocks would you consider a safe investment?

(1) Canadian Northern Railway Car Equipment Bonds yield 5 per cent. There has never been a cent lost either in Canada or the United States on money put into equipment bonds, and that should be a pretty good recommendation. But for absolute security municipal bonds should be selected, though the rate of interest is only slightly in excess of 4 per cent. (2) We would not consider any Cobalt stock a safe investment; these are merely speculative. As for another stock that J. H. says he can get at 90, there is no present reason to fear that the investment would be unremunerative, but it is always difficult to get back one's money, should one desire to do so, from a stock that is unlisted.

A Subscriber writes to say that he thinks it would interest the public in general to know our opinion of a certain fruit-growing company, as he knows several who are contemplating taking shares in the same.

Our opinion might be interesting, but it certainly would not prove edifying. There is nothing in which money may be lost more readily than in fruit-growing. The company in question may have excellent prospects, but its ultimate success is problematical.

F. O. G., Ottawa, asks: (1) Are the bonds of the Maritime Coal, Railway and Power Company a good investment and (2) is the company shipping coal in any considerable quantities?

(1) It would all depend upon the basis upon which the bonds are offered. (2) So far as our information goes, they are.

J. H. W., Mimico, writes that he is one of the unfortunates who bought Chicago-Alberta Oil stock, and he wants to know if he can sell it to anyone, including the company from whom he bought it. He also wishes to know something of a California Oil Company and of the Motor Bus Co.

Your chances of getting anything for your Chicago-Alberta oil stock are very slender indeed. Might try selling it to the company at a discount, but I have doubts of the result. Of the California Company of which you speak, I know nothing, but on general principles I would say that you would have done better to keep your money in the bank. Of the Motor Bus Company, indications do not point to any immediate returns. When you have any more money to invest, take the advice of your banker, or communicate with a first-class investment company.

To "Esjay" I would say that I do not know anything about Darby Mountain Silver Mining Co. I know I do not want any of it. The only thing I would point out about Mr. Barr's prospecting company is that the chances must be very much against you. I do not know anything about the Silver Tunnel Mining Co. How in thunder do you get hold of all these things?

Junior, Jarvis, wants to know about the Cobalt Majestic which he says was turned loose by H. C. Barber.

My dear sir, that is enough. H. C. Barber was about the smoothest proposition that ever struck Cobalt. He was in Cobalt in early days and did not make much of a success, but he saw a chance and the way he sold the widows and orphans worthless paper was something cruel. Perhaps if you were to ask some of the people who lent him their names in his promotions they might tell you his whereabouts. Like the Arab, he has folded his tents and moved away with never a stay from the powers that be.

T. R. B., asks about the Minnehaha.

A charter of Arizona and a property at Wabigoon is a pretty good indication of the proposition being a wild-cat. It is none other so far as I know.

1. What are the prospects of the Kerr Lake Majestic Mines Co.?

2. Is the company well managed?

3. The Kerr Lake Mines Co., having, as I understand, bought a controlling interest in Majestic, what number of shares did they buy, and what price did they pay for said shares?

4. What do you consider Majestic stock worth at present? CORNWALL.

1. None that we know of.

2. It is without a manager; not being operated.

3. The Kerr Lake had an option which the company did not exercise. The press of Toronto was very quick in telling of the deal, but has never heard of its falling through.

4. I would say what ever you can get.

T. W., Moncton, N.B., wants to know about Julien Hawthorne's propositions and some other things equally high class.

Some of these propositions we never heard of. We fancy your suspicion must be correct, the chief mining of the outfit is on paper.

Can you throw any light on the question: Why is Little Nipissing selling higher than Peterson Lake, when all the ore they are getting is off Peterson Lake leased claim. If Little Nipissing is getting such good ore why shouldn't insiders in Peterson Lake know that as valuable to Peterson Lake?—C.C.S.

Many of these veins are merely veins of thought. I have known Toronto papers to report the Little Nipissing as having 13 inches of ore assaying 80 per cent. silver when the prospect was quite innocent. The Cobalt lie is an artist in his line. What I know about the bull pool in this stock is not reassuring.

About two years ago I was induced to buy three thousand shares of Cobalt Silver Queen stock as an investment, the stock then paying 5 per cent. quarterly. Published information by the management and reports in the Toronto Globe stated that there were ore reserves of over three-quarters of a million dollars and that the mine would be able to continue these dividends for several years to come.

Shortly afterwards the price of the shares slumped heavily; reason given, fire on property. Having still some confidence that the property would make good with such large ore reserves, to lower my average, I bought another 3,000 shares around 50c. The price of the shares have been going lower ever since, and I much doubt whether there is any ore in sight at all, as mentioned in Globe, Oct. 3, 1908.

Would you advise me to hold on to this stock or buy more in an endeavor to lower my average, or had I better let it go while there is still a small market for it?

I have been following your articles published in your paper and am much impressed with the fearlessness of your attacks on the financial buccaneers. I hope that I do not prove a victim. CAMPBELLFORD.

In buying Silver Queen as an investment you have had an experience which will probably last you for some time, the great pity being that it has been so costly. You have the consolation of knowing, however, that the publication of your experiences will be of value to society. The fact that a Toronto paper stated that the mine had reserves did not put them there and your complaint should be a lesson to the —— not to publish such pertinent statistics without having the authority of an engineer of standing for doing so. In a mining excitement the press will give dignified prominence to any old thing so long as it will add to the frenzy. I have no advice to offer. The market is about 20 cents, which seems almost nothing for this stock. Even at that the proposition figures out $300,000, which is much money.

X. Y. Z. asks regarding a western town site.

A very good rule to follow in this matter is not to invest your money in them until you are absolutely certain of the people back of them and also the railway's position. It's the old story of getting as far away from your money as possible. Buy real estate that you can put your hand on. The G.T.P. has no better idea of when they will reach this place than you have, if they ever do.

F. B. T., Brantford, desires some information regarding a mining promoter and some of his specialties.

F. B. T. seems to have got into a nest of dead ones. They are all down and out, except the promoter, who I believe is prepared to launch yet another. Yes, he is still doing business in Toronto, and is usually to be found around the King Edward Hotel. This saves paying office rent.

A. D., Hanover, Ont., wants to know if we have a way of prosecuting "skin" promotions and "skin" promoters.

This would be rather a large order. A. D. appears to have been loaded up with every doubtful thing in sight. The president and treasurer of the company you speak of, A. D., was arrested and jailed in New York about a year ago, and if he had his just deserts he would be there yet. A prosecution would mean sending good money after bad, for the man has nothing but a shady reputation.

Speculator wants to know about Tournenie.

We cannot advise the purchase of this stock; we know nothing of the promotion nor of the promoters.

Inquirer asks re Nipissing, is it a safe investment and what do we think of Foster, should he sell at present price?

Nipissing is not an investment under the circumstances. I think it will sell higher than it does at present and it will keep up its dividends for some time to come. I don't think, however, that it is worth the money. Foster will probably sell higher within the next few months, when it should be sold.

F. R. J. asks: "What do you think of McDarragh and Crown Reserve as an investment?"

Neither McKinley Darragh nor Crown Reserve are investments. Of the two, I favor the former, as I think that the day cannot be far distant when Crown Reserve announces a lower cash reserve, when the stock will slump. On the other hand, the McKinley Darragh has large ore reserves already developed and more to come from the Savage claim.

W. F. R. asks re Silver Bar.

We cannot advise holding this stock.

Subscriber asks re Blue Bell and Hammond Reef.

The former is a wild-cat of recent years whose shares have no market, either present nor prospective, while the latter has been the subject of many a jest. In Rossland some twelve years ago I heard the assistant manager of the British American Corporation tell the engineer with whom the writer was employed that a certain venerable Canadian statesman, and the Minister of Trade and Commerce, remarked in connection with his experiences with Hammond Reef, "There are liars, there are d—— liars, and there are mining engineers." So you see this is an old friend who does not appear to improve with age. The shares are worth less.

J. G., City, asks re Beaver.

While I do not think the Beaver would sell as a mine for what it is rated at on the stock market, yet I feel fairly confident that the stock will some day sell higher than it does at present. At the present time the management is timbering the shaft and putting in a plant with which something can be done. If I might advise, I would say have your selling order in in case of any sudden spurt.

Frank, of Pictou, N.S., wants information on "The Golden Peak Larder Lake Exploration and Mining Company, Limited."

We do not even know of the existence of such a concern.

Tecumseh, London, who paid $2.75 for Foster, and 80 cents for Watts wants to know whether he should hold these stocks or sell them?

Watts you might sell, as it seems to have little public following. Foster has a great short interest and is liable to be manipulated up some day, but if fifty cents is reached I would not hold. On the other hand, the old dog may not have another kick. Ninety per cent. of mining stock values are the result of manipulation—that is here in Toronto.

H. B. P. wants to know the explanation of the low price of Ottise?

Had the question been as to how this wild-cat stock ever sold as high as 60 cents I would say it was the result of manipulation on the exchanges and the aid of the subsidized press. To the writer's mind the stock is dear at most any price.

Verdant, Parry Sound, enquires about Cobalt Development.

The proposition was unsound and I can see no hope for it.

J. W., Port Dover, asks concerning Marconi stock.

Canadian Marconi stock never has paid a dividend, and at the moment it does not look as if it would. From the information at hand it would appear as if some unscrupulous sharks are endeavoring to saddle a lot of this stock onto country people at about four or five times what it can be bought for in the open market. In Montreal this stock has been traded in around $1.25 per share, and in London I am informed that it is selling at a still lower figure. George H. Munroe during his spectacular career sold quantities of this stock, particularly in New York, and it was indeed a sorry day for the Marconi Company when they took him on. In the first place, he did much to discredit the Canadian Marconi Company; and secondly, he put on the market a lot of fictitious "Marconi" stocks. One of these he called the Australian Marconi, and another I believe the New Zealand Marconi, and still another the South American Marconi. So far as I am able to ascertain, not one of these corporations existed beyond the imaginative brain of this promoter. He sold these stocks right and left, and in many cases where he had sold genuine Canadian Marconi stock and had failed to deliver the same, he attempted to give his clients this spurious script, which was, of course, not worth the paper it was engraved on. When it was discovered by the poor dupes in New York that they had been swindled by Munroe, it came time for that worthy to "jump." It is also interesting to note that a good deal of the money taken by Munroe from Canadians in the past eighteen months was forwarded to his brother, Alexander Munroe, in London, where the latter was engaged in picking up Canadian Marconi stock at low figures. The script thus obtained was forwarded to a firm of attorneys in New York who were acting for George Munroe, and through them distributed among those who had been swindled in the first instance and who were insistent upon getting at least something for their money. George H. Munroe was engaged in squaring up his New York creditors in order that he might see his way clear to again enter the American metropolis without remaining under cover; for be it known that Munroe during his entire residence in Toronto hankered always to get back to the "big town." Another interesting feature, and one which has not before been made public, is the fact that Alexander Munroe during his entire residence in London figured as the secretary of Bartlett Mines, Limited, for which he drew (or more properly speaking, George Munroe drew it for him) the sum of $2,000 per quarter, or $8,000 per annum.

D. F. D., Barrie, says he has a few hundred dollars for investment and wants something safe and sure.

Put yourself in correspondence with a first-class firm selling investment securities. They will send you lists of bonds, debentures, etc. No flotation is a gilt-edged security until it has passed the initial stages.

Enquirer, Homewood: "What do you think of John McIntosh, Ltd., as an investment?

It is not an investment. It may be some day, and again it may not.

G. N., Green avenue, Westmount, bought California-Alberta and wants to know.

Pity that G. N. did not enquire first. You are up against a dead one. The deeper we go into it the worse it looks. No chance.

E. Brown, Regina, wants to know about Atlantic Oil Company.

The property, which is in Colombia, South America, has a good reputation. The Hon. Clifford Sifton has put a good deal of money in the venture, some $200,000 or more. There has been no public flotation of stock. There is, I believe, some for sale by the original holders. The main objection to these South American speculations (where they are on the level) is the fact that it is a good way from home, and in a country where revolution is looked upon as the national sport.

Orillia, Feb'y 14th, '10.

Editor "Toronto Saturday Night":

Dear Sir.—I have read several issues of your valuable paper and must congratulate you on your endeavors to show up some of the methods of some promoters of different stock companies that have been operating all through this country.

I think you are doing a good work in protecting the investing public, but still I am afraid that you are giving the impression that all of the Cobalts are not legitimate propositions in which it would be safe for a person to invest, is my surmise correct? If such is the case, I fear you will do a great deal of harm towards the development of that vast north country of ours, which I believe, in time will be the most extensive and richest mining country in the world. It is my belief that the greatest difficulty will be in securing sufficient capital to develop it.

I should like your opinion as to the value of a silver property of which I will give you the following particulars: A prospector of my acquaintance, and as you know all prospectors are comparatively poor men, has a silver claim at Elk Lake, he has on this claim a calcite vein about 18 inches wide, showing native or leaf silver, quite visible to the naked eye, and the average assay of this vein, made by Johns, of Haileybury, shows over one thousand ounces to the ton, sample was taken from the vein at a depth of about seven feet out of a test pit, which he has put down on it. He has the vein stripped off for about 200 feet. There are several other veins on the same property running parallel with main vein. The man has not got the capital to develop this property and would like to sell out the whole or part interest. He has three other claims adjoining this one, but with not as good showing. If he can sell this one, he intends to develop the other three himself.

Yours truly,

J. F. G., Box 302.

The mining proposition you define in the north is one of promise, that is if your definition is correct. Ore running 1,000 ounces (or $500) to the ton in eighteen inches does not require much financing. The owner should be able, after an outlay of a few dollars, to make it pay its own way or it should have a high market value as it stands, or better still, if the shaft is carried to the hundred-foot level. As the veins in the Montreal River country have shown a tendency to peter out around ten or twelve feet down, I would suggest that your prospector keep after the ore. My experience is that the chief characteristic of the Ontario prospector is that he is untrustworthy, a senseless being who will take a man into the wilderness through all kinds of swamp and muskeg and be able to show him nothing. If you will take a pencil and paper and figure out what a block of ore 100 x 100 feet and eighteen inches wide is worth at $500 to the ton of six cubic feet, it will make your head swim.

I thank you for your compliment. Saturday Night has no fear of injuring Cobalt or New Ontario. The wild-cat promoter does not put the money he takes from the public into the ground, but into his own pocket. Nine times out of ten the lamb buys promoters' stock when in reality he thinks he is buying treasury shares. The worst enemy Cobalt has is the shameless Cobalt liar. He's a beast who has lied so much he begins to believe himself. However, he is having his eyes opened in the decline in Cobalt shipments. The output for this year to date is two-thirds that of last year. The advent of electric power is counted on to increase things and it is said that a larger per cent. of concentrates are going out this year.

Surplus Cash wants to know what we think of the Calcite Lake Mining Co. in the Gow Ganda district? Also if Mr. M. L. Foley has a good reputation?

I have no knowledge of the proposition, but would think that if they had important ore bodies the knowledge of the same would be general. I have never heard anything against Mr. Foley.

R. W. S., of Spokane, Washington, wants to know if the Cleopatra mine, Cobalt, is a wild cat.

I do not know the promotion, and do not think any one in Cobalt does. It is not on the list of shippers.

Wingham, Ont., writes: "I have recently purchased 500 shares of Hanson Consolidated Silver Mines from T. H. Hamilton & Co., Toronto, at 65 cents per share. Is it any good?"

The Hanson Consolidated is near Port Arthur, and these silver mines have not proved satisfactory. I would not buy the stock.

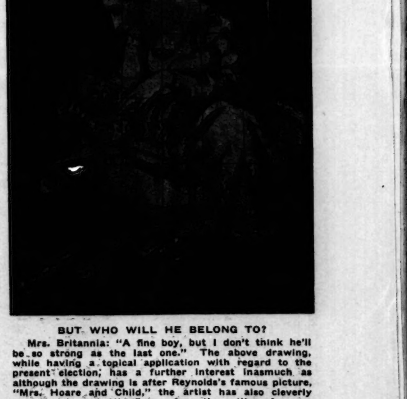
John A. Murray, a director in Cobalt Lake Mining Co., writes feelingly in protest to the Saturday Night against his proposition being called a wild-cat of most pronounced type.

Cobalt Lake stock was launched upon a frenzied public when it had not one ounce of ore developed. The writer heard a former director address the meeting of shareholders referred to in "Comments on Cobalts," and say: "Sir Henry Pellatt will list the shares of Cobalt Lake stock on the Stock Exchanges of Toronto, Montreal and New York." This was received with loud cheers. Cobalt Lake, therefore, was promoted as a stock jobbing scheme. Perhaps the morals of the directors are improving with age. The Saturday Night hopes so. The writer's opinion of Cobalt Lake appears elsewhere. Perhaps we may give more of it; we think the occasion demands it. The fact that $1,085,000 was paid to the Government for the property is nothing but a token of bad business. Over $200,000 was placed in its treasury and it has less now.

A Sturdy Warfare.

(Editorial Comment.)

Toronto Saturday Night is waging a sturdy warfare against unprincipled promoters of mining stock companies and is rendering the public a good service in its fearless exposure of methods that are shady. In a recent issue it showed up the manner in which one promoter had fleeced the public to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars through the medium of what were apparently legitimate enterprises. Saturday Night deserves every encouragement in the arduous and unpleasant duty it has undertaken.—The Orillia Times.



BUT WHO WILL HE BELONG TO?

Mrs. Britannia: "A fine boy, but I don't think he'll be so strong as the last one." The above drawing, while having a topical application with regard to the present election, has a further interest inasmuch as although the drawing is after Reynolds' famous picture, "Mrs. Hoare and Child," the artist has also cleverly contrived to make the figures form the outline of a map of England and Wales.—The Tatler.

The Baroness Vaughan has been recognized by the Pope as the widow of the late King Leopold of Belgium. It is evident that the romantic career of this woman is far from a period. Her inheritance from the royal connection includes the Belgic monopoly of rubber production in the Congo.

WE OFFER $50,000.00
7% Cumulative Preference Shares
JOHN MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE, LIMITED
DIRECTORS
AUDITORS
BANKERS
SOLICITORS
NATURE OF BUSINESS
ATHOL GEORGE ROBERTSON

Athol George Robertson, Promoter:---His Criminal Record---Robertson of Toffee Fame Served 60 Days in Jail for Purveying Obscene Literature and Filthy Pictures. He Now Sues Toronto Saturday Night for Libel in Connection with the Toffee Company---History of the Case.

TO those who have not followed the doings of one Athol George Robertson it may be well at this writing to give some space to this young man.

On this page will be found the newspaper accounts of the court proceedings against Robertson and others, the whole composing a gang whose business it was to distribute to retailers as disreputable as themselves, immoral literature and filthy post cards and picture cards.

George Athol Robertson as the leader of the gang was sent to jail for a term of sixty days. This was in October, 1908. After serving his time in the Toronto jail, Athol George Robertson took in hand the flotation of the Nicoll Casing Company. Of this particular bit of work we will later publish some details. His next venture was the Macintosh Toffee Company. Both of these flotations might have got through without any special mention except for one fact, and this was that Athol George Robertson forgot to comply with the Joint Stock Companies' Act.

In proceeding against our old and valued subscribers Henshaw Maddock of the California-Alberta Oil Company, and J. C. Davis of the Chicago-Alberta Oil Company, Mr. W. H. Price, acting for the Department of the Provincial Secretary, took up the trail of Athol George Robertson, with the result as mentioned in last week's issue of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. This promotor was brought up in Police Court and fined on two counts, not having properly registered either the Nicoll Casing Company nor the Macintosh Toffee Company.

In reporting the case which came before Magistrate Kingsford we had occasion to utilize Mr. Price's explanation as given to the Court. It is to this that Athol George Robertson objects to the extent of threatening a suit for the sum of $10,000.

Robertson in a statement published in the Toronto World on Saturday morning, the 12th inst, (given in full on this page) states that what Mr. Price said before the Magistrate concerning the Toffee Company was untrue. Robertson states that the company has not as yet paid a dividend, but is going to pay one "three months after the completion of the formation," whatever that may mean.

Robertson also takes exception to the fact that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT failed to pat his little flotation on the back. To be quite candid TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT never advised its readers to take up Robertson Toffee Company as an investment, and it sees no more reason for recommending it now than it had several weeks ago.

However, the sore point appears to be that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT would not take Athol George Robertson's advertisements, and realizing this to be the case, Robertson made his appearance in the editorial room one afternoon, prepared to do the best he could under the circumstances. That SATURDAY NIGHT would not take his advertising at any price was evident. Would we then allow him to utilize the name of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT in other publications which were not so particular. TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT's "Blessing" might under the circumstances do the promotion of Macintosh's Toffee Company a world of good.

It was as pretty a compliment as a man, even a bad man, ever paid a journal.

However, TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT did not feel inclined to become even partially and indirectly responsible for the capitalization of a "sugar stick." and here the interview ended.

It may be pointed out that at this time we had no idea of what a bad record Athol George Robertson possessed; for it was only when the young man entered suit against us that we thought it worth while to dig down and find out just who and what he was.

The man's record speaks for itself. It is hardly necessary to go farther and enlarge upon it.

Instructed to Proceed Against Saturday Night.

February 11, 1910.

Saturday Night, Limited, Adelaide street west, city:

Dear Sirs,—We are instructed by Mr. A. G. Robertson to take proceedings against you for damages for injury that will result to our client in his business in consequence of an article contained in your issue of the Toronto Saturday Night of February 12th, 1910, at page 5, wherein you say among other things, as follows: "One of these companies was the Nicoll Casing Company and the other John Mackintosh Toffee, Limited. A feature of the flotation of the latter company to which Mr. Price called particular attention, was the fact that a few days after the stock was issued, the preferred stock paid a dividend of 7 per cent."

We emphasize the above statement as being particularly damaging to our client as not being true to fact.

Our client has the sale of the stock of the John Mackintosh's Toffee, Limited, and has incurred very large expenses, amounting to some $5,000.00 to $5,500.00, and the subscription books close on Tuesday next at Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, at which former two places our client has retained agents at large expense. No issue of your paper can correct this erroneous statement and irreparable damage done.

Our client, therefore, has instructed us to notify you by this letter of his intention to issue a writ at 10 o'clock to-morrow, Saturday, morning, the 12th inst., unless prior to that time full compensation has been made to our client's satisfaction.

Yours truly,
HALL & PAYNE.

Athol George Robertson Convicted.

(From Daily Paper, Saturday, October 17, 1908.)

"Five men whom the police claim have been responsible for the distribution of late among a certain class of people in the city of obscene post cards, pictures, and 'literature,' were rounded up yesterday and a cart load of filth in the shape of post cards, etc., was brought in to the police headquarters with the accused as evidence against them. The greatest quantity of stuff was found on two of the men who were brought in and they admitted having had the obscene matter in their possession for distribution. These are Athol George Robertson, of 15 Wilton avenue, and William Renwick, of 269 College street. The other men arrested are Louis Benson, of 255 Church street; Samuel Beermbohm, of 178 King street west, and Fred Maddock of 151 Brunswick avenue. Altogether the police got about 25,000 cards.

"The police received complaints some time ago and made an investigation, which, with the aid of the post office authorities, led to the arrests made yesterday. Some of the cards sent out by Robertson in the name of the Rock Company fell into the hands of the Postmaster-General and that department communicated with the Toronto police, which to some extent aided them in the capture they made yesterday.

"Robertson was arrested Thursday night by Detectives Twigg and Tipton and it is he the police believe to be the main spoke in the wheel. His arrest was effected by means of a decoy registered letter for which he signed when it was delivered to him in the name of the Rock Company at 15 Wilton avenue. He admitted that he was the manager of their concern and he was then placed under arrest. Besides thousands of cards, a letter was found in his possession from A. J. Tuck in Barrie, ordering a thousand cards as soon as possible 'if they were as good and better than the samples sent.' There was also an express receipt for a thousand cards sent to Barrie a few days ago.

"Robertson also got letters addressed to him at 15 Wilton avenue as the Ontario News Co.

"Detectives Twigg, Miller and McKinney raided the place at 215 Church street at noon yesterday and arrested Louis Benson in his cigar store.

"Detectives Mackie, Archibald and Armstrong arrested Sam Beermbohm at 178 King street west, where he keeps a cigar store. The raid there was also made at noon.

"Detectives Tipton and Twigg raided the house at 151 Brunswick in the afternoon, when Fred Maddock was arrested.

"Sergt. Verney and Detective Wallace arrested William Renwick last evening at 7 o'clock in room 15 at 269 College street where a number of photographs were seized.

"Some plates were found at Robertson's place, but the stock and most of the cards were printed outside of the city. The accused will appear in the police court to-day."

(From Daily Paper, Saturday, October 24, 1908.)

"Several of the dealers who were alleged to have been selling post cards came up in police court yesterday. Athol G. Robertson and P. V. Brown admitted their guilt. The cards seized in their places of business were so obscene that the magistrate declared it would be impossible to show leniency. Both men went to jail for sixty days without the option of a fine."

Robertson was charged both with sending obscene postcards through the mails, and keeping obscene postcards for sale.

Athol George Robertson's Statement.

The following statement from Athol George Robertson appeared in The World on Saturday, the 12th:—

"In this week's issue of The Toronto Saturday Night is contained a statement concerning the flotation of John Mackintosh's Toffee. This worthy paper, in an endeavor to improve the Ontario Companies Act, has at last overstepped the mark, by stating a deliberate untruth, which is as follows:

"'A feature of the flotation of the latter company (meaning John Mackintosh's Toffee, Limited), to which Mr. Price called particular attention, was the fact that a few days after the stock was issued, the preferred stock paid a dividend of 7 per cent.'

"This statement is untrue. The company has paid no dividend, and has not promised to pay any until three months after the completion of its formation, which is in accordance with the Ontario Companies Act. The Toronto Saturday Night may have good intentions, but its campaign against three promoters has in my opinion been the cause of injuring many legitimate enterprises, which statement is not difficult to prove.

"If The Saturday Night has evidence to prove that the Mackintosh flotation is not a sound proposition, why don't they show it, instead of hinting that it is not a safe investment? Readers of this week's Saturday Night will notice that the only flotation they recommend is the Sterling Coal Company, Limited. No doubt, this is a good business, but might I be excused for believing that one of the objects of The Saturday Night in supporting this flotation was because the Sterling Coal Company advertised their prospectus in The Saturday Night.

"I wish to point out that the reason that The Saturday Night does not come out openly and condemn John Mackintosh's Toffee flotation is because they dare not do so. The man who writes the financial articles for The Saturday Night admitted to me that the proposition appears reasonably all right. I explained it in detail to him, and he knows that the business is a particularly good one. There never was a better flotation of a company of equal capitalization and I challenge Toronto Saturday Night to prove otherwise.

"Further, I have instructed my solicitors, Messrs. Hall & Payne, of Continental Life Building, to demand satisfaction from Saturday Night, and in the event of not receiving same before Monday morning to issue a writ for $10,000 damages, caused by the libel against me contained in this week's issue of Toronto Saturday Night."

WE OFFER $50,000.00
7% Cumulative Preference Shares
OF THE PROPOSED
John Mackintosh's Toffee,
Limited
Works BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO
CAPITALIZATION EXPIRING Shares $100.00 Each
7% CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES $50,000.00
COMMON SHARES $50,000.00
FULLY PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.
BENJAMIN BURLAND
303 Board of Trade Building
MONTREAL, P.Q.

LITTLE has been heard recently regarding the Chicago-Alberta Oil Company, which corporation "blew up" so far as regards Toronto immediately after TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT's exposure. Last week, however, the writer had a telephone message from J. C. Davis, the "hired man," otherwise the Toronto manager, of the corporation.

In substance, Davis stated to the writer that he was prepared to repay every stockholder of the company in full if, in six months' time, oil in paying quantities was not discovered on the property of the Chicago-Alberta Oil Company; and furthermore that he was willing to give a bond to this effect. Davis was informed that if he would make such a proposal in writing, TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT would publish it. Up to the present, however, no written communication from Davis has been received.

The peculiar feature of Davis' offer lies in the fact that while he is willing to give a bond for Heavens only knows how much to indemnify the stockholders, he did not have in his possession $100 with which to pay the fine administered by Magistrate Kingsford. Appearances would indicate that Davis' bond is about as good as the stock of the Chicago-Alberta Oil Co.

The Only Paper With Nerve.

Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Sir,—Your valuable paper, Toronto Saturday Night, is the only Toronto paper that has nerve enough to speak out for the protection of the small investor. Every village and county council, also all libraries, should at once subscribe to your paper. The country is now overrun with the promoter seeking the hard savings of spinsters and widows, under the promise of ten and twelve per cent. for their money.

Yours truly, J. C. W.

Port Dover, Ont., Feb. 9th, 1910.

A Run for their Money.

To the Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Sir,—Your position in reference to so-called "promoters" is a very commendable one and timely. I trust that you will continue to show up such cases and when it affects your advertising columns it wul come back through your advertising department. It appears to me that in some cases it is the directors of concerns who are just as guilty as the brokers or promoters. If a man is willing to risk a few hundred dollars in a mine (Cobalt or elsewhere) he should know that unless it is a d veloped one he has to take chances, but when he sees names of pub. c and business men he is expecting a square deal and a fair run for his money. Does he get it? There have been some cases in Montreal lately where this does not look as though he had—take Gould Consolidated or Union Pacific Cobalt for instance.

B. V. G.

Western Oil Fields.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—You do well to warn intending investors regarding investing in Western oil fields. Some five years ago I with a number of others in this city was induced to take stock in one of these get-rich-quick concerns. They have spent a great deal of money in drilling; have had best experts, and all kinds of up-to-date machinery; but no oil. These men, I am satisfied, went into the venture firmly believing in reports of experts; have carefully expended the moneys entrusted to them; but no oil. From latest reports the impression among shareholders is: There is no oil.

"SHAREHOLDER."

Toronto, Feb. 2, 1910.

"The Woman of the Serpent's Tongue."

WHEN William Watson, the English poet, made his thinly veiled attack upon the women of the Asquith family in his poem, "The Woman of the Serpent's Tongue," he was at once stigmatized by the English-speaking world as a low cad. Coming to the United States in company with his wife, Mr. Watson was accorded a cool reception, or more properly speaking, no reception at all, for people who had known him in London refused to receive him under the circumstances in New York.

It now appears, however, according to the testimony of members of William Watson's own family, that the poet is not responsible; in other words, that he is insane. A letter from Robinson Watson, of Montreal, brother of William Watson, to the press, dealing with the poet's earlier mental afflictions, is partly as follows:

"There were two almost concurrent events which, relatively small as they may seem to-day, were most momentous to him then, and which were the contributory causes of a profound mental excitement, which culminated in mental chaos.

"In October, 1892, Lord Alfred Tennyson died. Immediately on the tidings of his death reaching London, The Illustrated London News telegraphed my brother a request for a brief commemorative poem to appear in the following issue of that journal. Moved by an exalted ambition to produce a lyrical tribute which should be a worthy offering to the memory of him whose death had filled the world with grief, and limited as he was to time for his great effort, William Watson for fifty consecutive hours, without a break for either rest or respite and barely touching food of any kind, worked in almost tremulous eagerness and anxiety, his whole mind vibrating in painful sympathy with his theme; and, instead of the 'brief poem' that had been requested, delivered to The London News his immortal 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' a poem of which Mr. Gladstone said to her late Majesty Queen Victoria that in his opinion it was 'greater than Tennyson's own 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.'

"Early in November, 1902, a letter (the original is before me as I write) was sent to my brother from the Premier's official residence informing him that Mr. Gladstone had been pleased to 'recommend him for an immediate grant of £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund,' reserving the question of a civil-list pension for further consideration.

"And now I must disclose the fact that up to the time of that letter my brother had been for years contending with adverse pecuniary circumstances, at times utterly disheartened by apparent lack of recognition, and dismayed by the seeming hopelessness of the strife. And when the great news came of that 'immediate grant of £200' from the Royal Bounty Fund it was like a veritable avalanche of good fortune to him; it was like a sudden recall to one that had been long exiled. But it was more, much more. Coming to him as it did, when he was physically fevered and mentally unstrung by that prolonged nervous concentration on his sad task, it was too much; it was more than he could bear. The burden of years had been lifted in a moment. To his mother he said that day, in pathetic memory of the past: 'No more dark days now, mother; no more dark days!'

"But only a week later, and it became evident beyond all doubt that his mental balance was gone. Sudden success and joy had told on him more than all adversity and pain. And now I must refer to a peculiar feature of that mental ailment which has its parallel again to-day. In the first few weeks he who would not bruise a worm was dominated by the single idea that he had a mission to accomplish against certain persons in exalted stations in England; the most of his talk being in that strain. And be it said here that those very persons were they to whom afterward he showed himself most sincerely devoted and loyal.

"The poet has come to America with a deeply rooted belief that he has a mission of hostility against a certain family in high station in England. Nothing can dissuade him from that wild infatuation, which is controlling him night and day. Terrible things, absolutely 'unforgivable' things, have been lightly hurled at that distinguished family; things that have no manner of justification or defence; things which it must be admitted seem to brand the author of them as beyond the pale of our toleration forever.

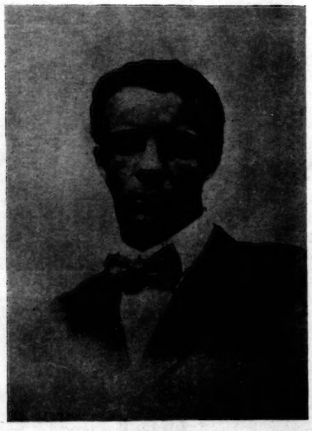
"And yet, when I have put it in that way, I, who alone have the right to speak out, say deliberately, in full knowledge and with full emphasis, that those things are in no sense the responsible utterances of the poet, William Watson. They are the outcome of a mental malady alien to himself, and when he returns to himself the William Watson we knew will regret and condemn them with burning words and bitter tears.

"And that manifesto—full of its utterly insignificant details about teas and talks and void of all dignity and grace—what of it? The hand that wrote it was truly the hand of my brother, but not so much as one solitary sentence of it was his, not a line, not a word; and when the poet is rehabilitated, his lips will unsparingly condemn what the hand has done, but to which his real mind has never given assent."

A painful tale that, from one's own kin, but it explains much which before appeared incredible.

The announcement that the Royal Geographical Society of Copenhagen is fitting out an expedition to explore "the countries around the Persian Gulf" will surprise many who imagine that there is little of the earth outside the polar regions which now needs exploring. As a matter of fact, the interior of the great Arabian peninsula is still waiting to be discovered, and not even the poles present such almost insurmountable obstacles to those who seek them as the unknown land lying around the Persian Gulf. Some portions are, doubtless, as void of human beings as the frozen apexes of the earth, and will probably always remain so, for the heat experienced there is fatal to almost all life.

Greeley, Colorado, was founded in 1870, as the result of the great New York editor's much preaching of "Go West, young man!" About seventy-five of the original founders of that prosperous city recently enjoyed their annual reunion and dinner, together with a lot of "pioneer children." A few of these founders have reached ninety years of age, and many are over eighty. The after-dinner speakers told of pioneer life there; one recalled cattle days on the plains; another gave reminiscences of early hunting trips, and several of the mothers told of the trials of pioneer housekeeping.



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EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SON.

The engagement has just been announced of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, jr., eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, to Miss Eleanor Butler Alexander of New York.

The photo, by Curtis Bell, New York, is supplied by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.'S FIANCEE.

Miss Eleanor Butler Alexander is the daughter of Mrs. Henry Addison Alexander, of No. 42 West 47th street, New York, and made her debut two years ago.

ALLAN LINE
FIRST To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
To adopt Bilge Keels, . . . 1881 READY
To adopt Turbine Engines, . 1905 SWIFT

T. LAWRENCE SEASON, 1910

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

ASIAN	May 6	June 3
VIRGINIAN	May 13	June 10
ANIAN	May 20	June 17
VICTORIAN	May 27	June 24

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

ANIAN	May 7	June 4
CAMPIAN	May 14	June 11
VICTORIAN	May 21	June 18
SYRIAN	May 28	June 25

MONTREAL TO HAVRE AND LONDON

ALLIAN	May 7	June 18
CORINTHIAN	May 14	
CORINTHIAN	May 21	July 2

RATES OF PASSAGE
According to Steamer

First Cabin, $67.50, $77.50, $87.50 upwards.
Second Cabin, $42.50, $45.00, $47.50, $50.00.
Third Class, $27.75, $28.75, and $30.00.

Full particulars as to Sailings, Rates, etc., on application to
THE ALLAN LINE
77 Yonge St., Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
YOUR WINTER TRIP
Special winter tourist rates now in effect. Through tickets, without any troublesome exchanges, etc., on sale to
CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, MEXICO, CUBA,
anywhere away below the snow line, far from fogs and thaws and other wintry discomforts.
Liberal stop-over privileges.
Wide choice of routes.
Return limit May 31st, 1910.
Ask any C.P.R. agent for particulars, or write
R. L. THOMPSON,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
THE
INTERNATIONAL LIMITED
"Canada's Finest Train"
LEAVES TORONTO 4.40 P.M. DAILY FOR
LONDON
DETROIT
CHICAGO
OTHER GOOD TRAINS AT
8 a.m. and 11 p.m. Daily
LOCAL TRAIN FOR LONDON 2 P.M. DAILY
—Special Feature—
ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE
Tickets, berth reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

GALEN HALL

HOTEL AND SANATORIUM ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Owing to our Curative and Tonic Baths, our elegant Comfort and exceptional Table and Service, we are always busy.
F. L. YOUNG, Gen'l Manager.

THE WINTER AND EARLY SPRING DAYS
At Atlantic City are delightful.
The climate is ideal.
The world famous boardwalk is never more attractive.
The Country Club is at its best.
The ocean piers and Casino are most enjoyable.
HOTEL DENNIS
directly on the ocean front is always open and so equipped to be an ideal home for guests at all seasons of the year.
WALTER J. BUZBY.

MORE THAN A HOTEL—A HOME
HOTEL IMPERIAL
Atlantic City, N.J.

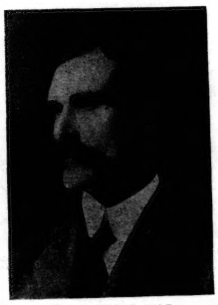
S. Maryland Ave., overlooking Ocean. Every hotel convenience. Elevator, steam heat, public and private baths. Excellent table and white service. Ownership management. I. G. KENDRICK. Rates from $2.00 per day. $10.00 per week up.

Hotel Guest (to pretty waiter girl)—This steak is not very good. Pretty Waiter Girl—Tea or coffee? Guest—This steak—it's tough and ——Pretty Waiter Girl (to another pretty waiter girl)—Charley was asking after you this morning, Jen (To guest)—Did you say tea or coffee? Guest (Gloomily)—Coffee.—New York Sun.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"The Powder-Puff, a Ladies' Breviary," by Franz Blei. Published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto.

THE Canadian of this generation who likes to make little excursions, in body or spirit, into the big, protean world, considering cosmopolitanism, and speculating on old and new methods of thought and action different to our own—such a Canadian frequently regrets that in this young country thought and life are not more attractively colored, the one by culture, the other by epicurism. But when such a Canadian reads a book like this volume of essays by Franz Blei, he has a feeling, if he is healthy, that there is something fine after all in living in a land where people, writers included, are wholesome if crude. For it is better any day to be wholesome, though dull, than to be brilliant, but morbidly erotic. Franz Blei belongs to an interesting modern school of German thought and authorship. He is editor of Hyperion, the most "advanced" German periodical of the day, and as The Bookman recently observed, "his writings may serve as an index to the tastes and hobbies of the cultured German reading public." The German public, it may be said, especially the cultured part of it, has grown very enthusiastic lately over the writings of Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, and a number of French writers employing somewhat similar literary devices. And from the fact that Blei and his contemporaries, Schnitzler, Hofmannsthal, Carl Steinheim, and others find themselves widely read, it may be inferred that



PELHAM EDGAR, PH.D.,
Professor of French, University of Toronto, whose influence has done much in giving increased dignity to literary appreciation and literary work in Canada.

their writings are daring and essentially decadent. These men, brilliant, scholarly, and madly ambitious to break new literary ground, have for some years been experimenting with language and ideas with startling results.

But let there be no misunderstanding as to the nature of the essays in "The Powder-Puff." They are not food for babes, and young persons and readers whose minds can cope with nothing beyond narrowness and conventionality ought to leave them alone; they would simply be alternately puzzled and shocked, in much the same way as they would by witnessing a play like "The Devil." As didactic utterances, Blei's keen-cutting epigrams and subtle, penetrating criticisms are merely disturbing. But to the open mind they are extraordinarily suggestive. And every person who desires to keep abreast of modern thought ought to read this book. The work of translation has been skillfully and sympathetically done.

Here are a few epigrams from the book:

"Scourges discipline the soul, but stimulate the blood. Ascetics are weakly sensualists."

"Excessive sentimentality generally destroys all real feeling, and fails to call forth any response from the feelings of other people."

"Personal bravery and physical beauty are now held in lower esteem than cunning and all kinds of mental agility."

"The people of to-day only demand respect for their masks."

"Courtesy creates the widest distance, and is the only method of living to oneself, without annoyance, in the midst of any kind of democracy."

"The accomplishments of men are many, the accomplishment of women is only one—to be wholly women—and that means to have absolutely nothing whatever of the man in them, not even the capacity for thought."

"The sympathy which we men always have for women, and women never have for men, arises from the feeling that is always in us: 'My mother gave her life for me, in pain, and sleepless nights.'"

"This development of the stage and of music threatens two institutions, the circus and the music-hall.

FRANZ BLEI,
Whose writings "serve as an index to the tastes and hobbies of the cultured German reading public."

Already mimic plays are seen in the former and trick-riders in the latter."

"Despair is only a gesture; even the desperate know no more of it than its formal expression."

These fragments do not, however, furnish an adequate idea of the quality of the essays. The epigrams are sharp, but they are only Blei epigrams when read with the context, as the preacher has it.

Quite often the author becomes anecdotical. And here is a little story he relates in his essay on the jealousy of men. A certain Herr von L. was an invalid whose wife was unfaithful to him. When death was approaching, he bade good-bye to the intriguing spouse and went, as he affirmed, to seek health in travel. Every month the woman received a letter from him from various parts of the world—every month for eleven and a half years—and then on her forty-fifth birthday this one came: "I am writing this in my last hour, which has not unexpectedly overtaken me eight days after our parting. During this time I have prepared 137 letters for you, and left them with people who will send them to you every month. This is No. 138, and, unfortunately the last. But when you receive it you will be exactly forty-five years old, and M., with whom you betrayed me, will no longer be willing to marry you after a year's widowhood, as he certainly would have done eleven and a half years earlier. I die perfectly satisfied with the thought that I have prevented you from legitimatising your infidelity by marriage." Blei adds that "since her lover had also died a fortnight before the arrival of the letter No. 138, the lady found herself in highly ambiguous mourning."

* * *

"The Spirit of the South," by Will Wallace Harney. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston.

In a preface, which might more appropriately have been termed an advertisement, a brief account of Mr. Wallace's life is given. He began work as a school teacher in Louisville, practised law later on, and finally turned to newspaper work. "The Spirit of the South" is a collection of his stories and poems in one volume—productions which the preface reminds us have been accepted by the leading magazines. The stories concern the South, 'tis true, but they haven't much spirit. Some of the poetry is rather musical, but only in tinkling, trivial way.

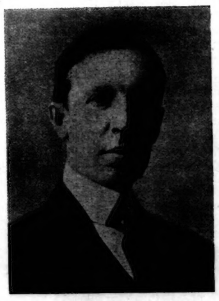
* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

H. G. Wells is wonderfully prolific. He brought out "Ann Veronica" right on the heels of "Tono-Bungay." Now he is at work on two more novels, one to be issued in the spring by Duffield & Company, to be entitled "The Adventures of Mr. Polly," and another of the proportions of "Tono-Bungay," which will appear next autumn. Think of this, ye James Lane Allens, who labor six years on a story and then bring forth nothing better than "The Bride of the Mistletoe"! "The Adventures of Mr. Polly" will of course be another social study. "Mr. Polly" is described by Mr. Wells himself as follows:

". . . There had been a time when two people had thought Mr. Polly the most wonderful and adorable thing in the world, had kissed his toenails, saying, 'myum, myum,' and marvelled at the exquisite softness and delicacy of his hair, had called to one another to remark the peculiar distinction with which he bubbled, had disputed whether the sound he had made was just da da, or truly and intentionally dadda, had washed him in the utmost detail, and wrapped him in soft, warm blankets, and smothered him with kisses. . ."

". . . As a matter of fact all the elements of his troubles had been adequately diagnosed by a certain high-browed, spectacled gentleman living at Highbury, wearing a gold pince-nez, and writing for the most part in the beautiful library of the Reform Club. This gentleman did not know Mr. Polly personally, but he had dealt with him generally as 'one of those ill-adjusted units that abound in a society that had failed to develop a collective intelligence and a collective will for order, commensurate with its complexities.' . . ."



DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT,
The Canadian poet and one of the editors of "The Makers of Canada" series.

". . . This is a history and not a glorification of Mr. Polly, and I tell of things as they were with him. I have failed in presenting Mr. Polly altogether if I have not made you see that he was in many respects an artless child of Nature, far more untrained, undisciplined and spontaneous than an ordinary savage. . . ."

* * *

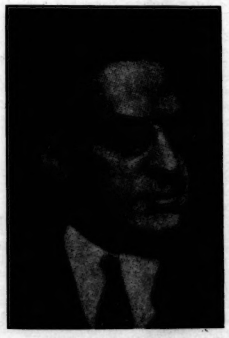
Jack London's novel, "Martin Eden," as was natural, made quite a stir in his native California. The preachers have even preached sermons about it, and Mr. London recently went to hear one of these. It was at Oakland, and Mr. Brown, a Congregational minister said that "Martin Eden" was the autobiography of a materialist disappointed with success—the final utterance of a dreamer. A California newspaper induced London to answer some of the statements made by the Rev. Brown. "Dr. Brown misunderstands the work as an indictment of materialism," he said. "I wrote it as an indictment of individualism." The assertion that "Martin Eden" was his last word to the public he characterized as absurd, pointing to the fact that he now has a number of books awaiting publication, the first of which, "Lost Face," is to appear within a few weeks. This title is derived from a story of a Chinaman who succeeded in "saving his face."

* * *

The Macmillan Company will shortly issue another collection of stories by Charles G. D. Roberts. The book is to be entitled "Kings in Exile," and the stories are about kings of the animal world living in captivity in the world of men.

* * *

"The Empire Day by Day, a calendar record of British valor and achievement on five continents and on the seven seas," is an interesting little publication compiled by Frank Wise and issued by the Macmillan Book Company of Canada, Toronto. It will be found to be a handy reference pamphlet, and deserves preservation in every Canadian's book collection.



MONTAGUE GLASS,
Author of the Abe Potash and Morris Perlmutter stories. His characters are said to be the only Jews "who have come out of American literature, not as representatives of their race, but as flesh and blood, human, thinking, and working beings."

Hal

Apollinaris
"The Queen of Table Waters"

Dr. Ludwig Wullner
THE GREAT LIEDER SINGER
may be called the great character artist of the classic concert stage. He possesses in a superlative degree the technique of singing in its highest development co-ordinate with an artistic ideal whose counterpart would be difficult to find in modern musical art. How much Dr. Wullner and his accompanist C. V. Bos owe to the
Chickering piano
which they use exclusively they have enthusiastically and fully acknowledged many times. The unstinted appreciation accorded Dr. Wullner by press and public affirms the wisdom of his choice. The Chickering Piano has been known too long by the musical public to be misjudged.

Sole Canadian Agents,
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THE PIPE
THAT GIVES SATISFACTION TO THE CONNOISSEUR
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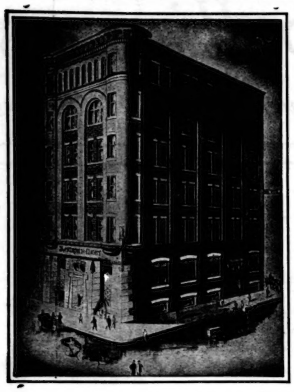
"A Friend at all times"

THE PEN OF A READY WRITER
Would you attain this? Then equip yourself with a "Swan." It writes with perfect smoothness, has no vexatious mechanism to worry you, or stain your fingers. Special pens for ladies.
From STATIONERS and JEWELERS
Insist on "SWAN"
The "Swan" is comparatively new to Canada. If any difficulty, write for nearest dealer to
MABIE, TODD & CO.
124 York Street, Toronto
Headquarters, London, England.
SWAN
FOUNTPENS
$2.50 to $50

DURING LENT
Nothing is nicer at Luncheon or Dinner than a sparkling glass of "Land of Evangeline" pure apple cyder. Ask your Grocer for it.
IN QUARTS, PINTS AND HALF PINTS.
JOHN ROBERTSON & SON, LTD., 310 Notre Dame St. West. MONTREAL

THE IDEAL WAY TO TRAVEL IS VIA A DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE
The Grand Trunk is the only one to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, London, Detroit, Chicago, and Montreal. Fast trains, smooth roadbed, excellent dining car service and palatial Pullmans are features of this line. Tickets, berths, reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

A DELIGHTFUL WEEK END RESORT.
Niagara Falls at this time of the year, with the mighty cataract fast bound in winter's grasp marvellously beautiful in its garb of ice and snow, is one of the most attractive places for a week end visit imaginable. The hotels on the Canadian side are most easily reached from Victoria Park Station, which is the stopping place for all Canadian Pacific trains. There are four trains from Toronto, at 7.50 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 5.20 p.m. and 7.10 p.m. Service from the Falls is equally convenient.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a thirty-two-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

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Telephone {Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.} Main {6640 6641}

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL

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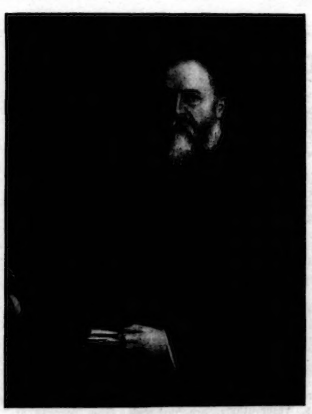
!?. Points About People .?!

The late John Charlton.

If the cynical disrespect with which the intellectual classes of the community are apt to regard politics and politicians can be said to have any just foundation it would not be hard to find it in the contemplation of the career of the late Mr. John Charlton. Few men that have figured in Canadian politics have measured up to the standard constantly set before the countless Canadian Clubs of the country by the peripatetic purveyors of "the uplift." In the first place he was rich and his money had been gained honestly. In Canada a man's wealth is largely the test of his intellect, but Mr. Charlton had other ornaments which do not always go with wealth. It is admitted by both Conservatives and Liberals that he was probably the best informed man on public issues that ever sat in the House of Commons. Though not a magnetic platform speaker and no adept in the generation of hot air, he was so convincing that he was much feared by his opponents. The uplifters are constantly urging young men to "be sincere, be earnest, be true to your convictions; be honest in your dealings with your fellowman; seek to uplift your fellows, etc., etc., etc." Everyone of these phrases actually applied to Mr. Charlton. His record of private legislation in the House of Commons was one approved by every religious organization. He fought for certain moral causes, not to obtain votes or preferment, but because he believed in them. When the Liberals were out of office he threw himself heart and soul into the conflict and was a mental motive force in the highly intelligent opposition which fought the battles of the Liberal party in the House of Commons from 1887 to 1896. Yet when the Liberal party came into power he found himself treated as an outcast just because he had been a little too sincere. This is not intended as a reproach to the Liberal party, for the same thing might very well have happened had the position of the parties been reversed. Despite his rare equipment for public service and despite the public respect in which he was held, Mr. Charlton was not from the standpoint of the politician an "available man." The "available man" is a pliant personage with his ear to the ground, who can be trusted not to raise embarrassing questions or fight for controversial causes. Therefore Mr. Charlton was obliged to watch men who were intellectually babes in comparison with him travelling in private cars while he sat in the day coach with ordinary passengers.

One little letter penned in confidence to a man in Belleville was partly accountable for the political misfortunes of Mr. Charlton. In it he expressed some despondency over the chances of winning the elections of 1891 with a French leader. It was never intended to see the light, but it was no doubt a bitter memory to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who in the early years of his leadership lay upon no bed of roses. Laurier, however, had shown his ability to forget old slights, and it is probable that it was the Liberal leaders of Ontario who were responsible for crushing Mr. Charlton's hopes. He had been a leader in the Commercial Union campaign, and though many prominent Liberals had been tarred with the same stick they were anxious that the public should forget all about it. They feared, and feared rightly, that Mr. Charlton had genuine convictions; he was made of hickory, and cabinet material is usually wood of softer substance. He had to be content with obtaining a courtesy "Honorable" as member of the High Joint Commission on Relations between Canada and the United States. This body has never been formally dissolved, and so far as any one knows Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, is still its chairman. What Mr. Charlton could not understand was why the honor of a Senatorship was refused to him in his latter days. And nobody else on the outside understands it very well either, when he is compared with some who have won the honor. It is said, however, that at Ottawa it was feared that he might use the Senate as a forum for the presentation of moral issues. This would have been putting new wine into old bottles with a vengeance, so the powers that be decided to let the old stalwart spend his last days at Lynedoch, silent and disappointed.



BYRON E. WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L.
From the painting by John Lavery, R.S.A., presented to Mr. Walker by the managers and senior officers of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Testing a Financial Editor's Nerves.

Mr. Victor Ross, of The Globe, who has been in New York inquiring into the condition of money and business, in the first letter to his paper deprecated the tendency to regard the recent shrinkage in the price of stocks as a serious slump in the business of the country. Undoubtedly a recent experience had some effect in enabling him to test the alarms, before admitting there was any room for a scare.

On his office phone one afternoon this winter there came a vigorous ring and the voice at the other end implored him to be up and doing as his house was being burglarized; a live man was seen by a neighbor entering a back window. Mr. Ross was very busy at the time, so he rang up "Number Six," the Police Station in Parkdale, and asked them to look into the matter. Naturally he was a bit fussed up about it, but could see no way to leave the office; he trusted to the police to attend to the intruder, and went on with his work. Again the phone rang. "Mr. Ross, there's a burglar in your house," this time in the voice of a man who had heard the glad news over a phone from some excited person who wanted to know what should be done.

"I say, Vic, you'd better hustle out here as quick as you can," came another message ten minutes later; panic and alarm continued to flow in to the desk of the busy financial editor until he was becoming exasperated. To each of his friends in need he listened patiently, but had to admit that he was powerless to act upon their kind entreaties. Meanwhile the officer from Number Six was wending his way down Dufferin street. He met a man with a bundle under his arm; the man said he had been at Mr. Ross' house fixing a sideboard, one of whose doors had been working badly; as a mere incident of gossip he mentioned that he had not been able to "raise" anybody and had ushered himself into the dining room, had done his work and had retired in the same way as he had entered. Subsequent investigation proved his veracity, and the harrassed financial editor was reassured when he arrived at home for dinner by Mrs. Ross' confession that she had gone out that afternoon, having entirely forgotten that one of So & So's men was to call to fix the sideboard.

A Good One on Sir Hibbert.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is telling a story on himself which is causing considerable amusement on the coast. At the time of the recent provincial elections in British Columbia Sir Hibbert found himself unable to accept the railway policy advanced by the Conservative party, of which he has been a lifelong adherent. He finally consented to take the stump against the objectionable policy and spoke in every riding in British Columbia with the exception of Alberni and Esquimalt.

When the returns came in on the night of November 25 it was found that Premier McBride's policy had been endorsed and his candidates returned in every constituency in the province except the two that Sir Hibbert had left out of his itinerary.

Late that night when Sir Hibbert was trying to sleep away his troubles he was aroused to receive the following telegram from the Conservative association at Nelson:

"We unite in thanking you for the invaluable services rendered our party by you in the campaign, and sincerely regret that, owing to insurmountable difficulties, you were unable to appear at Esquimalt or Alberni."

In telling the story, Sir Hibbert says that he appreciated the joke, but could not think of anything in the way of a humorous reply.

A Fakir of Other Days.

A Reader of Saturday Night, after digesting its recent revelations, turned to a friend and said: "I wonder what has become of J. Abner Holt?"

"And who, pray, was J. Abner Holt?" was the reply.

"Oh! Holt was a pippin," said the other, an old newspaper man. "In 1891 when the franchise of the Street Railway was on the market Toronto was practically inundated with fakirs and smooth fellows from the United States. Half a dozen syndicates wished to acquire the franchise and promote great stock flotations thereon. An alderman or a newspaper editor or a political leader found fakirs accustomed to the art of working the councils of American cities sitting on his doorstep at all hours of the day or night. You know the outcome after the franchise was awarded—indictments, investigations, and disappearances on the part of municipal politicians. The dealings of the successful applicants only were made public. What the other fellows did nobody knew. J. Abner Holt was the sweetest one of the whole tribe. He was brought here as a fixer after a successful career as a lobbyist in several United States legislatures. He was tall and romantic looking, a loud dresser, and a most fluent and affluent personage. It was suspected afterward that most of the money the syndicate he was working for gave him to handle never got beyond J. Abner Holt. One of his duties was that of "fixing the press." He used to spend a good deal of time in the World office talking up the offer of his syndicate, and occasionally he would leave an orange on the editor's desk, but this was the extent of his munificence. The World was not moved from the policy it was advocating by the blandishments of J. Abner Holt. One night one of its reporters, Mr. John Maclean, now of Montreal, and not a relative of W. F., was making the rounds of the hotels. He was a beginner and J. Abner did not know him. He was sitting quietly on a lounge in one of the down town hotels when J. Abner and a stranger came and sat down back to back with the reporter quite oblivious to his presence. The stranger was apparently J. Abner's employer and he was sore.

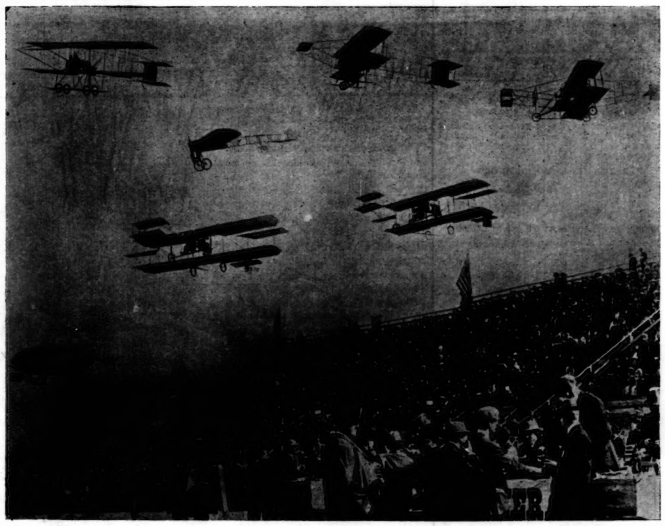
"I thought you told me you had The World 'fixed,'" he said; "I don't see any signs of it."

"Well," explained Holt, "I did have it fixed, but you know the trouble with The World is it won't stay fixed."

"Well, you do something soon or you'll lose your job," was the response.

The reporter hastened to the office and told what he had heard. The World published the conversation and added: "The only attempt made by J. Abner Holt to bribe this journal was when he laid two oranges on the editor's table."

J. Abner's usefulness was gone, and he departed for another field of activity.



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WHEN ÆROS REPLACE THE RACING AUTO.

This remarkable picture shows what may soon be an ordinary sight, when aeroplanes have driven out many other forms of racing. This picture shows the last day of the Meet at Aviation Park, Los Angeles, California.

Recollections of Marie Tempest.

Of the contemporaries of Marie Tempest as a light opera star most are absolutely forgotten, for the career of the woman star who has merely voice and charm with perhaps very little of the former is apt to be evanescent. The only one who can be said to have in any way held her own is Lillian Russell, who is still a profitable drawing card, even though she does not sing any more and cannot act. Her success is due to the miraculous preservation of a unique and effulgent beauty. But of the other names who loomed large in the light opera programmes of 1890 to 1895—Laura Schirmer Mapleson, Agnes Huntingdon, Leonore Snyder, Attalie Clare, Marie Jansen, Della Fox—all are practically forgotten. In some instances death or happy marriage has intervened. In Miss Tempest's case, however, there has been a steady progression, and she finds herself to-day recognized as one of the few gifted high comediennes that the English speaking stage can boast. The explanation lies in two facts: first that Miss Tempest won fame very young, and is as yet not forty-four years old, and second that she was always in addition to being a singer a dramatic artiste to her finger tips.

In her early days as a notability Miss Tempest was a frequent visitor to Toronto and Montreal, and in looking over old programmes one finds her figuring in "The Red Hussar" and "Dorothy" and "Doris," in "The Fencing Master" and "The Tyrolean." Her singing of the aria, "Sing Again Nightingale," in the latter work is a memory with playgoers not yet old, so exquisitely true and charming was her rendering of this florid number. The theatrical reference books, which contain the names of the countless light operas in which she figured in America and later when she became a predominant figure on the London stage, say nothing of "Carmen," from which one concludes that Toronto is one of the few cities that have been privileged to hear her in Bizet's work. The writer remembers her very well indeed in a production at the Grand Opera House, nearly nineteen years ago, by the J. C. Duff Opera Company. From "the gods," where the youth who saw it sat, it certainly seemed fine. Charles Bassett, a rattling good actor for a tenor, was the Don Jose; Leonore Snyder, a most delightful young singer, the Michaela; and Wm. McLaughlin, a clumsy big man with a voice surprisingly small for his physique, the Toreador. In the light of after knowledge it seems probable that Marie Tempest's voice, though charming, was rather too light for the role of the Gipsy enchantress, but there could be no doubt about her acting. She was piquant and devilish without being sinister, and in the first act especially when Carmen is the taunting coquette she was delightful. Piquancy indeed, though it by no means expresses the sum total of Miss Tempest's art, instinctively occurs to anyone who sees her, and it is so rare a quality in its pure essence that it has been an ample substitute for beauty with her.

A Le Roi Mine Romance.

In 1892 Maurice Yenzil, a merchant of Moscow, Idaho, sold a suit of clothes for $60,000, writes Harold Sands in "Romances of Rossland" in the February Canadian Magazine.

Of course there is a story in that transaction, and a wonderful story it is; nothing less than the romance of Rossland and its mines. Yenzil didn't get his $60,000 down on the nail. It was five years before he received the final payment on that suit of "hand-me-downs."

Truth to tell, Yenzil did not expect to get a cent for the clothes. One day an acquaintance he had known in various mining camps of the West wandered into his store in Moscow dressed in his best and his worst. In other words the man's clothes were much the worse for wear, but they were all he had.

"Just come down from Rossland, broke," he explained to his friend the merchant. "I've got nothing except these 2,000 shares of Le Roi gold mine. Give me a suit of clothes and stake me to a meal and they're yours."

Yenzil did so, and threw the certificate for the mining stock into the back of his safe. He was out a suit of clothes and "four-bits"; that was the way he figured.

By 1897 he had received in dividends and from the sale of the stock the sum of $60,000. The great Le Roi mine, after nearly breaking the hearts of those who stood so splendidly by it in the days of adversity, had first developed into the most prominent property in British Columbia, and then had been bought by the British company headed by the late Whitaker Wright, of somewhat painful memory.

When the Americans who held the mine disposed of it to Wright for about $4,000,000, Yenzil cashed in for that suit of clothes.

A New "Come-On" Game.

The following, printed upon a postal card, was recently received by a physician at Orillia, Ont., and turned over to Toronto Saturday Night. Here is a new method of getting good names to go on into "land" deals:

Dear Sir:—

If I can secure you two building lots value Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars apiece, in the Suburbs of one of the best Cities in Ontario, will you allow us to use your name in connection with a high-class advertising proposition?

The above offer will not require you to build or buy any more lots.

As the number of lots to be disposed of in this manner is limited, we do not guarantee that you will obtain one.

Yours very truly,

Dear Sir:—

Please send me full information, booklets, etc., regarding your offer of even date, without any obligation to me.

Very truly yours,

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Two Toronto Draughtsmen.

A somewhat belated New Year's card from London recalls two men who were at one time well-known members of artistic circles in this city—"Billy" Wallace and "Archie" Martin. They were active members of the Graphic Arts Club, and were very popular among their brother artists. A few years ago they went to London, and after the early difficulties which young men of the right sort are always prepared to face and vanquish, they succeeded in establishing the Carlton Studio, and in building up a big business in illustrating and commercial art generally. They have been very successful,

and no one could be better pleased to know it than the many friends they left in Toronto.

The New Year's card consists of the accompanying cartoon of the two artists—Mr. Wallace's head being higher and to the left—and the following legend:—

"When from our Mr. Wallace you are smartin,
It may relieve you to converse with Martin.

"When Martin bores, no doubt our Mr. Wallace
Will offer you appropriate help and solace.

"And when your liver's bad and neither'll do,
Walltin and Marlace are the boys for you."

"SUCKERS LIMITED"

Being the Story of a Promotion that was not Promoted.

[illegible] of the most interesting phases of any kind of investi[illegible]ting work is the manner in which it leads to all sorts [illegible] expected ramifications and results. It would seem that [illegible] ought a work of that nature properly under way, [illegible] is simply no end to the evidence that comes in as [illegible] under the direction of some magnetic attraction. [illegible] start in to investigate one "deal"—crooked or [illegible]ight—and the first thing you know you are getting [illegible] information on a dozen others—straight or [illegible]ked. It is wonderful how much unsought informa[illegible] forced on a policeman.

[illegible] the course of a recent investigation conducted by [illegible]DAY NIGHT, a great number of very interesting re[illegible] were obtained. With many of these results the [illegible] has already been made acquainted, as they had a [illegible] bearing on the subject of the investigation. But [illegible] was an indirect and subsidiary outcome, which was [illegible] accidentally, as it were, and without set purpose, [illegible] which has an interest and value of its own. Among [illegible] incidental results of the investigation is the story of "Suckers Limited," which is now told for the first time. It is the simple and uncolored account of an enterprise which was undertaken by a small group of local capitalists for the development of Canadian natural re[illegible] and the enrichment of the public. It is true that [illegible] never materialized, and the public never knew [illegible] valuable stock which the syndicate was planning [illegible] on it; but the intention was excellent. In fact, the character of this financial skeleton is beyond reproach. It is only the extreme modesty of its authors that has kept it in the closet so long.

About three years ago, at the time when all the financial interests of Toronto and Ontario were agog with the Cobalt fever, a small party of business men used to meet week-daily in the grill-room of the King Edward hotel for lunch. They had a special table reserved for them, and many a good story and loud laugh went round as they discussed their meals and the doings of the day. There was Tom Robinette, K.C., slender, and frail, and a trifle sanctimonious, but with the sparkle in his eye that could make a jury either chuckle or tremble. And his partner, J. M. Godfrey, used to be there, too, dividing his attention and his thoughts between his lunch and the Broadview Institute for Boys and the Lambton Golf Club. Another member of the party was Harry L. Drayton, then County Crown Attorney. The man with the magnificent rose in his button-hole was W. G. McKendrick, whose skill in the growing of roses is equalled only by his ability in the handling of dredger-sand. John Adams—Alderman then, ex-Alderman now—was also a member of the daily lunch-party, which was completed by the only J. W. Seymour Corley, Crown Attorney for the City of Toronto, bald, and genial, and suavely dignified.

Well, this was about three years ago, and everyone was talking mining stocks. Every man you met was either trying to sell you stocks, or wanting to buy some, or wishing he hadn't done so. Kindly looking men went around all day with large lumps of rock in their pockets which they made you handle and examine until you wanted to drop them on their toes. Even in the artistic and non-commercial atmosphere of the King Edward a man could hardly buy a cocktail without having a Comstock Lode thrust upon him. Instead of olives the "barkeeps" in moments of forgetfulness used to drop chunks of ore into the Martinis. It was a time of great nervous strain. Men were waking up every morning and finding themselves millionaires, and a lot of other men spent all their time going to sleep with the same pleasant expectation.

Thus it happened that the party of lunchers around the special table in the "Grill Room" finally became bitten by the universal microbe. The disease declared itself suddenly, and no one knows who got it first.

"Let's take a fly at Cobalt," said someone.

Everyone looked at everyone else.

"Let's—why not?" said they all in chorus.

They all had it—bad. In half an hour the company

was formed. Tom Robinette was made president. On account of his skill with juries it was thought that he would be a power in handing out stock to the public. Godfrey was made secretary and Adams treasurer. Corley was made solicitor. This may have been a compliment to his legal acquirements and ability, or may have merely been due to a feeling on the part of the conspirators that it was just as well to have the Crown Attorney on their side. At any rate the executive was formed with great unanimity and many libations— a very necessary part of such ceremonies.

The next thing was to find a name for the company. It was left to the solicitor. When he finally announced his decision—"Suckers Limited"—it roused a storm of indignation among the other members, who had been expecting something along the lines of the "Sweet Marie," or the "Silver Rose." But Mr. Corley was inexorable.

"It's going to be 'Suckers Limited' or it isn't going to be anything," he said with decision. "I may consent to skin the public, but it shall never be said that I didn't give them fair warning first. Anybody who comes into this will know that it is a gamble from the start. Besides I invented the name myself and I'm proud of it. So there you are!"

Then Mr. Robinette, with characteristic subtlety, pointed out that it wasn't such a bad name after all, as people would think it was a joke until they bought stock and found out, and then when they were well and properly "stung" they would have no chance to complain. So "Suckers Limited" it was made.

What was to be done next? The usual procedure in such cases was to send a man up to go over the ground, register a few claims, and send back some chunks of silver-plated rock as a foundation for a large issue of stock. Some great and original geniuses dug their ore out of a jewelry store, and dispensed with claims except in a figurative sense. But it was generally regarded as being more in order to send a man up and have him register any pieces of unattached land he could come across. And this is what Suckers Limited decided to do.

In the first place some real money had to be contributed. Mr. Adams, the treasurer saw to that. He also was careful to bite every coin and examine with a magnifying glass every bill he got. It was slow but it was sure; and in the course of nature he got together several hundred dollars. This was not obtained at that first meeting or at the next half-dozen meetings, but was spread out over a long series of lunches. It meant unceasing vigilance and unwearied patience on the part of

the treasurer, but he persevered and he got the money. Besides, he was aided by the fact that men are more easily "touched" over the table than anywhere else.

The only man he didn't succeed in getting anything from was the solicitor of the company. The treasurer did his noblest. He tried entreaty and sarcasm and indignation, but all without avail. Mr. Corley was obstinate.

"I'll contribute my fees as solicitor of the company," was the only concession he would make.

It afterwards turned out that he had been acting in this matter on the advice of Mr. Jacob Cohen, J.P., with whom he had discussed it.

"I'm thinking of putting some money into it." said Mr. Corley to Mr. Cohen, as they leaned gracefully against the rail of the dock in the Police Court.

"Don'd you do it—take my vord, and don'd you do it," was the reply of the well-known linguist.

"Well, I don't see how I can help it. I must put something into it."

"I god it—I god it!" cried Mr. Cohen—Jake to his friends—"condribute your fees."

It was a great idea.

"But suppose I don't get any work to do for them," suggested Mr. Corley.

"So much de bedder for de gompany."

Thus it was decided that the solicitor should be exempt from any contribution to the company except his fees.

After the requisite number of pow-wows and the consumption of much cold ham and potato salad, a man was finally equipped to go in search of El Dorado for Suckers Limited. The members of the company presented him with a great deal of fatherly advice, and Mr. McKendrick also gave him a large red rose. He left with the faithful promise to send each of them a barrel of silver as soon as he got there. After his departure the members of the syndicate settled down to consider what they would do with their million dollars a year when their ships came in. They used to sit around that special table in the Grill Room for about an hour after lunch each day, smoking cigars at a dollar a pair on the strength of their prospects, and discussing the comparative advantages of a shooting-estate in Scotland or a large yacht on the Mediterranean. The right worshipful president, Mr. Robinette, used to buy the coffee on account of his official position. Mr. Corley, the company's solicitor, never bought anything. But he never lost any opportunity of giving a large assortment of honest-to-goodness legal advice.

Soon the reports began to come in from the prospector. The first telegram caused wild excitement among the members of the company. It read: "Have discovered an unclaimed piece of lard. Registered immediately." They had two cocktails each on the strength of this.

It was followed by other sensational announcements. One was to the effect that "cordwood has been discovered on Claim No. 6." Another stated that "tanbark has been discovered on the cordwood. Very valuable find." Suckers Limited was kept in a continual state of excitement by these discoveries, and the lunches began to assume the appearance of eight course dinners. In fact, bottles of wine were known to appear on the table after the receipt of particularly favorable telegrams.

"Traces of silver on one of the claims."

That day no work was done by Suckers Limited. At last the goal was in sight. And when the samples of ore finally arrived—nice handy pocket-size chunks of rock with spatterings of tin on them—the new mining capitalists neglected all other business and spent their time walking around the lobby of the King Edward, comparing chunks and putting away high-balls with other Cobalt capitalists. It was one large time.

But alas for the hopes of Suckers Limited! Just as they were considering the printing of their share-certificates, and were preparing to put on the market "the greatest investment proposition ever offered to the public" an unkind assayer intimated that there wasn't enough silver on their claims to fill a good-sized cavity in a tooth. A second assayer said that this was an exaggeration, and that there really was enough to fill two or three teeth. In fact, he would go so far as to say that there was silver enough to almost make a watch chain or a bracelet. Thus were their hopes shattered. They revived again somewhat when a telegram came announcing that "snow is deeper on our land than on any adjoining claims." This was regarded as a good omen. But it failed to materialize in the shape of silver.

It is painful to follow the ebbing of hope in the breasts of Suckers Limited. Little by little conversation slackened around the special table. From talking in loud, firm tones of a million a year, the members fell to wondering in whispers whether they would get their money back. Their orders to the waiter grew smaller and smaller, as did also the subsequent tips. Then they began to miss out occasionally. The gaps in the ranks grew more frequent. Finally only the President and the Solicitor were left amid the melancholy silence of the special table.

The President heaved a large sigh.

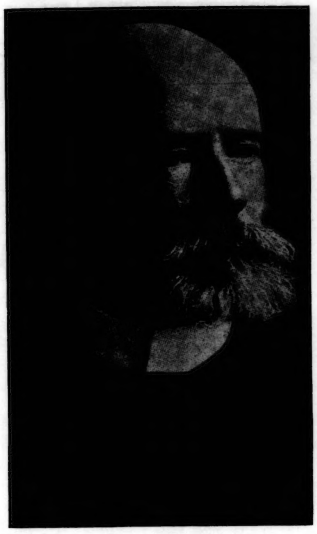
"Corley, the game is up," he said, speaking in the muffled tone of mental anguish. "You and I are the last of a noble company. The rest of the boys are lunching in humble retirement at the National Club. And now I must follow. I am sorry, because you'll have to buy your own booze and coffee. But you are no longer our solicitor. Suckers Limited is no more."

Few words were said. There are moments whose bitterness lies deeper than the plummet of speech can sound. Tom Robinette put out his hand. J. W. Seymour Corley grasped it with averted gaze. There was a quick, firm pressure. And then Mr. Corley was alone at the special table.

The head-waiter tapped him on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but if your friends are not coming here any more, I would like to reserve this table for a party of section-hands who have made a hit in Cobalt."

Suckers Limited had indeed reached the limit!



A LEADER IN THE FIGHT AGAINST WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of The Christian Advocate, holds that "to impose upon woman the burdens of government in the State would be a reform against nature and an irreparable calamity."

Mystery of a Diamond Ring.

A PROMINENT Toronto firm of silversmiths and jewellers was recently relieved of an atmosphere of suspicion that was making the whole institution depressed and unhappy in a most curious way. One day not long ago the discovery was made that a valuable diamond ring with a stone not extremely large but of the very purest quality was missing. Every man in the firm's employ who could have access to the ring has been long with the house, and was up to this time thoroughly trusted. The examination of every one revealed the completest ignorance as to when and how the ring had disappeared. Yet the fact remained that it was gone, and everything seemed to indicate that someone in the institution had taken it and was concealing the fact. There seemed to be nobody in the store who would be foolish enough or ignorant enough to perpetrate a theft so easily discovered except a porter that had been with the firm for years. His honesty had never up till then been doubted, and it was only with the greatest reluctance that the members of the firm decided to watch him. They were also keeping a watchful eye on the habits of other members of the staff, but everyone in the firm's employ behaved in the most exemplary manner. Perhaps the consciousness that everyone in the institution was severally and generally under suspicion until some solution of the mystery was reached was responsible for making every man "mind his p's and q's." The atmosphere of the shop was certainly not pleasant for anyone to live in. Now everything is happy, however.

As in most retail stores in the old sections of the city mouse traps and rat traps are nightly set in the basement. The other morning the porter came running up from the cellar in a high state of excitement, and called the whole staff to come down and see something curious. In one of the mouse traps was a fat and sleek little marauder and round its middle was the missing diamond ring! It was obvious that in scampering through a case, probably in daylight, the mouse had stepped on the heavier side of the ring where the stone was set and the hoop had sprung up over its head. The animal had succeeded in working its way half through it and there the ring had stuck. It had spent some weeks in mouseland wearing this adornment, and fortunately got itself caught in the same shop. Had it been possible the members of the firm would have gladly spared the beast's life, for it had recovered something better than the diamond in question—a feeling of security and confidence.

Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of the New York Christian Advocate, will be singled out for assault and probable extermination by the militant suffragettes. He has written a book entitled "The Wrong and Peril of Woman suffrage," and holds that to impose upon woman the burdens of government in the state would be a reform against nature and an irreparable calamity.

The Proposed New Buildings of the Toronto General Hospital

The site of the new General Hospital cost $608,615. As offset to this two items have been credited to this cost, namely, $38,425 for net rentals before the buildings were torn down, and $11,033, the amount received from the sale of the buildings, making the net cost of the Hospital block $559,157. It is proposed to erect on this block:

(1) A main building fronting on College street, marked on the accompanying plan "A."

(2) An emergency building equipped, including ambulances, which is the gift of private benefactors whose names cannot at the moment be disclosed, marked on the accompanying plan "B."

(3) The out-patient department, the gift of Mr. Cawthra Mulock, marked on the accompanying plan "C."

(4) Building for private and semi-private patients, marked on the accompanying plan "D."

(5) Nurses' Home, with accommodation for 174 nurses, marked on the accompanying plan "E."

(6) Burnside building for obstetrical cases, marked on the accompanying plan "F."

(7) Servants' quarters, to accommodate the servants, marked on the accompanying plan "G."

(8) Central Power House which will supply light and heat for the entire plant, marked on the accompanying plan "H."

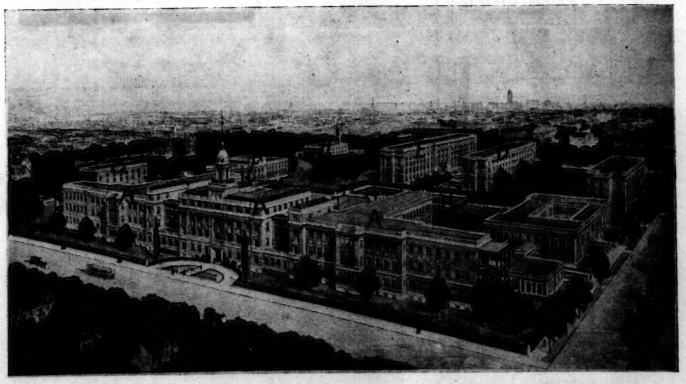
(9) Pathological building to be built and maintained by the University in addition to the cash grant of $600,000 which they have made to the enterprise, marked on the accompanying plan "I."

The public wards of the Hospital will contain 449 beds. The private and semi-private wards will be in a separate and distinct building with a capacity of 98 beds.

In the public wards will be accommodation for 36 semi-public patients, a provision arising out of the understanding reached with the council of the city at the time the original grant of $200,000 was made by the city. Eye, ear, nose and throat will have 36 beds; Gynaecology, 39 beds; General Surgery, 145 beds; Medicine, 150 beds; Emergency, 9 beds; and Obstetrics, 36 beds. The above provides for 124 more beds in the public wards than in the present hospital, and for 22 more in the private and semi-private wards.

A carefully prepared estimate by the architects places the cost of these buildings at $1,600,000, exclusive of the pathological building constructed by the University above referred to. To this is to be added the cost for equipment, estimated at $150,000, and such extras as are inevitably associated with an enterprise of this magnitude. The resources of the Board are found in a cash subscription from the University of $600,000; subscriptions to date from private citizens, $700,000; the City of Toronto, $200,000; in all $1,500,000.

The task before the Trustees is to raise the remaining $1,000,000. They have hoped that they would carry the judgment of the citizen body, if this group of buildings were constructed through private generosity and University grants, aggregating approximately $2,000,000; that the city would bear a further proportion of the cost of the land upon which the buildings were erected. If this obligation were assumed by the whole body of the citizens, through the action of the council ratified by a vote of the ratepayers, it would still leave a considerable sum to be raised through private subscriptions.



When you jump out of bed, jump for

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 30

PRINCESS

WEEK OF FEB. 21 MATINEES WEDNESDAY SATURDAY

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

KYRLE BELLEW IN THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES

By Alfred Sutro
Author of "The Walls of Jericho,"
With the Original New York Cast and Production Absolutely Intact
Direct from the Hudson Theatre, New York City.

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily 25	Week of Feb. 21	Evenings 25 & 50

First Appearance Here of
"TOP O' TH' WORLD" DANCERS
In "KRIS KRINGLE'S DREAM"

EDWINA BARRY & CO.,
Presenting "The Home Breaker."
REIFF BROS. and MISS MURRAY
Clever Singers and Dancers.
THE THREE ERNESTS
Grotesque Comedy Acrobats.
ELIZABETH MURRAY
The Favorite Singing Comedienne.
THREE NEVARROS
The Athletes.
THE KINETOGRAPH
All New Pictures.
Special Extra Attraction
CHARLIE CASE
With New Stories of Father.

GAYETY
HIGH CLASS BURLESQUE
DAILY MATINEES LADIES 10¢

WEEK OF FEB. 21
MLLE. ANI'S MASQUERADERS
INTRODUCING
JOE. J. SULLIVAN
J. BERNARD DYLLYN
GRACEY & BURNET

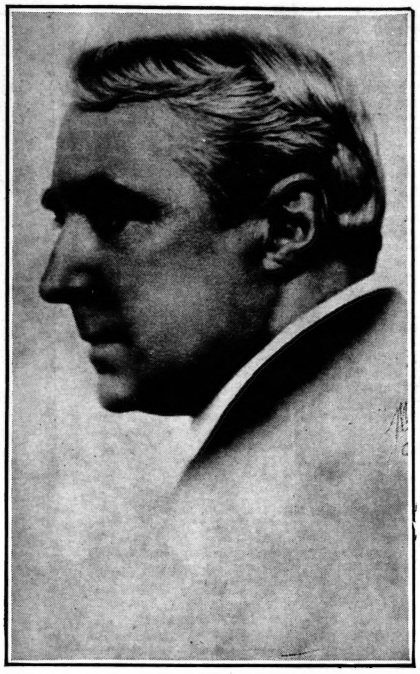
WEEK OF FEB. 28
RICE & BARTON'S
BIG GAYETY CO.

HALIFAX FISH CAKE
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)
Is the very highest grade of Atlantic Codfish in its most economical form. Prepared easily, enjoyed thoroughly, digested readily. Your grocer sells it in 1 lb Cartons.

Mr. J. C. Eaton, president of the T. Eaton Company has undertaken, at his own expense, to construct the entire surgical wing of the new General Hospital on College street. The philanthropic project will be in memory of Mr. Eaton's father, the late Mr. Timothy Eaton, and will cost about $250,000. Mr. Eaton has taken a deep personal interest in the new hospital, and his practical aid, which is greatly appreciated, will give a perceptible impetus to the prosecution of the work in connection with the new institution.

"That is a fat, properous-looking envelope. Does our salesman send in a big bunch of orders?" "Not exactly. That envelope contains a receipt for his last check, his expense account for this week, a request for a salary raise, and a requisition for some more expense account blanks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE DRAMA



KYRLE BELLEW,
In "The Builder of Bridges," at the Princess next week.

CYNICISM now and then is relished by most married men—women, too, but that would spoil the rhyme. And when the cynicism is clever and witty and well presented, its success is assured. This has probably a great deal to do with the success of the rather frothy but wholly entertaining little comedy which is this week's attraction at the Princess. Mr. Somerset Maugham has the knack of presenting commonplace and well-worn themes with a certain piquant sauce which makes them extremely palatable. There is nothing very striking about what he says or the way he says it; but he preserves the tone of a good-humored, observant, and rather sceptical clubman, who makes superficial observations in the most agreeable manner in the world. He is also a master of a certain kind of brisk and entertaining stage-craft. The result is that his plays—if "Penelope" is to be taken as a fair instance—form a very light and also very pleasant entertainment.

But all the credit must not be given to Mr. Maugham for the success of this production. On the contrary, a very large share of it belongs by every right in the world to the plump and bustling little comedienne, who made the whole piece tingle with her own vitality and joy of living. Marie Tempest is not an actress of very subtle methods, though she is, of course, an experienced and well trained player. But she does not rely for her effects on delicate touches and on careful delineation. Rather does she obtain her effects by sheer personality and temperamental verve. She plays Penelope with a swing and snap that simply carry you breathless through the play. It is as though she took the audience by the shoulders and rushed them through, heedless of all obstacles and even such gaps as intermissions. And the experience is one which audiences seem to thoroughly enjoy.

Credit must also be given to the excellent company with which Miss Tempest is surrounded, and to a fine scenic setting. In fact, everything contributes to make this a most pleasing production.

* * *

HERALDED as the great laughing success of the New York season, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" came to find everyone prepared to shout himself red in the face and hoarse in the voice for sheer uncontrollable mirth. And on the whole, expectations have been pretty well justified. But it is not quite so funny as the specifications called for. The blame, however, is probably due quite as much to exaggerated expectations as to any deficiency on the part of the production.

The fault with this play is the same one which is so frequently to be found with New York comedy successes. They are overdrawn and forced. It is rather too bad that "Noo Yo'k" should be the great arbiter in matters of the theatre in America, because there is reason to believe that the taste of "Noo Yo'k" is not of the best. "Noo Yo'k" likes everything laid on very thick. It has no appreciation for subtlety and fine shadings. It wants a riot of color and lots of noise. In comedy it wants a "scream"; in emotional plays it wants to "slush around" in a sea of sloppy sentiment; in tragedy it wants "thrillers." The result is that "Noo Yo'k's" judgment on a play has often to be discounted.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" contains many bright lines and many very amusing situations, but the comedy is not always so spontaneous as one might desire. At many points there is a decided sense of strain. But it is excellently played by a large and unusually brilliant company; the setting is of the careful and complete character which one can always expect in a Belasco production; and the general effect is unquestionably entertaining. In fact, it is much better than the average of shows this year. But it does not quite come up to the large expectations, which, rightly or wrongly, one was led to form of it.

The company is a very capable one—the phrase "New York cast" having a real meaning in the present instance, and not being used in the entirely figurative sense so familiar in advance notices. Frank Worthing is, of course, the bright particular star—or should one say, the Halley's comet?—of the production, but he does not shine in solitary splendor. On the contrary, he is surrounded by many luminaries almost as brilliant as himself. James Bradbury, W. J. Ferguson and William Morris all did excellent work; while Jane Cowl, Ann Sutherland, Louise Mackintosh and Jane Grey deserve mention among the women. Ann Sutherland was especially effective in the part of Mrs. Bolt, the wife of the gay old architect.

* * *

TORONTO audiences have probably seen Eleanor Robson for the last time on the stage, as her engagement to August Belmont has been announced. The marriage will probably take place next month. Miss Robson closed her season at the Majestic Theatre, Brooklyn, as Glad in "The Dawn of a To-morrow." A brief review of her career will probably be of interest to local theatregoers, with whom she has always been a great favorite.

Miss Robson was born in England and was brought by her parents to this country as a child. At the age of seven she was placed in the convent school, St. Peter's Academy, West Brighton, Staten Island, where she remained until she was 18. It was then necessary for her to choose a calling, and she chose the stage, a profession in which her mother, Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, had already achieved conspicuous success and later as Mrs. Wiggs in "The Cabbage Patch" won for herself fame and fortune.

Miss Robson's first appearance, in 1897, as Margory Knox in "Men and Women" at the California Theatre, San Francisco, was in a large measure purely accidental. She was travelling with her mother, who was playing an important role in the production, when the actress playing Marjory Knox was taken ill. The management had no understudy and Miss Robson volunteered. She went on without previous experience and with a few hours study and made a decided impression. This decided her choice of a profession; hitherto she had expected to be a painter. She played a wide range of characters and made a marked impression. Her classical roles were Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet"; Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer"; and Constance in Browning's "In a Balcony."

Miss Robson began her career as a star at the Garden Theatre, New York, as Mary Ann in "Merely Mary Ann" about five years ago. The piece was removed to three different playhouses in that city and enjoyed an unbroken run extending over a whole year. Its production in the Duke of York's Theatre, London, captured the critics and theatregoers, winning for the actress place and esteem in literary and artistic London.

Mr. Belmont is a widower, 57 years old. His wife died in Paris in September, 1898. She was the daughter of Edward Morgan and granddaughter of the famous old merchant Matthew Morgan. He has three sons.

FRANK DANIELS AND CHRISTINE NEILSON.
Scene from "The Belle of Brittany" at the Royal Alexandra next week.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Princess—Kyrle Bellew.
Royal Alexandra—Frank Daniels.
Shea's—"Top o' th' World" Dancers.
Gayety—"Gay Masqueraders.

THE offering at the Princess Theatre for the coming week will be Kyrle Bellew and his entire original supporting company under the direction of Charles Frohman, direct from a long season at the Hudson Theatre, New York, in a new four-act play by Alfred Sutro, the celebrated English dramatist, author of "The Walls of Jericho" and many other successful dramatic achievements. Mr. Bellew's associate players include such notable artists as Miss Gladys Hanson, leading lady with E. H. Sothern last season; Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Frances Comstock, Jane May, DeWitt C. Jennings, Frank Connor, Eugene O'Brien, and Ernest Stallard. "The Builder of Bridges" has been described as a play which depicts life with so much fidelity and naturalness that it seems as though one were standing outside a modern home and looking through a window at a powerful human drama being enacted therein. Kyrle Bellew, fresh from two seasons of success in "The Thief" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, will play the stellar role in Charles Frohman's superb production. The following outline will give an idea of the story of the play. In a characteristically English home just outside of London, Dorothy Faringay, the niece of the comfortable old-fashioned Mrs. Debney, has just returned from a mysterious

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could you have than that? It shows conclusively that the Bell stands that most rigorous and searching of all tests—the test of time.

The Bell is essentially the great home piano.

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ROYAL ALEXANDRA
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Seats Bell Piano Rooms, - - - 146 Yonge St.

NEXT WEEK—Saturday Matinee, only 25c. to $1
SAM. S. & LEE SHUBERT (Inc.) PRESENT

FRANK DANIELS IN THE BELLE OF BRITTANY

THE GREAT LONDON AND NEW YORK MUSICAL SUCCESS DIRECT FROM DALY'S THEATRE.
One Year in London---Three Months in New York
Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50

Next---Blanche Bates in "The Fighting Hope"

SAVE TIME TROUBLE AND MONEY
SYMINGTON'S
OF ALL GROCERS
LARGE AND SMALL BOTTLES

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KING CUTTER
RODGERS'
EVER-READY SAFETY

GILLETTE SAFETY

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With a ten cent package you can make a tasty fish-ball breakfast, enough for the whole family
ASK YOUR GROCER.

THE FEDERAL LIFE.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the company's head office at Hamilton on Tuesday, Feb. 15, with Mr. David Dexter, president and managing director, in the chair. The annual report shows a very gratifying increase in new business and assets. The latter now amount to $3,643,949.53, exclusive of guarantee capital. The investments of the company were shown to be very satisfactory, and expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with aggressive efforts for new business. It was also reported that a fine feeling of loyalty and enthusiasm exists among the field officers and agents of the company.

A great opportunity will be afforded to those desiring some very fine housefurnishings this coming week, as Messrs. C. M. Henderson & Co. have received instructions from B. Kent, Esq., to sell without reserve at the residence, 110 St. George street, at 11 o'clock, Thursday Feb. 24, the entire contents, consisting of Pictures, Grandfather Clock (Westminster Chimes), English Plate Mirrors, Costly Bronzes, Axminster and Wilton Carpets, with a part of other housefurnishings.

BRANCHES OF THE TRADERS BANK AT PORCUPINE AND HAILEYBURY.

The Traders Bank of Canada is opening branches at Haileybury and Porcupine, Ont. Mr. G. G. Bullard has been appointed manager at Porcupine, but no announcement has been made as yet as to who will be in charge at Haileybury. Both branches will be opened on Feb. 16th.

THE DRAMA

journey to St. Moritz. Her aunt is mildly surprised that she should have taken the trip without a chaperon, but her surprise is nothing compared to the stormy wrath of Walter Gresham, Dorothy's fiance, who has heard nothing from his sweetheart since her departure and feels himself terribly slighted. Dorothy denies any change in her affections for Walter. He is only second in her thoughts to her brother Arnold, whom Dorothy loves with the love of a dozen sisters. And Arnold largely deserves it. He is a sincere, industrious, ambitious young man, but nevertheless a very young man. He has been indiscreet, has entangled himself in many difficulties, and is finally confronted with the inevitable two-horns of the great human dilemma, disgrace, or an immediate supply of funds. Of course, Dorothy rushes to her brother's rescue. Arnold's predicament then introduces Edward Thursfield, the great engineer of the firm of Sir Henry Killick, contractors, who has been off in Egypt building bridges, while Arnold has been in the home office of the firm keeping account of Thursfield's expense and supplies. It is with bated breath, and the air of a man in the shadow of prison, that Arnold tells his sister that either Thusfield must credit him with an additional three thousand pounds as if spent for the firm, or Arnold must go to prison. The turn of the tide in the play is Dorothy's cold-blooded expedition to win the affection of Edward Thursfield and persuade him to save her brother. Although openly engaged to Walter Gresham, the young girl looks upon Thursfield with eyes that are to make him love her. And she succeeds. She builds a scheme for her brother's salvation with the great builder of bridges, but she builds better than she knew, and ends by herself loving Thursfield, and becomes engaged to him as well as to Walter. The latter, who has been temporarily banished, suddenly returns. He rushes into the room only to find Dorothy presenting Thursfield to her aunt as her fiance. Walter still insists upon his engagement. Thursfield thinks himself a dupe and openly upbraids Dorothy. Her house of cards falls down on all sides, but no ruin in the world is beyond the repair of a woman's wit. At least so Dorothy Faringay proves before the final fall of the curtain.

* * *

Frank Daniels brings his latest success, "The Belle of Brittany," to the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week. The piece is an English musical comedy, which prepares us for the announcement that no fewer than five persons were concerned in its making. They have a way of dividing the work when preparing attractions of this character on the other side of the Atlantic, a decided improvement on the evident desire to have the royalties shared among as few as possible, which is usually the case in this country.

The book is by Leedham Bantock and P. J. Barrow, the lyrics by Percy Greenbank, and the music was composed by Howard Talbot, who wrote the score of "A Chinese Honeymoon," and "Marie Horne." But others have had a hand in the production of "The Belle of Brittany" as it was presented at Daly's Theatre, New York, where it ran for several months. The play was staged by Frank Smithson, one of the best known stage directors and producers. The costumes were designed by Melville Ellis. The two elaborate stage settings, showing an old mill and the interior of a chateau in Brittany, are the work of Arthur Voegtlin, scenic artist of the New York Hippodrome.

Of the twenty-three musical selections, some of the most tuneful are: "The Trysting Tree," "Daffodil Time," "I'm Not a Lady's Maid," "I Must Go Home To-night," "The Stepping Stones," "The Dawn of Love," "The Girl With the Clocking on Her Stocking," "The Doggies and the Bone," "A Little Cafe," "Sing to Your Dear One," "Little Country Mice" and "The Best Brittany." In the supporting company are: Frank Rushworth, Martin Brown, Herbert Neville, Joseph A. Bingham, Ernest Wood, Storey Chipman, Homer Potts, Jack Laughlin, Elsa Ryan, Christine Neilson, Frances Kennedy, Florence Rother, Camille Truesdale, Tracy Elbert, Helen Paine and Dorothy Perry. A large chorus of pretty girls and sturdy young men who know how to sing and dance adds materially to the effect of the performance of the star and his associates.

* * *

Next week at Shea's Theatre the bill will be headed by "The Top O' Th' World" Dancers, and the original famous "Collie Ballet" in "Kris Kringle's Dream," easily one of the biggest, merriest, and most spectacular acts in vaudeville to-day. Other special features included in next week's bill are: Charlie Case, the man who talks about his father; Elizabeth Murray, singing comedienne; Edwina Barry & Co. in "The Home-Breaker"; Reiff Bros. and Miss Murray, clever dancers and singers; the Three Ernests, comedy acrobats; Three Nevanos, the Athletes; and the Kinetograph.

* * *

The "Gay Masqueraders" burlesque company will hold the boards at the Gayety next week. This is a very popular burlesque attraction, and those who saw it here last season will be glad to know of its return.

* * *

Blanche Bates, one of the foremost among the emotional stars of the day, will be seen in a successful Belasco production, "The Fighting Hope," a play of American life by William J. Hurlbut, at the Royal Alexandra during the week of Feb. 28. Miss Bates has endeared herself to the public in such plays as "The Darling of the Gods," "The Girl of the Golden West," and prior to that in her portrayal of the leading role in "Madame Butterfly."

* * *

The musical comedy, "Three Twins," comes to the Princess, following Kyrle Bellew. Charles Dickson, the librettist, in making the adaptation of "Incog," filled his book full of bright lines and funny situations. The lyrics, by O. A. Hauerbach, are cleverly written, and the music is, in all instances, sufficiently on the "popular" order to endear itself to the devotees of light melody. Clifton Crawford is the most important member of the original company of 70, which includes Mayme Gehrue, Daisy Leon, Ada Gordon, Della Niven, Jos. Allen, Robert H. Wilson, W. H. Vedder, Ralph J. Locke, Tom MacMahon and George Stuart Christie. There are many handsome chorus girls, and an orchestra of twenty pieces.

First-Nighter

FRANK DANIELS,
In "The Belle of Brittany," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

GLADYS HANSON,
In "The Builder of Bridges," at the Princess next week.

The Federal Life Assurance Co.
of Canada

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the Company's Head Office in Hamilton, Tuesday, 15th February, 1910, at 2 p.m., Mr. David Dexter in the chair, Mr. W. H. Davis, Acting Secretary.

The Annual Report, as follows, was read and adopted, on motion of the President, Mr. Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. Kerns:—

Your Directors have the honor to present the Report and Financial Statement of the Company for the year which closed 31st December, 1909, duly vouched for by the Auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand six hundred applications for insurance, aggregating $3,663,896.66, of which two thousand five hundred and one applications for $3,504,235.00 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the Company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the Company have been increased by $329,092.88, and have now reached $3,643,949.53, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to $4,513,949.53, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, including $20,000 set aside as a special addition to policy reserves, $3,351,254.00, showing a surplus of $1,162,695.53. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was $292,695.53.

Policies on one hundred and fifteen lives became claims through death, to the amount of $200,406.07.

Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, with annuities, the total payment to policyholders amounted to $347,274.43.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the Company's funds in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the Company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business. The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the Directors for your approval show an advance of nearly ten per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the Company now amount to $21,049,322.31, upon which the Company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

You are to be congratulated on the fact that the surplus over capital and all liabilities increased $42,624.88 during the past year, from which a special addition of $20,000 was made to policy reserves.

The field officers and agents of the Company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful to the Company's service.

Your Directors are pleased to be able to state that the business of the Company for the current year has been of a most satisfactory character, and that the outlook for the future is most encouraging.

DAVID DEXTER,
President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen,—We have carefully audited the books and records of your Company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The Cash and Journal Vouchers have been closely examined and agree with the entries recorded.

The debentures, bonds, etc., in the possession of the Company have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the Statement of Assets.

The accompanying statement, viz., Revenue and Expenditure, Assets and Liabilities, show the result of the year's operations and also the financial position of the Company.

Respectfully submitted,

C. S. SCOTT, F.C.A.,
CHARLES STIFF, C.A., } Auditors.

Hamilton, 1st February, 1910.

Financial Statement for 1909

RECEIPTS.

Premium and Annuity Income	$ 718,927 86	
Interest, Rents and Profits	174,074 82	
		$ 893,002 68

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid to Policyholders	$ 347,274 43	
All other payments	233,249 04	
Balance	312,479 21	
		$ 893,002 68

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31st, 1909.

Debentures and Bonds	$1,443,973 35	
Mortgages	808,095 77	
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.	636,865 91	
All other Assets	755,014 50	
		$3,643,949 53

LIABILITIES.

Reserve Fund	$3,256,510 00	
Special Addition to Policy Reserves	20,000 00	
Death Losses Awaiting Proofs	63,030 00	
Other Liabilities	11,714 00	
Surplus on Policyholders' Account	292,695 53	
		$3,643,949 53
Assets	$3,643,949 53	
Guarantee Capital	870,000 00	
Total Security	$ 4,513,949 53	
Policies were Issued Assuring	3,504,235 00	
Total Insurance in Force	21,049,322 31	

All the retiring Directors were re-elected, as follows:—M. H. Aikins, M.D., David Dexter, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Hon. J. M. Gibson, T. C. Haslett, K.C., Lieut.-Col. Wm. Kerns, John G. Scott, A. E. Russ, M.A., John Wakefield, D.D., and A. Woolverton, M.D.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors the following officers were re-elected:—David Dexter, President and Managing Director; Lieut.-Col. William Kerns and T. C. Haslett, K.C., Vice-Presidents; Dr. A. Woolverton, Medical Director.

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Mild, pure and healthful. Brewed with filtered water—filtered after the beer is made—pasteurized after it is bottled.
O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER
is brewed only from best barley malt, choicest hops and pure filtered water. It is the best light beer on the market. Ask your dealer for
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King Edward Hotel
TORONTO

The "St. Regis" (improved) Tie is our newest shape. It ties into a very small knot with slightly widening ends, suitable for Business and Day Dress occasions, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 each.

The "Marlborough" Collar (illustrated) meets the demand for a collar of the close-front type. In three heights. Wide stitched. 25c each, $2.75 a dozen.

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again. Thousands of others have gone through the mill and discarded old ties for the modern kind. Buy a Mitchell "Slide Easy" Tie.

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LICENSED MANUFACTURERS

PAT. Nov. 1908 No. 904710

Can be procured in most first-class shops or they can get them for you in the very latest colorings and best quality of silks at 50c. Insist on getting this tie for value and comfort, or write for addresses of shops in Canada who keep them.

Mitchell "Slide-Easy" Tie Co.
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REDUCED TO CLEAR

Stock-taking has brought to light some good articles, slightly soiled, all to be cleared out at substantial price cuts to make room for spring goods.

JAEGER

UNDERWEAR
SWEATER COATS
STEAMER RUGS

WREYFORD & CO.
86 King St. W., Toronto.

YOUR OUTFIT FOR EASTER

Only a few weeks in which to prepare, and for your own advantage don't leave ordering until the last minute. Before making any definite plans, however, let us show you what we have.

Spring goods, the very latest novelties in Lovett shades, rough textures, olives, grays, drabs and bannockburns. Positively the season's newest cloths and colorings. But you'll really have to see the goods before you can have the least idea of their beauty—both in pattern and weave.

If we make up the suiting, you may expect a suit that will look right, fit right, and wear right, not only when you first put it on, but so long as you have it until you wear it out and come back for another. Kindly call as soon as you can, for we like time enough to do our work well.

R. J. HUNTER & CO.
(A. E. BROWNLEE)
33 King St. W., TORONTO

SWORD
MAKE
...NECKWEAR...
Look for this label on the tie you buy
BEST BY TEST

Men's Wear

THERE is nothing smarter at this season in the way of a fine dress overcoat than something lined with fur, although that does not happen to be within the reach of all. There are other styles, however, which make their appeal to well dressed men, and a style that seems certain to become popular again is the Inverness.

Attempts have been made to win back popularity for this extremely comfortable and reasonable outer garment. Not until this season could it be said that the Inverness was again the mode. The number of these coats now worn is increasing so rapidly that it seems certain that milder weather than the most rigorous winter brings will find them again in general use.

The Inverness, made in black worsted, lined with satin and with capes long enough to come well down over the arms, need not even be deposited at the coat room when its wearer enters a theatre. It falls readily into the seat back of him, and being as a rule without any stiff lining does not take up much room. There is none of the feeling of stuffiness caused by keeping an ordinary coat in the seat.

That the Inverness serves as a protection against the severest weather it would not be possible to say. It is true, however, that for the average winter weather it provides sufficient protection.

In imitation of the Inverness, but a little too informal in character for modish wear, is the opera cape coat which some of the tailors have tried to introduce this winter. There is too much that is artistic and Bohemian, and these qualities are the last that a well dressed man desires to reveal. There is undeniable convenience about this new cape coat which adapts itself admirably for theatre wear, although none of these advantages would ever compensate for the general character of the new fashion.

Wool worsted is the material used. The very loose cape fits over the shoulders in such roomy fashion that the dress coat cannot be in the least

A NEW SHIRT.
Horizontal stripes are proving popular in shirts. The cut shows a tie to correspond.

disarranged. It is lined with silk and the collar is of velvet. There are narrow revers which may be turned back when the cape is not buttoned. In each wing of the cape are holes through which the arms may pass. The material is so cut over the shoulders as to insure a sleevelike fit there by means of the shoulder seam.

Five buttons and a hook behind the velvet collar at the neck serve to close the cape in cold weather. If this garment may be said to have any smartness at all it comes from the fulness which is its most important characteristic. It must fall in full folds from the shoulders. In spite of the efforts of some of the tailors to push the new style it cannot be said to be a coat that well dressed men will ever take to.

Another novelty of the season is put down as an evening dress coat, although it is less exclusively intended for that purpose. This is the dress raglan. The raglan coat has a certain fall and lack of formality that fits it for outing rather than evening wear, but this year a modified form of the fashion has been added to the garments for that purpose.

It must be said in its favor as a coat for evening wear that it may readily be taken on and off. It is usually made of an unfinished worsted with the wide wale. It falls to a point about three inches below the knee. The collar is of velvet, the revers made of the coat goods and the cuffs that finish the sleeves are of the same velvet as that used on the collar. The lapels are well peaked up and the coat, while hanging loosely from the body, is well cut to follow the lines of the figure. The

TUXEDO.
One of the latest styles in dinner jackets—a sensible and comfortable garment.

front closes with a fly and no buttons are visible.

There is no breast pocket, and the only finish to the side pocket is the plain flap with the edges stitched. This is an eminently conservative and good style coat, with only the raglan shoulders to mark the difference between it and an ordinary Chesterfield.

* * *

THE double-breasted sack coat is much less popular than the single, but a standard design and absolutely correct. It is, however, better of plain fabrics—black worsted or serge, dark blue serge, white flannel, etc.—than of mixed or patterned materials, and it should be simple in cut and finish, fairly loose hanging, and not of the one or two button front variety. And so, too, of the single-breasted jacket is simplicity the best indication of good style. Medium in length, without decided form-fitting effect; fairly full toward the bottom; with natural shoulders and with three buttons, the illustration on this page gives an excellent idea of the conservative fashion for spring; but it must of course be understood that the lapels may be a bit wider and shorter and the bottom corner cut either square or still more rounded than as shown, for there is so much latitude in present-day styles that if the main features of garments are in general accordance with recognized fashion, one may vary the details about as one likes. Turned-back cuffs are not to be advised, however, and, while patched pockets are quite correct on more distinct outing, or skeleton-lined summer coats, odd shapes and finishes are apt to detract from, rather than add to, smartness of effect.

Trousers should be medium in width, straight in and cut close fitting at the waist band, which should have belt loops and small buckles on the sides, rather than a single buckle at back. And they may be made to be worn turned up at the bottom or not, as one prefers. Nowadays it is unusual to wear trousers of a different material with sack coats—except, of course, those of flannel—and the suit fabrics of this spring seem to run a little more to mixtures and plaid effects than to stripes—the grays, browns and greenish shades prevailing. There are many new flannels,

SPRING OVERCOAT.
A good style for informal wear. It is especially suitable for the country.

cravenetted mohairs and silk and linen mixtures for summer suits, but the spring stuffs consist for the most part of the heavier worsteds and cheviots in gray shades and plaid or stripe pattern.

* * *

IN the way of loose, informal spring top-coats, the illustration published herewith shows a stylish model for a mixed material; while the loose, short covert coat, the longer, full hanging coat with raglan shoulders, and the medium length Chesterfield are all good designs. The waist-fitting overcoats, like the Paddock, are little worn this season; the single-breasted cut is more in vogue than the double, and many garments button through, instead of under a fly. Boots and shoes hardly require description as to shape and style, in view of the illustrations on the page, but it should perhaps be emphasized that calf is more correct than patent leather for morning dress; that the buttoned calf boot is more fashionable than the laced, and that, as a rule, the simple designs are to be preferred to those with fancy leather work. Of course the tan low shoe of right shade and make will be much worn this summer as ever.

* * *

IN addition to the usual fabrics, dark gray Oxfords and shadow-stripe cloths are used for the informal evening coat, while cravenetted mohairs and other light-weight stuffs in black and gray are among the new things for summer jackets. Following the sack in fashion, the

SPRING FOOTWEAR.
Stylish models in black calf-skin.

dinner coat has natural, rather than full shoulders; back and sides only moderately shaped and a front either straight or gracefully rounded off below the lapels, which are not very wide and rather sharply pointed at the bottom. The peak style has entirely taken the place of the old shawl, or roll, collar, and while the latest idea is to have the silk facing extend not quite to the edges, as illustrated by the drawing on this page, as a rule lapels are full faced. Trousers for both formal and informal coats should be of medium width and straight cut, and should have a single or double braid on the outer seams.

* * *

OPERA hats, for a long time put out of business in the evening by the ordinary silk hat, have had a brisk revival. They are covered with a rich, ribbed silk, and the brim is bound with fine silk ribbon. The crown takes the very slight bell-shape in use for silk hats, and the brim is rolled well up at the sides, with the result that the fore-and-aft effect is that of a rather broader brim than we have been accustomed to. This, in fact, is the note of all headwear. The derby that is fashionable, has just the same sort of brim—curled closely to the crown and extended well out both at the front and back. The crown has a very square sort of effect, being very nearly as large at the top as at the base.

* * *

SHIRTS, collars, and neckties are always interesting subjects to the man who devotes any thought to his dress, and Vogue in a recent issue gives some pointers on the new spring styles.

Of the informal day shirt there is little to be said other than that it may be plain, tucked or plaited; may have simple or turned-back cuffs, cut square or rounded; is usually made to open all the way down the front, and is marked—when marked at all—with monogram or initials on the left sleeve, just above the cuff. But of its materials one might write pages and still leave half unsaid. Never, perhaps, were they more varied, and while the wide stripes with figures on them, the self-stripes, the silk and satin effect stripes and the corded line effects are especially in evidence, never was it more difficult to specify any one class of stuffs as pre-eminently in vogue.

The leading makers stick to the idea of using one kind of material for the body and another for the front and cuffs, or of having the stripe (if a striped stuff is used) run across the front, which also shows a necktie in which the wavy cross stripe is designed to match the stripe of the shirt; but the shirt with collar to match has not yet become a general fashion for everyday wear as distinguished from outing dress. The style is, however, gradually coming in again (for it is a revival rather than a new one), and one may also see self-striped collars, and some with raised lines of white on white.

As for the collar shapes, while there has been no special novelty—the high-band turnover with rounded corners (almost meeting in front)

SACK COAT.
A New York model for the coming Spring. Note the natural shoulders.

being the favorite style, and the medium wing shape, with sharp or rounded points, a perfectly correct one for morning dress—there has been improvement in the less expensive makes, not only in appearance and wearing quality, but in such little things that make for ease and comfort in dressing, as the linen shield inside the fold over the back button—the special feature of that known as the "Slidewell"— to keep the necktie from binding between the folds of the high-band collar, and in this and others a greater sliding space between the folds all around, a wide stitching and a thorough shrinking of the linen. Of course the collars of heavy linen, costing from $4 to $5 a dozen, are the smartest, especially in the wing shapes, which should not be of thin, flimsy linen, but also, of course, many men find them too expensive for all kinds of wear.

While the medium width single or folded four-in-hand is undoubtedly the widely fashionable necktie of this season, the bow in modified batwing shape, with square or rounded ends, is a correct style for morning dress, and both may be had in a tremendous variety of plain, striped and figured silks—some of them to match shirts, waistcoats and hose. It would be impossible to attempt description of them in a general article of this kind, but I may mention some new knit effects, in alternate squares of contrasting colors, and call attention to the somewhat more than ordinary prevalence of green shades.

* * *

MUCH more space than is here possible to give to it might be devoted to the subject of evening waistcoats, for as applied to them fashion is a very broad word. But perhaps the variations may be summed up as follows: For full evening dress white piques—plain, figured, or as an extreme even plaited—plain, corded, striped or figured linens and other wash fabrics; silk and linen mixtures in white, cream and very light gray shades—of basket, satin stripe and other weaves—silks of more or less elaborate weave and sometimes even silk and satin mixtures. For informal evening dress, the conservative black worsted or other material of which the coat and trousers are made; light or dark gray silks and silk and linen mixtures—plain, striped or figured—fabrics with lines or stripes of various kinds in color and, as an extreme hardly to be advised, satin mixtures. For full dress there is again a tendency toward the wider U-shaped opening, but one still sees the narrow V designs, and much variation in button spacing and cut of button edges. The double-breasted shape is much less generally in vogue than the single, and the opening may have lapels (perhaps they should be called revers) or not as preferred.

TUXEDO.

AN epileptic dropped in a fit on the street not long ago, and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written:

"This is to inform the surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit, not appendicitis. My appendix has already been taken out twice."

"PLAZA"

When purchasing your collars, let W. G. & R. be first and foremost in your mind—it will mean that your personal taste and discrimination are receiving a just reward.

The new "PLAZA" above pictured is fashioned to fit—it does not have to be forced.

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STYLE - FIT - DURABILITY
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LINCOLN BENNETT & CO.
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By Appointment to H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND ROYAL FAMILY.

There's "character," style and high quality in every hat we make. It will pay you to look for the "Lincoln, Bennett" label.

"Lincoln, Bennett" Silk Hats are recognized by gentlemen the world over, as the highest standard for quality and style.

The Bowler who wears Eyeglasses knows the annoyance caused by the continuous effort necessary to keep them on during a game.

By having the

Williams' Clip

fitted to your Glasses this difficulty can be overcome, the bother and lens loss eliminated and your enjoyment increased. Made especially for those who go in for strenuous exercise.

Price: 35c, 50c, 75c

J. C. Williams
OPTICIAN
131 Yonge St., Toronto
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Many people wash their blankets, but what a job it is.

Something to be approached with dread of the hard, tiresome work involved, and considerable doubt as to the results.

Why not save all the bother, worry, inconvenience and probable disappointment and have them cleaned by us?

It is wasteful to ruin good blankets by ordinary methods of cleaning.

In the cleaning of blankets, we avoid all harmful laundry methods. The original, soft, downy finish is preserved by our special cleaning process, and attests more than anything else the fact that we understand and do this work thoroughly.

Single Wool Blankets, 50c and 75c. Double Wool Blankets, pair, 75c to $1.00.

A telephone request will bring our driver promptly.

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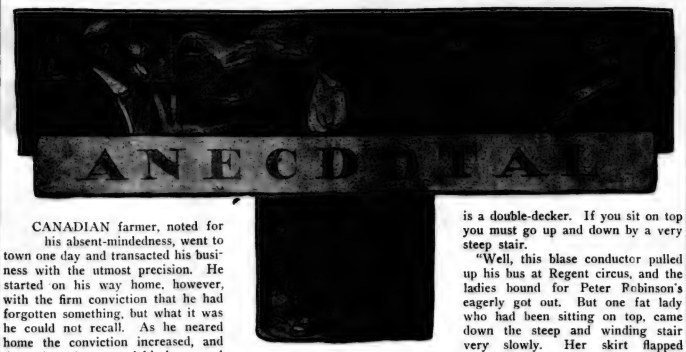

CANADIAN farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to town one day and transacted his business with the utmost precision. He started on his way home, however, with the firm conviction that he had forgotten something, but what it was he could not recall. As he neared home the conviction increased, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocket-book in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and exclaimed:

"Why, father, where have you left mother?"

* * *

CHARLES DICKENS used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinners had always been followed by some remarkable and matchless curacao, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before his execution They were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped back, and said:

"Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave; remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curacao?"

TO BE PRECISE.
"What is—ah—your particular walk—ah—that is to say, your—ah—limp—in life."—The Tatler.

* * *

WILLIAM had just returned from college, resplendent in peg-top trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat, and a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became.

"Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a d—— fool!"

Later, the old major who lived next door came in and greeted the boy heartily.

"William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly like your father did twenty years ago when he came back from school!"

"Yes," replied William, with a smile, "so father was just telling me."

* * *

A NEW YORK boy brought home with him from college a friend who had not visited the metropolis for ten years. After a day of sightseeing the two were walking down Broadway near Twelfth Street.

"Oh, Jack," said the guide, suddenly, "you remember Grace Church, don't you?"

"Let's see," replied the other with signs of interest, "what company was she in?"

* * *

CORTLANDT FIELD BISHOP, president of the Aero Club of New York, is responsible for this reflection:

"An American motorist went to Germany in his car to the army manœuvres. He was especially impressed with the German motor ambulances. As the tourist watched the manœuvres from a seat under a tree, the axle of one of the motor ambulances broke. Instantly the man leaped out, ran into the village, returned in a jiffy with a new axle, fixed it in place with wonderful skill, and teuffed-teuffed off again almost as good as new.

"There's efficiency for you," said the American, admiringly. "There's German efficiency for you. No matter what breaks, there's always a stock at hand from which to supply the needed part."

"And praising the remarkable instance of German efficiency he had just witnessed, the tourist returned to the village and ordered up his car. But he couldn't use it. The axle was missing."

* * *

A PROMINENT Yale professor is exceptionally fond of mushrooms. His son, who is an enthusiastic botanist, one day brought some home and told his mother to have them prepared, as a special treat for his father. When the professor came in to dinner he was delighted to find his favorite dish at his place.

"These are not all for me, are they?" he asked, not wishing to be selfish.

"Yes, father, I gathered them specially for you," answered the dutiful son.

Next morning his son was awaiting him with rather an anxious expression on his face.

"Good-morning, Dad," he ventured. "Did you sleep all right last night?"

"Fine," was the encouraging reply.

"Not sick at all, or didn't have any pains?"

"Why, of course not," answered the professor.

"Hoorah," said the botanist; "I have discovered another species that is not poisonous!"

* * *

WILLIAM COLLIER tells of a friend who once essayed a repertory of Shakespearean parts in the "tank" towns of the Middle West. The ambitious Thespian, in a moment of generosity, had given a pass to the waiter who served him at the hotel in one town.

"Well, Bill," said the actor at breakfast next morning, "you saw me as Macbeth last night?"

"I did," growled the servitor. "An' now who's goin' to pay me for my time?"

* * *

BLISS CARMAN, the Canadian editor and author, recently told at a dinner a story about James Russell Lowell and a bad boy.

"A Boston woman," said Mr. Carman, asked Lowell to write in her autograph album, and the poet, complying, wrote the line:

"'What is so rare as a day in June?'

"Calling at this woman's house a few days later, Lowell idly turned the pages of the album till he came to his own autograph. Beneath it was written in a childish scrawl:

"'A Chinaman with whiskers!'"

* * *

A VISITOR to the Capitol at Washington started to go up a stairway on the Senate side that was roped off.

"Here," said a Capitol policeman, "you can't go up that stairway!"

"Why," asked the visitor, "is it exclusive?"

"No, not exclusive—private."

* * *

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS recently remarked that Londoners are indifferent about their tobacco. "They are," he said, "indifferent and blase like an omnibus conductor I saw in Oxford street. You know the London omnibus? It is a double-decker. If you sit on top you must go up and down by a very steep stair.

"Well, this blase conductor pulled up his bus at Regent circus, and the ladies bound for Peter Robinson's eagerly got out. But one fat lady who had been sitting on top, came down the steep and winding stair very slowly. Her skirt flapped around her ankles, and at every step she stopped and thrust it carefully down. The conductor waited with a bored expression, his hand on the bell rope, but he lost patience when the fat lady stopped for the fifth or sixth time to thrust down her billowing skirt, and he burst out angrily:

"'Now, then, lydy, 'urry, cahn't you. Figgers ain't no treat to me.'"

* * *

WHENEVER a jokesmith runs short of subjects he can always take a rise out of Boston, the city of culture. Here is the latest:

At a window in the business department of a Boston daily paper there recently presented herself a trim looking servant, who, offering a small advertisement, said:

"To-morrow's paper, please, and for three days thereafter."

"In the 'want' or 'personal' column?" asked the employee.

"Have you no 'wish' column?" asked the young woman.

"No what?" queried the clerk, puzzled.

"I simply wish a situation as lady's maid," haughtily explained the girl. "That's all. It's not a case of want. Is there no newspaper in this highly cultured city printed in the English language?"

* * *

A VERY serious-minded Methodist minister was last summer a guest at the country home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning the minister accompanied the two young ladies when they went out in the hope of catching some trout. An old fisherman out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out:

"Ketching many, pard?"

The minister, drawing himself together, replied, "Brother, I am a fisher of men."

"You've got the right kind o' bait, all right," was the fisherman's rejoinder.

* * *

IN one of the large cities a street car collided with a milk cart and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tiptoe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned round and glared at the little man and said, sternly: "Mind your own business!"

* * *

A well-known Scottish clergyman got into conversation in a railway carriage with a workingman, who informed him that he had been a coupler on a railway for several years.

"Oh," said the minister, "I can beat that. I have been a coupler for over twenty years."

"Aye," replied the workman, "but I can uncouple, and you canna!"

* * *

DO you remember the old story of the man who walked along the street one day carrying a basket on his arm? A friend said to him: "What is in the basket?, Tommy?"

"A mongoose," said Tommy.

"You see, my brother has been drinking hard, and lately he has been bothered by rats and pink mice and spotted snakes and other venomous creations. Now a mongoose just eats those things alive, see? So I'm taking this mongoose to him to kill those rats and snakes."

"But, Tommy," said the friend, "don't you know those are imaginary snakes?"

"That's all right," said Tommy. "This is an imaginary mongoose."

* * *

WHEN the late E. H. Harriman completed that wonderful engineering and railroad feat known as the Salt Lake cut-off, there was a celebration and Harriman took a large party of big railroad men out to it.

They had their pictures taken at the right spot scenically. Mr. Harriman stood at one end of the group. When the pictures were printed and the photographer brought them around the railroad men examined them.

"Why," shouted one of the guests, "where's Mr. Harriman?"

"Do you mean that little chap that stood at the end?" asked the photographer. "Why, I cut him off."

* * *

A physician, in declaring that insanity was frequently productive of sound logic tempered by wit, told the story of a patient he once met in an asylum.

He came across this patent while strolling through the grounds, and, stooping, spoke to him. After a brief conversation on conventional topics the physician said:

"Why are you here?"

"Simply a difference of opinion," replied the patient. "I said all men were mad, and all men said I was mad—and the majority won."

REVENGE.
"Great Heavens! George, what have you done to your head?"
"Oh, I only told the barber to-day that I didn't believe in tipping."—Harper's Weekly.

The Delights of a Canadian Winter

They are many when the body is healthy and well protected. JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR is the best protection the body can have.

It keeps the body healthily warm—protects from chills and colds and gives all the comfort underwear can give.

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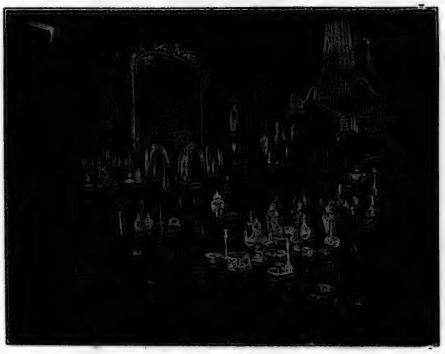

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NONE knew just the way of it, but all the folk in Marshcotes and Long Crag had gathered some hint about young Squire Cunliffe of the Heights and his wooing. And some shook their heads wisely, and said that the lad ought to have a more proper pride than to go speering after a maid so far above him in station, while others shook their heads just as wisely, and said that the Cunliffes had better blood in them than all the D'Arcys that ever stepped. But neither band of wiseacres guessed how well the young Squire's suit was speeding until that famous ride for Gretna set all the northern counties gaping with wonder at the strange fashion of it.

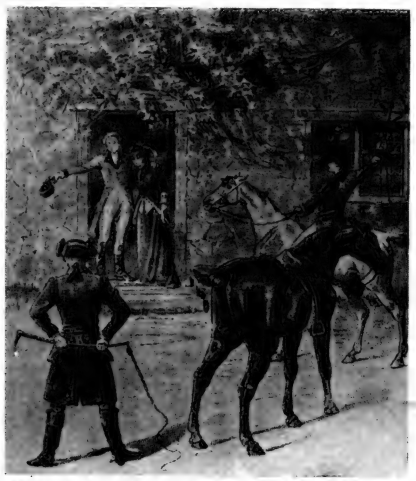
Now, the D'Arcys were a very young race, as we count old blood in Marshcotes. Sir Marmaduke, for all the sham splendour of his christened name, would have been hard put to it if a man had asked him to name his own great-grandfather; and so, as the way of such cattle is, he looked down upon many a sturdy fellow who could have out-faced him alike in birth and breeding. When Squire Cunliffe, a rollicking blade of-six-and-twenty, began to ride to Skipton and across the two miles of pasture that lay between D'Arcy Court and the town, Sir Marmaduke thought nothing of it; the lad's father and he had been good friends and he had naught to say against the son, and he was glad enough to have him come to the Court for a day's shooting, or a morning's fishing, or a cross-country scamper after hounds. But by and by he grew uneasy; there was something altered of late in his daughter's air—a constraint at times, and a needless gaiety at times, and a queer mixture of the two whenever young Squire Cunliffe rode to Skipton.

So Sir Marmaduke spoke his mind one day to the Squire, never waiting, as a man of older breeding would have had wit to do, until he was asked his opinion on the subject of his daughter's hand. He told Squire Cunliffe, as plain as words could speak, that the less he came to the Court in future the better it would be for everyone, and he added some needless sneers touching young Cunliffe's lowliness of birth; whereupon the lad fired up, remembering his fathers, and the debt he owed the family honor and he threw his glove in Sir Marmaduke's face there and then, and asked no better hospitality from him than a strip of turf, and a couple of seconds, and two good swords could compass. The older man repented his hastiness, and would have taken back his hot words had he seen the least loophole open to him for honorable declining of the challenge. And Squire Cunliffe, too, longed dearly to be free of the duel once he was cool enough to think of all it meant, to ask himself what would Helen say to this? But retreat there could be none, and they met in the cool of a July morning in a lonely field halfway 'twixt Skipton and Marshcotes. And both were good at sword-talk, so that the sun had covered a goodly strip of sky before Sir Marmaduke felt his blade go swirling across the buttercups, and saw Squire Cunliffe's sword-point woefully near to the delicate frill of his shirt. A hundred thoughts were warring in the lad's mind: this upstart fellow had dared to cast mud upon the Cunliffe name; but then, the upstart fellow's daughter was sweet as a milking-song in May. He must kill the father and fill the greedy maw of honor; but then, he could not give up Helen though all the dead Cunliffes came wrapped in winding-sheets to urge him on.

"Pick up your sword, sir," he said withdrawing his own blade from its itching nearness to Sir Marmaduke's frilled bosom.

"I—it was a mere chance; what shall I say to you?" stammered the other, relieved, yet sore ashamed.

Squire Cunliffe wiped a little of the dewy morning from his blade before responding. "Say?" he said, cool and mocking. "That is for your own good sense to tell you. Come, Ricroft, it is time we bade good-day to these gentlemen." This to his second, scowling at him from the background to see his chicken-heartedness.



"'Ye have ridden on a fair quest, it seems—to part a man and his wife.'"

"I have killed a man for kindlier words than he gave thee two days ago," growled Ricroft, as he and the young Squire rode home together.

"Aye, but——" began the Squire, and stopped just there.

And from all this it will be seen that there was now as little likelihood as might be that Squire Cunliffe would ever marry Helen D'Arcy. All other matters apart, a man of Sir Marmaduke's breed would never forgive the lad for worsting him in fight and thereafter giving him back his life at the grave's edge. Neither could Squire Cunliffe forget what had passed and thrice a day he swore to himself that he would think no more of the winsome lass; and this hard persistency in swearing so wrought upon his mind that in the end it drove him contrariwise. He told his mare Kitty, one fine October morning, that he had urgent business in Skipton; and, the mare agreeing thereto with little pretty speech of eye and ears, he rode at more than his usual breakneck pace, down hill and up, until he gained the town. And here he paused, wondering what other businesss he had than such as lay two miles further north; and he was in the midst of quieting his shame by inventing some fair-seeming excuse for the morning's folly, when who should ride down the street but young Ralph D'Arcy, Sir Marmaduke's son.

"Good morning!" cried the boy cheerily, as he espied this old ally of his, who had taught him a fearless seat in the saddle and ridden with him when first he came in at the death.

So the Squire, knowing that he had no quarrel with Ralph, pricked his mare forward and fell in at the boy's side and they found so much to talk of on the way that the tower of D'Arcy Court showed through the trees before ever Cunliffe had stopped to ask himself, "What next?"

"Why do you never ride to see me now?" asked Ralph, seeing his friend grow very quiet on the sudden.

"Because—perhaps I find too much to do in Marshcotes."

"So father said when I asked him; but then he wore the same air that you do now, and he would not look me in the face, and I knew he was playing with me. Helen wonders, too. She does nothing but sigh about the house and take lonely rides, and she is always crying when she thinks no one is near."

"It is time I was back in Skipton," said the Squire gruffly. Yet he did not turn mare Kitty's head, and Ralph took occasion of the silence to proffer a suggestion that he should come to D'Arcy Court.

"And then you and father can make everything straight," he finished. "And Helen will cease crying; and you cannot tell how she is spoiling her face with rubbing so many tears away."

"I cannot come," said the Squire. "Good-bye, Ralph; we must be good friends again some day. I have missed thee lately; but not just yet. I——"

Both were riding past the orchard by this time; and over the privet-hedge Squire Cunliffe saw a slim girl, with the clustering fruit above her and the stillness of a great sorrow in her face.

"There is Helen!" cried the boy, guessing, with the queer instinct of his kind, that here was the means of settling the whole matter. "Helen! Helen, I say! I have brought someone to see thee."

The fruits of Squire Cunliffe's three-times-a-day hard swearing were scattered to the winds of Heaven. He brought mare Kitty close to the privet-hedge, slipped his left leg over the saddle, and vaulted into the orchard. And Ralph D'Arcy was old enough in years to know that he must keep his eyes busy with matters that lay on the other side of the road; and it fell about that the sudden meeting, after months of prudence and despair, so warmed the Squire's blood and the girl's that, long before Ralph had done with watching the antics of three rabbits in the pasture field, the ripening orchard fruit had seen an old play played out afresh—had watched two foolish mortals kiss, and stand away, and kiss again, as joyously and soberly as if this were a new sweetness, not understood by any other man or woman.

When the boy did turn his eyes a little to the right—choosing the parkland first, so as to reach the orchard by easy stages—he saw Sir Marmaduke coming striding through the rimy grass towards the orchard-wicket. And he smiled contentedly, thinking that all was very right, now that Helen, and jolly Squire Cunliffe, and his father, had a chance of meeting all together. Sir Marmaduke stopped as he reached the wicket and saw what was to be seen beyond. His face went hot with fury and he could find no words; and neither Cunliffe nor the girl knew of his presence until Helen, shy of the love-making all at once, turned her head away from the Squire and glanced towards where her father stood.

"Dear, look—look! Oh, what shall we do?" she stammered, clutching his arm.

Squire Cunliffe did look, and knew that he had need of all the wit that this swift game of kiss and counter-kiss had left him. He moved between the mossy tree-boles down to the wicket.

"We met in anger awhile ago, Sir Marmaduke; your daughter has just bidden us be friends again," he said, with as easy a bow as he could muster.

"And now, sir, we meet again in anger! You dare to show yourself on forbidden ground, you—— Helen, leave us! I never thought to see a daughter of mine stoop to the first common scoundrel that chose to insult her."

"There is no insult, nor has been, save in your own thoughts," broke in the Squire. And more he would have said, had not Helen sent him so clear a message with her eyes that he checked his unruly tongue, and told himself that, come what might, he could never again bandy hot words with Sir Marmaduke. The girl crept quietly into the background, not daring to go beyond earshot of her lover, lest the worst should happen. And Squire Cunliffe, with the warm surety of her love to back him, listened silently to all that Sir Marmaduke had to say—heard himself named a yokel, a beggar, and a thief; answered nothing when he was threatened with a horsewhip if he stayed a moment longer in the grounds of D'Arcy Court.

Ralph D'Arcy listened to all this, from the other side of the privet-hedge, with wonderment and great sorriness. A little while ago all had seemed as straight as a hot run with the fox in sight; and now these two, his father and his friend, were quarrelling as only bitter foes could do.

"Well, Ralph, I am not to dine with thee just yet, it seems," said Squire Cunliffe, with a wry laugh, as he came into the high road and swung himself into the saddle.

"I am sorry——" began the boy.

But his father checked him. "Art thou in the plot, too?" he thundered. "Ride home, Ralph, without another word; and thou shalt have as sound a thrashing as I can give thee. All against me—all! Has a man no power at home in these ill-ordered days?"

"Sir Marmaduke!" cried Cunliffe, as the older man, with a shallow air of dignity, strode off between the orchard trees.

"I have said the last word to you. Would God I could make you fight me once again!" said the older man, half turning.

The Squire moved impatiently in his saddle, and all but forgot himself, then recovered. "Nay, the last word is mine," he answered. "Whether you will or no, I shall marry your daughter. Baffle and hedge us round, spy on us and play what dirty tricks you will, you will find the bird flown one day, and a right warm nest made ready for her. Good-bye, Ralph, lad. Keep a corner in thy heart for me, and stand up to the thrashing like a man."

And so Squire Cunliffe rode home to Marshcotes, a soberer man than he had left it. And just as he was in the thick of framing wild plans for securing Helen's freedom, that chanced to him which set all schemes at naught for a good six weeks to come. For the feud-fights were at their height in those days, and there was bad blood between the Cunliffes and the Sunderlands. The young Squire chanced to fall foul of three Sunderlands one Sabbath morning as he rode home from church. To two of them he tendered surety that they would walk lame for the rest of their lives, and then the third got under his guard, and it was not till some of his folk came by, a good two hours later, that they found him, left for dead, in a wayside ditch. They carried him home to the Heights, and brought the Marshcotes leech in to finish off the job so well begun by cold steel; yet neither sword-thrust nor leech could send Squire Cunliffe under sod just yet, for he came of a breed that was wont to rate Death a trifle cheaply. In three weeks' time he was well enough to be impatient of his weakness; in two weeks more he was busy with his interrupted plans touching Helen D'Arcy, and already he had found strength to thrust the leech forth out of doors.

It was just then—while his strength was swelling like the sap in Spring trees, though watery a little as yet, and fugitive—that word came to him from the girl herself. Young Ralph D'Arcy came riding up at a sweltering gallop, one November morning, with a twisted note in his pocket and a boyish sense of hurry and importance in being entrusted with so grave a mission. Squire Cunliffe ran his eye over the scrawled sheet. Sir Marmaduke had been restless of late, suspecting that his daughter was meeting her lover in secret. Alas! he had given her no chance, went on the note. Why had he *sent* no word, if he could not *come* on the bare chance of snatching speech with her? They were to leave the Court to-morrow, to spend the winter at a hunting-lodge which her father had bought near Eskrith, in Cumberland. He must send some little word back to her by the bearer.

Squire Cunliffe got up from his seat by the great hearthplace, and went out to the stable, and saddled mare Kitty as fast as his unused hands would let him. And Ralph and he set off towards Skipton before the boy had well got through with a hasty meal. All the way downhill the Squire was full of questions—how was Helen, and did Sir Marmaduke keep too harsh a watch on her?—and so forth. And then, on the sudden, he felt his strength go out of him; and the mare knew, as well as he, that he had no force to curb her inclination; and in the end he had to turn about, for fear she should bolt outright with him, and he dropped fainting from the saddle.

"Tell her, Ralph," he said at parting, "tell her that I have been ill these five weeks past; that day and night I have been with her in thought; that, soon as this weakness leaves me, I will come to Cumberland and claim her in face of them all. Ralph, lad, look after her meanwhile," he added, with a gusty tenderness begotten of his weak condition.

Seven days went by before he felt that the old stuff was sound in him, seven days of fret, and kicking against the pricks, and easy rides, lengthening day by day, on the back of sweet mare Kitty. And patience went out of the window as strength came in by the door; and naught would serve but he must start for Cumberland forthwith. He had done with plans now; it was easier any day to fight squarely with his body than riddle at a vexed matter with his brain; and Helen was there waiting for him, that was all he cared to be sure of. A way would show itself when once he could get a clear look at the face that seemed always to render dark things plain to him.

And Helen, meanwhile, was looking day and night down the cheerless sweep of road that would bring Squire Cunliffe up from Marshcotes. When Ralph first came back to Skipton with the message her heart had leaped at thought that she would soon be free. But Sir Marmaduke had carried her off on the next day to these wild Cumbrian hills; and the sun rose and set, set and rose, with never a word nor sign from her lover. Day by day, too, her father grew more bitter, seeing how fearlessly she remained true to the troth she had plighted in the orchard; he had asked a buckram lord from the south country to stay with them—a swaggerer and a roysterer, whom Helen had long since learned to hate—and it was plain that the two of them were in league to force the girl's heart. By good fortune the frost held off, and Helen

(*Concluded on page* 16.)

MEERSCHAUM
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Russell "30"

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A CAR can be robbed of quality at points where you won't know it—till afterwards.

A car *must* be robbed at these points if the manufacturer sells below a certain price and makes a dollar.

But do you know how far your money will go this year? You can buy a five-passenger touring car of highest quality for $2,350—the RUSSELL "30" fully equipped—the big value of the season.

This is but one of our remarkable 1910 models ranging from $2,350 to $5,000, all to be seen at the Automobile Show, St. Lawrence Arena, Toronto, February 24th to March 3rd. Come and have them shown to you. If you are going to get a car—get a good one.

SPECIFICATIONS—115-inch wheel base; wheels 34 x 3½ in. front, 35 x 4 in. rear. Pressed steel frame, inswept at front, upswept at rear. Rear axle full floating type. Shaft driven, selective transmission. Engine 30.6 R.A.C. rating, vertical four cylinder 4⅝ x 4¾. Highest quality material and workmanship throughout.

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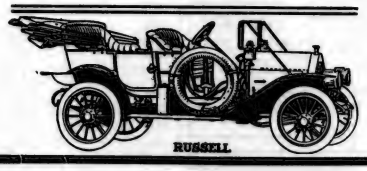

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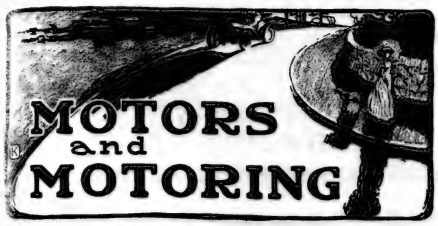
EGYPT'S AVIATION MEET.

One of the Khedival carriages leaving the palace, with several ladies of the harem, for a drive. The carriage is preceded by saics, or running footmen, who clear the way in the narrow streets of Cairo. At the aviation meet a special stand is erected for the use of the ladies of the harem.



A MILITARY tone will be given to the opening of the Motor Show of Canada in the St. Lawrence Arena, by the engagement of the Highlanders' Band to conduct the musical programme. There will be a formal opening ceremony in which the directors and members of the Ontario Motor League will take part. Announcement will be made later as to the speaker who will officially open the show. The work of decorating the building has already started, and the St. Lawrence market will soon present a busy scene. Exhibits from various places are arriving daily, some of them coming so far as from England. Perhaps the feature that will strike the visitor most forcibly in comparison with other shows, will be the large number of new firms in the field showing the extraordinary development that has taken place in the automobile business in Canada.

* * *

THERE is an interesting article in a recent issue of Harper's Weekly on the subject of the prices of automobiles, and the reason why they remain up in spite of the great advances that have been made in the industry. The article should be of general interest to Canadian motorists, on account of the number of American cars that are used in this country. The prices quoted are, of course, those in force in the United States. About one-third should be added to get the Canadian rates.

The writer, Harry Wilkins Perry, points out that it appears to be a matter of no little wonder to many a would-be buyer of an automobile who has waited several years for the price of motor cars to be brought down to the level of that of an ordinary horse and buggy, that the prices continue to be maintained and not infrequently raised instead of lowered. The prices of the more popular two-passenger runabouts of to-day are scarcely more than one-fifth cheaper than those of the runabouts of seven and eight years ago. In some cases touring car prices show a material advance, and the average cost of an automobile to-day is not much lower than before for a car of like accommodation.

The standardization of construction and improved methods of manufacture in enormous numbers have not had the same influence upon automobile manufacture and prices as they did in the bicycle business, in which lists tumbled precipitately in five years to about one-fourth their standard before the "craze" swept the country like wild-fire. Indications do not point to the likelihood that there ever will be any extensive manufacture and sale of automobiles at $150 to $250. Yet each successive year the manufacturer has been giving the buyer more for his money. The cheapening process has taken the form of improvement in materials, design, and construction rather than that of the reduction in prices, which was greatly to be desired as a matter of safety to the user and general satisfaction with the product.

Development of design and improvement of materials have advanced so rapidly in automobile manufacture that it is to be doubted if many persons realize how much better a machine can be bought today for a given price than the same money would have purchased from five to ten years ago. This is brought forcibly to mind, however, by a little study of some of the early catalogues and trade paper advertisements. In 1902—only seven years ago—$650 would buy the little curved-dash side-spring runabout that was the first really commercially successful gasoline runabout in America. It was advertised as "Built to run—and does it."

That was about all that any one expected in those days. It had a single-cylinder six horse-power horizontal water-cooled engine placed within the body below the seat. There was a water-tank of ample capacity instead of the radiator that later made its appearance, and a steering-tiller instead of the present-day hand wheel and irreversible steering gear, so that if the driver ran over a dog or struck a brick it might jerk the tiller out of his hand and upset the car. The axles were of drawn steel tubing, the change-speed gear of the planetary type, and a single centre chain drove to a light spur-gear differential on the rear axle. Bicycle-type wheels twenty-eight inches in diameter, with steel wire spokes and rolled steel rims, were used and were fitted with two-and-one-half-inch single-tube pneumatic tires cemented in the rims. Practically all of the steel used was of the standards set by the carriage and bicycle trades, with the acme of attainment represented by tempering and case-hardening.

This little machine represented by all odds the best value for the money obtainable at that time, a fact so well and quickly realized that it sold by thousands and was shipped to all civilized countries of the globe. In competition with it were the steam-carriages, and little single-cylinder, air-cooled motorettes of piano-box buggy pattern at $600, and inefficient friction-drive single-cylinder runabouts offered at $750. The prices of the steamers ranged from $600 to $800.

Compare these machines with the sprightly and attractive-looking double-cylinder, seven and ten horse-power, motor in front, shaft-drive runabouts of to-day selling at $500 and $550, with seventy-four to eighty-two inch wheel base, elliptic springs, wood wheels, three-inch double-tube pneumatic tires secured by lugs, roller and ball bearings in wheel hubs, inclined steering-post and wheel, radiator and hood forward of the pressed steel dash, and equipment of mud-guards and running-boards all around, a pair of side lamps, tail lamp, horn, and set of tools.

TESTING A CAR.
A Reo automobile being "tried out" on the testing track at the company's works.

But it is in the medium-priced cars that the most noticeable differences are observable. Seven years ago a four-passenger "tonneau" advertised at $900, with "all the features usually found in $2,000 cars," was driven by a six horse-power single-cylinder engine placed horizontally under the rear of the body, where it practically compelled the driver to get down in the dirt under the car whenever adjustments and repairs became necessary, which was too often to be pleasant to recall. The car had side steering-lever, wire wheels with small single-tube tires, no mud-guards, no lamps or other equipment. There were two very ungainly overhanging rear bucket seats made removable and without a door to enclose the rear portion of the body. Forward of the dash was an angular box for luggage "convenient for touring," according to the advertisement. Durability and reliability did not enter into the bargain at all.

As compared with this machine, a person can buy for $850 at the present stage of the automobile art a five-passenger touring car that is thoroughly modern in all respects and has all the features of a $2,000 car. It has a roomy, comfortable body with space to stretch the legs and fitted with side doors, so that the passengers do not need to step out into the street to enter. This is mounted on a pressed frame carried by elliptic springs on a running gear having a length of one hundred inches between the axles, which prevents the longitudinal pitching and vertical jouncing that used to be noticeable in the short cars of the early days.

The equipment includes continuous mud-fenders and running-boards on the sides, a pair of gas head-lights, a pair of side lamps, a tail lamp, horn, and set of tools. The engine has four vertical cylinders and is rated at twenty horse-power. It is placed under the hood at the front, where it is easily accessible. A magneto instead of dry battery provides an inexhaustible source of current for ignition, and the cooling water is circulated through the radiator by a geared pump. The radiator holds barely a gallon of water instead of the tank of five or six gallons carried in the car of seven years ago, with the consequent saving in weight. Drive is through a multiple disk clutch, reliable planetary gear set and shaft to a bevel gear differential on the live rear axle. Instead of the weight of the car and its load being carried on the ends of the "live" or rotating axle, it is supported by the stubs of the stationary axle, and the internal axles that drive the wheels have no weight to carry, which overcomes a great many of the axle troubles of earlier days. The wood wheels run on ball and roller bearings that eliminate friction and are fitted with thirty by three and thirty by three and one-half inch double-tube tires.

But the enumeration of these characteristics does not give any adequate idea, even to the reader versed in automobile mechanism and terms, of the real difference in value between the two cars of 1902 and 1909. Whereas the former could not be depended upon to make fifty miles in half a day's run without hopelessly breaking down, the present day car is thoroughly reliable and is a practical machine for long-distance touring over all sorts of roads and in mountain districts. It is capable of a speed of thirty miles an hour with full load, and will carry its load twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline. The total weight of 1,200 pounds for the car is little, if any, more than that of the inefficient, unreliable six horse-power "tonneau." The vast difference is attained by the use of very high-grade carbon and alloy steels, possessing marvellous strength and resistance to wear, for such vital parts as shafts, gears, live axles, and so on, and by the utmost refinement and improvement in design and construction made possible by the employment of such materials and by the light of experience. Such a machine as this was impossible of production at any price seven years ago and is in every way superior to the domestic touring cars that then sold at $2,000 and more, or the foreign machines for which double and triple this amount was paid by purchasers.

* * *

In old cars it is sometimes found almost impossible to pack the stem of the water pump in such a way as to make the gland water-tight. In such a case it is probable that the stem has become worn, usually in annular grooves and the only thing to do is to remove the spindle, true it up in a lathe and have a new bushing fitted to it. Then if hemp soaked in tallow or some other good packing is used the joint can again be made tight.

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Your delivery expenses make it well worth your while to investigate the saving in time and money accomplished by owning a "Reliance" Delivery Truck.

In service; speed (60 miles daily against 15); in man-hire (saves two men's pay); in stable cost and room, in size of loads, in systematic handling, in up-keep; in repairs; in business gained by better and quicker service—all these important requisites will be yours if you purchase a "Reliance."

This car never "wearies" of work and is a steady toiler day or night.

Be sure and look for the "Reliance" in the big exhibit of the McLaughlin Motor Car Co. at the Automobile Show. They are the exclusive agents of this Truck and will be pleased to give you full particulars.

Remember, "Reliance" Trucks are made for all conceivable purposes and in all sizes from the "Tourist" passenger car to the great five-ton commercial trucks.

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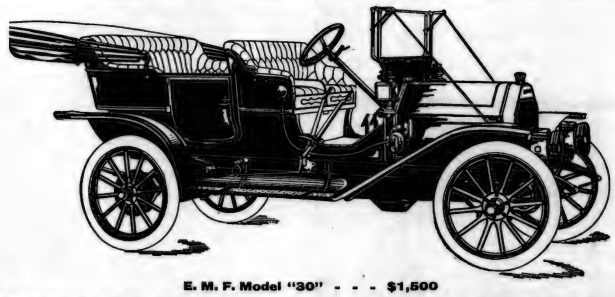
Wife.—I say, do you know the girl in the flat above us won a piano at the Charity Bazaar lottery yesterday? Husband—A piano? Great Scott! And that's what they call a charity bazaar!—Meggendorfer Blatter.



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A PERFECT CAR AT A MODERATE PRICE

WE WANT everyone to know the wonderful value in the E.M.F. "30".

More important to the buyer of an automobile than the price of the car, is the "value" which this price represents. Right here let us say there is no better Motor Car value in the world than the E.M.F.

Rather boastful, you think—perhaps, but our facts so far overbalance our boasts that we allow ourselves the privilege of a boost, and leave it to you to examine the line and verify yourselves the facts.

The advent of the above pictured Model "30" E.M.F. has created a great stir in the automobile world, and justly so.

Its every part bespeaks "perfection," and when these same parts are incorporated into Model "30"—you may bet your last dollar there is not a car to compare with it at the price.

And here is why it excels—

The motor is of the accepted 4-cylinder design—well built, with oil-tight aluminum crank-case. The valves are large, which gives this engine fully 20 per cent. more power than most other engines of the same cylinder dimensions. It is silent and smooth in operation.

A magneto—one of the best made—which others list as an extra at $150.00—is a part of the regular equipment.

The sliding gear transmission is now recognized as superior to any other known.

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An Old Time Gretna Tale

(*Continued from page* 14.)

could lose her daytime worries in break-neck scampers after hounds; but then the long, tedious evenings would set in, and Sir Marmaduke and his guest would drink overmuch wine together, and the girl would be well-nigh driven wild between them. No other visitors were allowed the house; by some means or other—the treachery of servants, likely—Sir Marmaduke had learned of Ralph's journey to Marshcotes; and, fearing lest Squire Cunliffe should give his hot head the reins, he had guarded well against approach from without. The keeper of the lodge had strict command to let none through, on foot or horseback; and even when they rode to the meets Helen was kept close to her father's side, with the buckram lord on the other hand whispering nauseous nothings in her ear.

Now, love, despite the licensed gentlemen of the lyre, has no power to bridge a distance of even three short miles, save by written token or word of mouth by messenger. And so it fell about that Helen D'Arcy was at the lowest ebb of sorriness on the very night that young Squire Cunliffe came to Eskrith. His late illness had left him weaker than his wont, and a long day's ride, on the back of other long days' rides, made him fain of such rough comfort as the village inn afforded; he went to bed betimes, after supper and a copious draught of spirits, with the soft thought for pillow that Helen lay but three miles off, and that by rough means or smooth he would win speech of her to-morrow. But little he thought by what rough riding he was destined to secure her.

He slept a trifle over-late, and awoke to find the crisp November sunlight filtering through the lattice. He was dressed before the sun had crawled from one diamond pane to the next, and was already shouting for breakfast before the landlord, solicitous for this guest with the hectoring air and the free purse, was well aware that he had risen. Mare Kitty was fresh as her master, after a good feed and a good night's rest; and Squire Cunliffe talked daft love-speech to the pretty beast as they went at a rolling trot along the dry, hard highway. They came to the lodge and the Squire cried lustily to open. A gnarled old greybeard shuffled out, and leaned on the closed gate, and grinned at the stranger with cheery malice until the thong of a riding-whip came perilously near his face.

"Nay, there can none come through," he snarled, retreating to a safe distance from the gate.

"None? Aye, there shall one come through, though Kitty has to clear the spikes!" said Cunliffe, with wary measurement of the gate's height and a rough prayer that the mare would scatter the fellow's churlish brains on the way.

"Wait, though!" cackled the greybeard, misliking the thoughts of what would follow should this mad rider clear the gate. "There is none within the house. Sir Marmaduke——"

From near at hand there came the bell-music of hounds, keen-set for a fair trail. Mare Kitty pricked her ears, and reared and plunged after a fashion that would have unhorsed Squire Cunliffe two short weeks ago. But to-day he was drunk with recklessness, and his nerve was like sword-steel, quick to bend and powerless to break. He slipped a guinea into the greybeard's palm and pointed to the place whence the music came.

"Is he down there?" he said.

"Aye."

"And his daughter with him?"

"Aye; and a gay lord, too, that will wed——"

The fellow had drawn overnear, chuckling at thought that so little a piece of information should stand against the solid guinea clutched in his withered palm, and Squire Cunliffe broke the end of his speech by a whip-cut, sharp and hard, and long to be remembered. And then, before the greybeard had time to pick up the fallen piece of gold, mare Kitty was down the road again and up on the crest of the further hill. The streaming line of hounds, the press of riders, were clear to be seen not a quarter-mile away, and, among them all, a dear, slim figure that had lain within his arms under the weighted apple-boughs.

"Kitty, lass, we shall win to-day!" said the Squire, as a sudden thought leaped into his brain.

And "We shall win!" answered Kitty from every line of her eager body.

They took the hedge at their left hand, and the pasture-land on the far side, and after that a broad, ill-favored ditch. There was a check ahead of them—a whimpering and a crying and a running to and fro of the hounds. In a few minutes they had come up with the motley crowd of hunters—gentle and yeoman, farmer's daughter and my lady of the Castle.

Sir Marmaduke looked about him, and his eyes fell on the brawny, square-set figure set on the lean, slim-barrelled mare, and he started so violently that his daughter, close beside him, followed the direction of his glance and saw her heart's desire, come in this strange fashion to win speech of her. And the buckram lord from the south country, scenting dismay and trepidation in the air, read more than he wished to know from Helen D'Arcy's eagerness towards the stranger.

But they had scant time for thought. The hounds were away again, and after them the rout. Before Sir Marmaduke, dumb-stricken by the Squire's appearance, could summon any steadiness of wit to his aid, Helen had sheered a little to the left, and Squire Cunliffe had come up with her.

"One word," he whispered; "which way lies straight north to Scotland?"

She pointed with her whip, and turned to look into his eyes, and laughed outright in the fulness of relief.

And then a strange thing befell. North by north-east ran the hounds, in full cry after a merry scent. North by north-east rode the yoemen, the farmers' daughters, and all but one among the ladies of high degree; but straight as a die towards the north rode Squire Cunliffe and Sir Marmaduke D'Arcy's daughter. Stride by stride they fell away from the line; stride by stride the rest followed keen over privet and bramble and thorn. At first it seemed as if the runaway pair were seeking only an easy place in the hedge; but away and away they went, further and further from the trail, and it was plain that there were two scents to be followed now, not one alone.

Sir Marmaduke D'Arcy tugged at his horse's mouth, and the buckram lord at his; but nothing would serve, with the cry so hot before them. And then another check came, and Sir Marmaduke, wild with fury and dismay, turned to the neighboring riders.

"Gentlemen, I ride to save my daughter's honor. Who is with me?" he cried, pointing to the galloping pair to left of them.

The tougher sort said that Sir Marmaduke's daughter might be hanged for all they cared, with the scent so brisk; but the younger men fell in with the romantic humor of the thing. And soon there were two hunts in full cry—hounds after fox to right, eight gallant riders to left after as hard-riding a pair as they could wish to follow.

"Art afraid, sweet?" asked Squire Cunliffe, as they cantered across a level stretch of pasture.

"Aye—that we shall never reach Gretna," she laughed, with such joy in her voice, of present swiftness and of gladness to come, as set the mad Squire's heart beating like hammer on the anvil.

They turned to look, and three of the pursuers were floundering in the ditch that had all but claimed them, too.

"How far to Gretna?" panted Cunliffe.

"Not ten miles. Dear, shall we win through?"

"A Cunliffe always wins through," said the Squire. And he turned about and sent a long "View-halloa!" across the pasture-land.

Ripple and swing—ripple and swing, with the foam flying wide like hawthorn-spray in a strong west gale. Swing and ripple, ripple and swing, till five of the ten short miles were covered. They came to the northern highway here and kept it. A half-mile further they crossed the trail of another pack in full cry. But they could not stop; through them and over them they rode, till the yelping of the dying hounds was like to split their ear-drums. A round battery of oaths, such as were at their prime of vintage two centuries ago, followed them from the huntsman of the pack.

"Where the devil are we going? To Gretna—to Gretna!" roared Squire Cunliffe over his shoulder.

"To Gretna!" echoed the girl, with a woman's quiet strenuousness of joy.

And both, in their hasty backward glance, saw that Sir Marmaduke and the buckram lord still kept their saddle and their pace, with five others close behind.

There had been no hunting-day like this in England since first a hound was given a nose to smell a fox with. Racket and ripple and swing—two riders in front, and seven not far behind, but never a fox nor a hound in sight. Hamlet and village turned out to watch the wild scamper, and gaped to see that hunted and hunters alike were framed to sit a saddle, and stared after them for a full ten minutes after the winter dust of the hoofs had settled.

Ripple, ripple and swing; swing and ripple, and wind—strong wind—in their faces.

"Get away, mare Kitty!" cried Squire Cunliffe, and seemed to lift his beast with his knees.

"Away, good lad—away to happiness," whispered Helen to her straining nag.

"How far to Gretna?" called the Squire to a passing laborer.

"Just forrard—ye'll win i' by half a mile," answered the man, and sat him down in the hedge bottom, and looked after the runaways, and wagged his palsied head gleefully at this resurrection of his own dead wooing.

Sir Marmaduke and the buckram lord were well behind by this time, and their friends again behind. A few white houses showed sparse at either hand of the road ahead of the fugitives; they crossed a narrow stream. A lad was herding geese on the further bank.

"Ho, there!" cried Cunliffe. "Is this the holy Gretna?"

A broad Scots tongue answered, "Yea."

"Where is the blacksmith's, then?" went on the Squire, reining in mare Kitty.

The lad left his geese and ran before on the road, and stopped when he reached the smithy, with the gaping furnace-mouth scattering red light through the open doorway.

Squire Cunliffe is out of the saddle now, and the girl has found ground, too, by easy way of his arms. A villainous, cross-eyed fellow stood in the doorway, and Helen shrank from him a little, for superstition's sake.

"Will it be well with us, dear, if we are married by——?" she faltered.

"With a Cunliffe's luck—why, yes, sweetheart!" laughed the Squire.

So the last word was spoken, and witnessed by the blacksmith and the bellows-blower, before Sir Marmaduke and the buckram lord, and those who rode with them, came round the bend in the road.

Squire Cunliffe stood in front of the door, with his true wife set beside him.

"Come forward, Sir Marmaduke! Come forward, friends! Ye have ridden on a fair quest, it seems—to part a man and his wife," he laughed.

And then, after a stillness, the five youngsters who had followed for romance's sake left Sir Marmaduke's side and ranged themselves—again for romance's sake—to right and left of stout Squire Cunliffe, swearing that man and wife who had given them so merry a ride should never be parted while they had hands to help them.

And Sir Marmaduke and the buckram lord, who had come north to woo, saw that their ride had been for naught.

That is the tale. And they say in Marshcotes that wedlock with a foreigner weakens the strain—yet to-day the Cunliffes of the Heights are as merry and dare-devil as ever their forefather was, who got his wife at Gretna. Perchance it is because Mistress Helen D'Arcy came no further away than from Skipton town.

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32 PAGES

SECTION 2. PAGES 17 TO 32

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

WOMEN'S SECTION

VOL. 23, No. 19. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, FEBRUARY 19, 1910. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1159

THE OTHER PAGE

MANY a man will regard as good news the possibility that the milliners in New York are going to strike for higher wages, and will be especially and particularly grateful that the threatened trouble will be likely to materialize before Easter. Just now the situation looks rather black for the success of the Easter bonnet, and if the strike really comes off the amateur milliner will have an opportunity to get in her fine work in many a household.

Those who are threatening to strike are not only the designers but those who carry out their ideas, and it is claimed that by the time the spring trade is really started they will be so well organized that about 5,000 will be in a position to demand better pay. The trouble is entirely confined to New York, but there are men so mean and with so little regard for the feelings of their wives and daughters that they would willingly see the strike spread all over America and have every milliner make a protest.

Mere man always says that a woman should be able to make her own clothes and deck her own bonnets, but provided tailors and hatters went on a general strike throughout the land, would mere man be willing to either wear his old garments until they were threadbare or submit to wearing those concocted by his womenkind? Fancy a man in home-made nether garments of one hue and material, trimmed with folds—or patches—of last year's overcoat, with a waistcoat pieced out of wifie's best silk gown, and a coat with elbow sleeves finished with lace ruffles, because the cuffs of the garment were quite beyond turning! Imagine him thus decked out if you can, his costume crowned with a many-year-old hat handsomely trimmed with what is available in order to hide the marks of the rain spots and the dust.

Would he stand for it? Not while there was an ounce of protest left in his make-up, and yet there are plenty of men who are willing that their wives should have to deck themselves out in garments which have seen just as much wear and are quite as unsuitable. If "motley is the only wear" then it should be general throughout a household and not confined to the women members of a family while Father swaggers proudly forth in the latest thing in "reach-me-downs" if his income won't stretch to the expense of a good tailor.

⁂

IN England some time ago a leading physician stated that currants were very nutritious and should be eaten whenever possible, and instantly currant bread became as modish as flowers at a wedding. From drawing room to kitchen the craze spread, and everywhere—especially at tea time—one was confronted by currant bread, either toasted, or in a state of nature.

Now comes a doctor—several of them in fact—advocating the merit that lies in ginger. If you lack good spirits in the morning you are literally to acquire ginger. It is said to be a wonderful tonic and one warranted to banish that tired and "tempery" feeling that is so all-pervading before the matutinal coffee has been disposed of and the children despatched to school. It is claimed for ginger that it is not only a fine nerve tonic, but that it "promotes digestion, is an excellent stomach tonic and is extremely good for the liver."

It looks as if another food fad was in a fair way to become fashionable and the chances are that in many a household in the near future the place of the marmalade jar will know it no more while the jar of preserved ginger will reign in its stead on the breakfast table.

⁂

WOMAN'S value continues to increase. An architect from Spokane, who is named Pond is suing a girl in Poughkeepsie because she jilted him. One is accustomed to hear of women seeking a pecuniary balm for their wounded affections through the medium of the law, but it is only very occasionally, indeed, that a man can't bear up under a similar wound without seeking financial first aid to the injured. A certain amount of interest is being taken in the present case as both the architect and his former *fiancee* are well known in the social circles of their respective cities, and the father of the girl is very wealthy.

The bereaved swain places the damages he has received to heart and pocket-book through the failure of the millionaire's daughter to marry him, at the modest figure of $25,000 of which $2,500 is for actual expenses in connection with his engagement, such as the cost of travelling and of gifts. The rest of the money he believes due him because of "mortification, humiliation, mental grief, and the ridicule and contempt of his business associates."

When the case comes up, damages may be assessed anywhere from 6 cents up, and as the suit will probably be undefended it will be left for a jury to decide just what the loss of a millionaire's daughter may mean financially to a rising young architect.

⁂

KING LEAR, when he divided his kingdom between his two elder daughters and announced his intention of living with each in turn, set an awful example by which parents ever since have profited by carefully avoiding doing the same. The wise man keeps control of his property until death carries him off, and even then in many cases he has so tied it up that dead fingers still seem to cling to it long after his name is wearing away on his tombstone. In Illinois the other day, Otto Meyer and his wife established a new precedent which looks as if it would certainly work out well for that far seeing gentleman and his frau.

It appears that Otto and his wife were distressed at the cost of living and wanted to find a way by which all the good things of life would be theirs to comfort them in their old age, and also apparently they had arrived at the conclusion that the world owed them some rest and comfort after a strenuous life. So the other day, in consideration of the sum of $6,000, Mr. Meyer conveyed his farm to his son, the younger Meyer undertaking, in addition, to provide his parents with a house of their own, and also a sufficient yearly supply of fruit and vegetables, as well as a dressed hog weighing two hundred pounds and a forequarter of beef at certain stipulated times each year. The dutiful son is also responsible for his parents' supply of flour, butter, eggs, milk, as well as a small annuity.

By this arrangement Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, senior, have provided for the future and can laugh at the meat combine and the increased cost of living. How Meyer, junior, will find the matter work out in the long run may prove quite a different story.

⁂

IT had to come. Being a "fireman" was one of the few things women haven't tried professionally, and now St. Petersburg boasts a full-fledged one. It's rather remarkable that this particularly advanced step should have taken place in Russia, but the lady responsible for the innovation is the somewhat eccentric daughter of the ex-Minister of Agriculture, M. Ermoleva, and it may be owing to influence that she has been enabled to get permission to join the St. Petersburg fire brigade. It is her intention, as soon as she has gained sufficient experience, to found a fire corps for women. As women usually do when they are really enthusiastic, Mlle. Ermoleva has taken great interest in her new work. She has donned the garments usually sacred to members of the brigade, and thus equipped has assisted in fire battles, and proved that she can take a risk and a drenching in quite as matter of fact a manner as can any fireman of them all. The most wonderful thing she did in her first fight with fire was to mount a ladder—and, moreover, mount it with agility. A woman who can run up a ladder and not mind has certainly proved herself somewhat exceptional, and undoubtedly the latest member of the St. Petersburg fire brigade is cutting out a new path for her sex. Pretty soon, if this keeps on, there won't be any odd jobs in which women aren't taking a working interest, from driving nails and putting up stove pipes to handling Government contracts and building railways. Assuredly, "the world do move," and it's moving women's way.

⁂

EVERY well regulated home should have a parrot, even when the fire insurance policy is in good working order and the fire station near at hand. It was the geese that saved Rome, and to this day they are honored in the Eternal City, but it was a parrot which awakened the occupants of a tenement house in New York the other night, and by her shrill cries of "Get out, get out," succeeded in saving the members of a score of families from possible death.

This particular parrot, who like so many of her kind, rejoices in the name of Polly, is rather noted for her command of the English language and the use she makes of it, the suspicion occasionally being engendered that she hasn't spent all her time in the most select circles. Indeed, Polly might with some measure of truth be accused of once indulging in rather low company as her conversation is not always all that a real lady's should be.

Polly is evidently a light sleeper, and the other night when fire broke out she awakened her mistress with her shrill cries of "Get out." Realizing that Polly had grasped the situation and was giving good advice, a member of the family with which she lives gathered up her cage and made for the stairway. At the same moment the other tenants, all of whom had been roused by Polly's cries, also decided that it would be better to watch their blazing homes from the street than from the interior of the house. For once, nobody wanted to be on the inside. The stream of humanity met at the top of the stairs, and in the mix-up that ensued Polly's cage was wrested from the hand that held it and Polly was kicked, cage and all, downstairs. She was finally rescued along with all the other lodgers, but what Polly said during the performance isn't fit for repetition for as any self-respecting parrot would think, she came to the conclusion that she hadn't been treated with the deference that should be the portion of a life-saver, and she made no secret of her opinion. Polly's heroism however has been recognized, and if there isn't a movement on foot to present her with a life-saving medal there are people who think that there certainly ought to be.

⁂

WHAT'S a poor burglar to do when even the women turn against him? The other night in Brooklyn while Mrs. Fannie Ewart was looking out of her window she saw a second story man—or perhaps he was a basement hand—forcing his way into the grocery shop kept by a neighbor. With Mrs. Ewart to see was to act, and within about five seconds of the time she espied the gentleman with the burglar's kit she was chasing over slanting roofs in the direction of the shop in question. It was dark and it was slippery, also it was cold and uncomfortable, but like the young hero of romance, her watchward was ever "onward." Finally she reached the window of the room occupied by the grocer and his wife, and by leaning over and tapping on the glass she managed to attract their attention.

By the time Mr. Grocer had attired himself in a manner fit to greet a burglar at midnight the latter had made his way into the premises and was looking for what he might carry away. Sending his son by way of the fire escape in search of help, the grocer started down stairs to interview his midnight caller, but that person somewhat peevishly objected to his presence and not only put out his host's lantern but hit him forcibly on the side of the head. The two were indulging in a rough and tumble on the grocery floor when the police arrived, and the burglar, being relieved of his jimmy and other tools of his trade, was led off to the lock-up.

The burglar claimed that all he really wanted was work, and as nothing was offered him he apparently decided to make a little for himself. Now the chances are the State will provide for his wants in that direction. Anyway what can a burglar expect in the way of carrying on his chosen occupation if women have given up screaming and have taken to prowling on roofs in order to capture a man engaged in his nightly business? It certainly looks as if there would be a slump in the burglary line if all women intend to qualify for Mrs. Ewart's class, and use their brains in an emergency, instead of their voices.

⁂

IT'S certainly etiquette to keep awake while you have callers. If you don't you may be as sorry as Rosie Hale, a New York girl, who fell asleep the other night when her "steady" was calling, and who awoke to find that he had disappeared and so had the four rings which constitute the largest part of her collection of jewelry. Rosie isn't much of a philosopher apparently for when she realized that all her treasures had disappeared at the same time, she expressed her feelings in no unmeasured terms, and then notified the police.

In time Rosie's *fiance* was haled to court and charged with larceny. In defence, he said that it hadn't occurred to him that a girl would mind a little thing like that, especially as the wedding bells were soon to ring out for him and Rosie. But a woman never can be depended upon to look at a situation just as a man does, and Rosie undoubtedly had a grouch. When the matter was pressed the prisoner admitted that he had disposed of the rings which had once adorned his *fiancee's* plump little fingers, and a magistrate decided that $1,000 was about the sum at which to fix the bail. But no matter what the outcome of the trial may be the moral undoubtedly is not to prolong your call to such an hour that your hostess will fall asleep, and then you won't be tempted to take away her jewels as a keepsake.

⁂

IT'S a strenuous age, and even the critics are finding it out. The life of the men whose duty it is to tell the public what they think is becoming more and more full of adventure, and if things keep on happening, it may even be possible that "whipping boys" may be revived in order to save them from the annoyance of fistic encounters with the victims of their caustic pens.

Not long ago in London a well-known critic was slapped by a man who objected to a criticism relative to the songs selected by his wife who is a favorite concert soloist. This case was finally settled by an apology by the irate husband. More recently in Berlin the temperament of a well-known actress, Frau Ida Rolland, has got the better of her, and she has soundly slapped the face of the critic, Siegfried Jacobsohn, because he commented upon her adversely in connection with some managerial difficulty.

In these days of temperament and the fashion of giving way to it, the critic seems to be getting the worst of things. It looks as if the time might come when—unless he's trained himself into a combination of Sandow and Jeffries—he'll have to write anonymously or else cease using acid instead of ink and take to hiding his disapproval like a pit in a cherry. Otherwise he seems bound to suffer continually at the hands of outraged genius, and even perhaps receive the portion that fell to the lot of a Cabinet Minister when pursued by a suffragette with a dog whip. Imitation may be the sincerest flattery, but the chances are no critic wishes to lay any such measure of appreciation at the feet of Mr. Winston Churchill.

⁂

NOW don't all speak at once—but there's a man with millions of dollars all of which he wants to give away before he dies. And the chances are that if his wish is to be fulfilled he'll have to hurry up, as he is ninety years old already.

The philanthropist in question, Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons, has stated his desire to die poor. Other people have stated their willingness to help him achieve his ambition, and the chances are that he will receive many more offers of assistance once his desire becomes more widely known. As usual with most very rich men, on this continent at least, Dr. Pearsons began life in the usual setting of a New England farm where the rocks flourished better than the crops. Like many another multi-millionaire he once studied in a little red school-house, the particular building which he attended having been situated in Bradford, Vt. After doing as many a man has done before him, and earning his way through college, he became a full fledged medical man, and obeying the mandate to "go west" finally made good, and at ninety finds himself well provided for financially, but without a chick or a child, or in fact—according to his own story—a poor relation in the world.

Since he began to give away his property he has got rid of something like six million dollars, all of which has gone to the cause of education. In his work he was ably assisted by his wife, who urged him on in his philanthropic work. She died three years ago, and now he is continuing the task they began together. It is his wish that he should get rid of all his property as he wants to end his life in the retirement of the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, but he does not want to begin that chapter of his life until he "grows old." In the meantime he will go on giving away dollars where he believes they will do the most good.

Dr. Pearsons denies that he is a philanthropist or even that he is benevolent. Instead he describes himself as a "hard-hearted, tight-fisted, penny-squeezing old curmudgeon." But to know of all the kind things that Dr. Pearsons has done it won't be necessary to wait until one reads of his virtues on his tombstone; he helps others while he is still alive and has the satisfaction of himself giving away what he has earned. Evidently there will be no will-contest over his property if he can prevent it. And surely he has chosen the better way.

Madame

LADY PELLATT,

Wife of Colonel Sir Henry M. Pellatt, Commandant of the Queen's Own Rifles.

TORONTO SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hoyles have returned from their honeymoon, and are at present with Mr. Moss, in Poplar Plains road. Mrs. Malone, *nee* Sankey, and her two baby sons are visiting Mrs. Villers Sankey. Miss Sankey sailed for England last Saturday and Miss Lyons, who has been the guest of Mrs. R. Ingles, sailed by the same ship for Scotland. Mrs. Hugh Hoyles will receive on Easter Tuesday and Wednesday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Sankey.

Miss Marguerite Cotton gave a bye-bye tea on Saturday for Miss Flavelle.

Miss Madeleine Walker, 12 Edgar avenue, Rosedale, gave a bye-bye tea on Valentine's day for Miss Clara Flavelle and Miss Mary Elliott, of Winnipeg, who has been in Toronto on a visit. The decorations and plenishing of the tea-table reminded the guests of the patron Saint, and were cupids, hearts and heart-shaped cakes and ices. Miss Madeleine Walker wore a dainty pale blue gown, her handsome mother, who matronized the gay coterie of girls wore a grey *crepe de soie* and bouquet of orchids. Miss Flavelle was in white with pale blue hat, and Miss Elliott in pink satin and black picture hat. There were some pretty pink tulips used to decorate the drawing room, and those who were not familiar with the many attractions of the new Walker home were full of admiration. The girls were mostly those in their first and second season and made a remarkably pretty company.

On the three days of the latter part of last week the Toronto Pigeon Fanciers held an excellent show of what a young jester calls the Goo-birds. I regret that absence from town prevented me from attending it. The birds are always beautiful and their funny ways and parading generally offer much amusement to their friends.

Mrs. Wood, of Dawson City, is visiting Mrs. Bristol in Beverley street.

One of those memorable anniversaries which don't often gather relatives and friends together was celebrated last Saturday when Mrs. Strathy, 17 Walmer road, had her ninetieth birthday. At this great age, this quaintly pretty old lady still enjoys greeting her many friends and looked very sweet in her rich black moire gown with dainty white lace cap and fichu. Miss Louie Strathy received with her mother and was richly gowned in soft mahogany-tinted chiffon broad cloth, with a lace yoke and pink topaz jewels. Everyone sent flowers, the house being fragrant with countless bouquets and the tea-table very smart with Richmond roses and red candles in splendid gold candelabra. Miss Sterling, a granddaughter; the Misses Thompson, and the Misses Mackeller looked after the tea-table. Some of the old and new friends who came with affectionate congratulations were Colonel and Mrs. Milligan and Mrs. F. Nicholls Kennin, Major and Mrs. Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Strathy, General and Mrs. Cotton and Miss Cotton, Mr. Justice Britton, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Clute, Miss Hill, Mr. Irving Cameron, Dr. and Mrs Scadding, Mrs. C. L. Denison, Mrs. Jack Strathy and Miss Strathy, Mrs. Philip Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Jack MacKellar, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Porter, Miss Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Fitzgibbon, Miss Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Dr. and Mrs. Harton Walker, the Misses Merritt, Miss Maud Givens and many others.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra concert on Monday night was one of the season's most pronounced successes. Fritz Kreisler had a huge welcome and his playing reached every heart. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox entertained a few friends to meet Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kreisler at tea on Tuesday afternoon, at their home in Queen's Park.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright in Crescent road was the rendezvous of a jolly party of snowshoers on Tuesday night, guests of the Messrs. Wright, whom Mrs. Wright welcomed most cordially for supper after a fine tramp through Rosedale.

Miss Raphael, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Tom Wood, has returned to Montreal. Miss Yvonne Nordheimer is in Montreal. Mrs. George Perley, of Ottawa, and Miss Ethel Perley are coming to Toronto next Wednesday. Miss Flora Macdonald returns home at the same time.

Colonel Septimus Denison, C.M.G., is honorary-secretary of the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition to be held in Toronto next April. Any information about the competition may be had from Colonel Denison at headquarters, 215 Simcoe street. Owing to Major J. Fraser Macdonald's removal to the Capital in the discharge of his new duties as Chief Ordnance Officer, he was obliged to resign the post of honorary-secretary to the competition which Colonel Denison kindly consented to fill.

On Friday, February 11, Mrs. Ames, of Glen Stewart, Kingston road, gave a tea to present her daughter, Miss Ethel Ames, who wore a white satin gown and overdress of crystal net, with touches of pink. Mrs. Ames received in a gown of primrose satin, with gold bugle fringe. Tea was served in the dining room, Mrs. E. Cox, Mrs. H. C. Cox, and two or three attractive girls assisting in the drawing room, Mrs. Tudhope and Mrs. Morrow, of Peterboro, presiding at the tea trays, and Miss Flavelle, Miss Ruth Massey, Miss Rita Ellis, and others waiting on the large party of guests. Mauve sweet peas and daffodils decorated the table, and heaps of beautiful flowers were in the rooms. The attendant ladies received bouquets of violets from the hostess.

Miss Schreiber, of Erindale, has been the guest of Miss Julie Gillespie.

Lady Sybil Grey has returned to Canada, bringing with her Lady Aileen Roberts, daughter of Earl Roberts, who will pay a visit to the Capital.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor gave a dinner at Government House on Tuesday evening, when the following gentlemen had the honor of being invited: Mr. Justice Riddell, Mr. Justice Sutherland, Mr. Justice Latchford, Judge Monck of Hamilton, Lieut.-Col. J. M. Delamere, Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C.; Mr. J. C. Eaton, Mr. L. G. McCarthy, K.C.; Mr. D. B. Dewar of Hamilton, Mr. C. W. Cartwright of Hamilton, Mr. E. W. Cox, Mr. D. D. Mann, Rev. James Allen, Rev. W. H. Sedgewick of Hamilton, Mr. H. N. Kittson, Mr. H. M. Mowat, K.C., Mr. E. R. Wood, Dr. J. T. Gilmour, Mr. J. W. Curry, K.C.; Mr. F. J. Glackmeyer, Prof. A. B. Macallum, Prof. Runge of Germany, Dr. George W. Ross, Mr. J. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. William Laidlaw, and the following members of the Legislature: Mr. W. Proudfoot, Mr. J. Kohler, Mr. J. B. Tudhope, Mr. W. H. Hearst, Mr. W. D. Macpherson, Mr. W. S. Brewster, Mr. J. J. Craig, Mr. J. W. Pearce, Mr. H. Morel, Mr. J. Torrance, Mr. J. R. Dargavel, Mr. D. R. McDonald, Mr. R. A. Norman, Mr. C. R. Anderson, Mr. A. B. Thompson, Mr. D. Charters, Mr. T. B. Kirkpatrick.

COUNTESS BATHURST.
Prior to her marriage in 1893 Lady Bathurst was the Hon. Lilias Margaret Borthwick, daughter of the 1st Baron Glenesk. She is very popular in London, but spends much time at Lord Bathurst's estate in the country.

A meeting will be held on February 28, at eight o'clock, in Conservatory Music Hall, in the interests of the Nasik (India) "Canadian Hospital," at which Miss Stanford, who had such a success when she addressed the meeting at Government House last month, will explain the work and give illustrative tableaux on the stage of the change from old to new conditions in the nursing line in India, as brought about by the Zenana medical missionaries. The stage will be divided, one half showing the old order, dirt, squalor and neglect of patients, the other to-day's condition, tidy hospital room, nurse and patient. We are all children, loving to learn by picture more than by dry statement, and this fact will lend great interest and attraction to the evening of February 28.

Mrs. Helliwell is spending a few days in her native place, Cobourg, resting and enjoying a change.

Friends of the Canadian operatic tenor, Mr. F. X. Mercier, will be glad to hear that he has had *un succes fou* in grand opera at Constantine, where he has been singing many different roles this year. Sigurd; John, in Herodias, and Araquil in La Navarraix, have evoked great applause. Raoul in Les Huguenots was also received with enthusiasm. M. Mercier, the French critics say, has developed a new tone, very sweet and appealing, and highly emotional.

Mrs. and Miss Ambery of Walkerville have been at the Prince George.

The death of Mr. Charles Cockshutt last week was much regretted by his many friends in Toronto. Mr. Cockshutt died on February 9, at his residence in Sherbourne street, and his remains were interred in the family burying place in his native city, Brantford.

Next Saturday evening, in Conservatory all, the Flonzaley String Quartette of New York will render a programme of chamber music.

Mr. Howard Brockway, of Auburn, N.Y., a well-known composer, will be the judge of musical events in the Earl Grey competition in April.

Miss Ephie Michie who has been for some months with her sister, Mrs. Stewart of Mission City, B.C., will soon return to Toronto. Mrs. Cowan is to spend some time in Winnipeg with her sister, Mrs. Cantlie.

Mr. W. E. Wolfe, who has been for many years connected with the Bank of Nova Scotia, in Canada and Cuba, has taken up real estate and insurance in Toronto.

Mrs. Wreyford, Mrs. Case and Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Johnston, all of Balmy Beach, sailed last Saturday by the Adriatic for the South of England, where they will spend some time.

The engagements to which I referred some weeks ago are one by one being announced. Two beautiful Hamilton girls, whose Toronto admirers even outnumber their home town ones, are the latest to be kind. Miss Phyllis Hendrie, of Holmstead, is engaged to Mr. Allen Case, only son of Mr. G. A. Case, Spadina road, and Miss Muriel Adelaide Hoodlees, of Eastcourt, is engaged to Mr. James Norris Oliphant, of New York. To the two splendid Hamilton beauties hearty good wishes go from all quarters, and it is pleasant to know that another daughter of Holmstead is to come to Toronto, where her elder sisters, Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Braithwaite, are so highly esteemed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth entertained at dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Marc Hambourg.

Miss Beatrice Spragge entertained at a farewell luncheon in honor of Miss W. Tate and the Misses Schoenberger who have gone to England.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright was hostess of a tea after Dr. McPhail's lecture on "The American Woman," last Saturday afternoon. Many friends had an opportunity of telling the lecturer how much they had enjoyed his clever periods.

Mrs. Buntin, St. George street, gave luncheon parties on Tuesday and Wednesday. Mrs. Alphone Jones gave a Valentine day bridge at her suite in La Plaza, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Champ, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Morden were in Ottawa last week and were entertained by several smart hostesses. They were among those at Lady Bourinot's very pleasant bridge on Thursday. Mrs. Morden found a school friend in Miss Girouard, with whom she was at school in England not many years ago, and has made many friends in Ottawa by her frank and unaffected manner and charm of personality.

Mrs. Gouinlock, Walmer road, was one of the many Valentine's day hostesses and gave a young girls' luncheon on that date for her daughter, Miss Laura, at which twelve guests were entertained.

The death of Mr. Godfrey St. George Baldwin, grandson of the late Wm. Augustus Baldwin, of Mashquotch, took place on Sunday at Arosa, Switzerland.

The departure of Mr. S. J. Sharp from the C.P.R. steamship department of the offices at King and Yonge streets will be felt by the travelling public, to whom his tact, patience and knowledge have been invaluable, not to mention the sunny smile that no amount of exasperation can efface, and which has brightened many a troubled soul. Mr. Sharp goes to Winnipeg followed by the gratitude and regret of hundreds of people whose travels he has smoothed and speeded, and from whom his promotion calls forth hearty congratulations.

The marriage of Mr. Keith Edgar and Miss Eva Miles is announced to take place in London, England, in June. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson are to be hosts of a smart party for the wedding breakfast. They are going across next month, I am informed.

Mrs. Gibson held a reception at Government House on Thursday afternoon, which was largely attended.

Mrs. Sands of Cobourg is the guest of Mrs. Stephen Haas. Mrs. Charles Fuller is viting her son in Montreal.

President Creelman, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, talked to the women of the Canadian Club on Thursday afternoon on "Education in Agriculture." It was a most informing address.

Bruce Old Boys and Girls gave their tenth annual At Home last night in the Temple ballroom at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Shaw-Wood and her daughter, Miss Isabelle, are in Europe, where the latter is studying singing under M. Haslam, the Parisian singing master.

Mrs. R. S. Pigott had some friends for tea at her apartment in the St. George yesterday, to meet Miss Trevor, who is a member of Marie Tempest's excellent company playing at the Princess this week.

The indoor baseball Saturday evening games at the Armouries are weekly growing in interest, and a record attendance last Saturday made things go extra well.

In the Witness Box.

It is a mistaken notion that a witness is bound to answer yes or no. It is surprising that such should have been the received belief. The theory as to a categorical reply was completely exploded by the gentleman who propounded the question, "When are you going to stop beating your wife?" and demanded a categorical answer.

If the lawyer attempts to tell you that you must answer yes or no you have the right to say that the question is not susceptible of a categorical answer. This should floor counsel for the moment.

Like Stevenson's child, as a rule, the witness should speak only when he is spoken to. He should not volunteer anything, except that when he is asked a question which with apparent innocence could readily be answered yes or no he has a right to qualify a plain yes or no.

Occasionally a witness comes to the stand who insists upon qualifying every answer by some phrase as "to the best of my knowledge." I once heard a judge say that he was of opinion that a witness that did that habitually and constantly was throwing a sop to his conscience and was unworthy of implicit belief, says a writer in The Green Bag. While this may have been an extreme criticism not fairly applicable even in a majority of cases, still a witness by using this form of expression may affect the weight of his testimony.

While a witness, believing as he does in the truth of his own testimony, must, if the fact testified to is the very foundation of the case, therefore believe in the rights themselves of that cause, yet he should be careful not to identify himself with that cause if he is not in fact a party. This is more apt to occur if he is an employee of or directly connected with one of the parties.

I remember very effective use being made of the slip of a witness, an employee of the defendant, who referred to the defendant's attorney as "my lawyer." If his story was believed there should have been a verdict for the defendant, yet the verdict was for the plaintiff. It was argued to the jury that he had so completely identified himself with the defendant's case that he was of necessity somewhat biased.

Do not repeat the question as it is asked you by counsel. If you do not understand the words of the question, ask to have it repeated. Some witnesses have an annoying habit of repeating every question. This, of course, results in loss of time and is likely to cause irritation on the part of the judge, and is fairly open to the criticism that the witness is shuffling or evading instead of meeting the question fairly and frankly as it is put.

Of course, here is the underlying difficulty of human testimony. A man's manner may inspire confidence, either because of his actually telling the truth or because he is a good actor, and a man's manner may be so unfortunate as to throw a cloud upon his testimony when in fact he is the soul of truth and honor. These, however, are the exceptions.

Mannerly behavior on the part of witnesses includes keeping one's temper under almost all provocations. Cross-examination for the purpose of testing your memory is not intended to be and should not be regarded as insulting. It should, therefore, not be resented. If the cross-examination transcends all bounds and your patience is exhausted, a sharp retort will not necessarily injure your testimony with the jury. The jury sympathizes with the witness more than with the lawyer, and while mere smartness for the sake of being smart, or because of a too expansive personality, is to be deplored, you will be sure of a sympathetic audience if you are in the right and counsel in the wrong.

LADY LOWTHER.
One of the pretty brides of last year. Lady Lowther before her marriage was Miss Fielden, daughter of Mr. Thomas Fielden. Her husband is Captain Sir Charles Bingham Lowther.

Mrs. Barnett, the wife of Colonel George Barnett, commander of the United States marines in Pekin, recently accompanied her husband on his ninety-mile riding-test. Ever since the couple have been in China they have spent much of their time in the saddle on exploring tours, and had become used to the rough roads of the celestial empire. When the time came for the colonel's riding test, Mrs. Barnett declared she would take it, too. The colonel and Mrs. Barnett returned to Pekin none the worse for their experience. The men of the guard were proud of the feat of "the colonel's lady," and a few days ago, in recognition of her pluck, they clubbed together and presented her with a silver loving cup as a memento. Mrs. Barnett, before her second marriage, was Mrs. Basil Gordon of Baltimore.

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MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, Feb. 17, 1910.

A DELIGHTFUL event in a rather quiet week was the musicale given by Mrs. Willie Hope, at her residence, 994 Dorchester street west, on Thursday evening last. The hostess arranged the soiree especially to have some of her friends meet her brother, Mr. Harold Jarvis, of Detroit, the well-known tenor, who was visiting her for a few days. About a hundred guests assembled in the charming, artistic rooms, the drawing room, library, studio and hall being opened *en suite*. Mr. Hope received with his wife, and her sister, Mrs. Harry Gamble, and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, of Toronto, were of the house party. The company had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Jarvis sing several beautiful selections; Mrs. Hope also sang for her guests, and Mr. F. H. Blair, organist of St.Paul's church, one of the most satisfactory of accompanists, was at the piano. Mr. Dubois, 'cellist, and Mr. Morriss, pianist, contributed much-appreciated numbers. Some of those present were Dr Perrin, director of the McGill Conservatorium of Music, and Mrs. Perrin; Lady Hickson, Mr. W. Hickson, Miss Dow, Mrs. James A. Gillespie, Miss Gillespie, Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy, Miss Alice Shaughnessy, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Durnford, Miss Galt, Mrs. Morrison (Toronto), Principal Peterson, of McGill University and Mrs. Peterson; Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Adami, Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, Dr. and Mrs. Yates, Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, Mr. William Brymner, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. M. Pangman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Joseph, Miss Wonham, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meredith, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Chipman, Miss Margaret Angus, Mr. Jas. Angus, Mrs. F. P. Walton, Dr. Charles Martin, Dr. Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stanway, Mr. and Mrs. Burke and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Budden.

Lady Clouston and Miss Marjorie Clouston expect to sail early in March for the Mediterranean. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stanway, and Miss Winifred Stanway, sail on Saturday, and will spend the remainder of the winter on the Mediterranean, probably going on to Egypt. Lieut.-Col. Jeffrey, H. Burland and Mrs. Burland are also sailing for the Mediterranean. Col. Burland, who, with his sisters, is the founder of the Royal Edward Institute for combating tuberculosis which was opened recently by the King (by means of an electric connection contrived by the Colonel himself) has been indisposed for some little time, and will spend several months abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Dawson, Westmount, have left for Italy, to spend the next couple of months. Mrs. Fred Fairbanks also expects to sail for Mediterranean ports about the 1st of March. Mrs. H. H. Henshaw will join Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Taylor, of London, at Nice, and go with them for a motor trip in the South of France. Lieut.-Col. Whitehead and Mr. H. Stikeman, general manager of the Bank of British North America, have left to join the Mediterranean contingent.

Mrs. Angus A. Macdonald, formerly Miss Leila Hanson, who, with her little son, has been staying in Montreal and Toronto, has gone back to England. Miss Laura Hanson accompanied her sister. Miss McDougall, of London, who was the guest of Mrs. R. W. Reford for a time, has sailed for home.

Mrs. H. Vachell Koelle entertained at luncheon at the Place Viger, in honor of Mr. Mark Hambourg, the Russian pianist, and Mrs. Hambourg. Covers were laid for fourteen. Mrs. I. G. Ogden entertained a party at the Forest and Stream Club at a pleasant luncheon, and Mrs. George Cantlie had a bright luncheon party of ten at her residence on Mountain street recently. Mrs. C. E. Neill entertained at dinner at her apartments in "The Carleton," and brought out the "bridge" tables afterwards. Mrs. Henry Joseph gave one of her attractive little parties on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Robert J. Lecky, formerly Miss Kathleen Guest Smith, has arrived from her home in Regina to visit her sister, Mrs. E. G. Meredith Cape. Mrs. Lecky will also spend some time with her aunt, Mrs. G. R. Marler, Tupper street, who invited thirty or forty girls and young matrons to have tea with her one afternoon this week.

Mrs. R. Wilson Smith, (wife of former Mayor Wilson Smith), gave a largely attended "At Home," at 580 Sherbrooke street west. Miss Wilson Smith, in a pretty pink silk dress, received with her mother, who was handsomely gowned in black velvet trimmed with rose point. Tulips, daffodils, and lilies of the valley gave a delicious hint of spring in the drawing room, and the tea-table was lovely with crimson roses. Mrs. B. Hal Brown and Mrs. H. M. Lambert poured the tea and coffee, and the young ladies serving were: Miss Gertrude Crathern, Miss May Butler, Miss Dora Burgess, Miss Elsie Whitley, Miss Gertrude Bryce, and Miss Hazel Macdonald. Miss May Wilson Smith was also helping in the tea room. An orchestra played during the reception. In the evening the Misses Wilson Smith had a little bridge party for the girls who had helped at the tea, and a few young men.

Mrs. G. T. Bell, Mount Pleasant avenue (wife of the General Passenger Manager, G.T.R.) gave a very enjoyable tea, her guest. Mrs. J. D. Macdonald, of Toronto, receiving with her. Mrs. Bell had her rooms beautifully decorated with flowers. The tea-table, arranged artistically with a profusion of crimson roses and smilax, was in charge of Mrs. J. W. Loud and Mrs. J. W. Windsor, assisted by Mrs Quinlan, Mrs. Riddle, Miss Mildred McDonald (Toronto), Miss Dorothy Robinson, and some other girls.

Mrs. Douglas Gurd, who was Miss Mabel Hodgson, held her post-nuptial reception at 710 Pine avenue west, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Walker, which Mr. and Mrs. Gurd are occupying for a few months while its owners are abroad. The young hostess, who wore a smart gown of coral-tinted marquisette, was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. T. E. Hodgson, and her husband's mother, Mrs. D. F. Gurd. Vases of pink carnations were placed about the drawing room, and candles shaded in yellow, and daffodils, on the prettily appointed table made the tea room look bright and cheerful to those who braved the bluster of a stormy day to call on the bride. Mrs. Howard Wilson and Mrs. Cleveland Morgan dispensed refreshments, assisted by Miss Isabel Starke, Miss Alice Gardner, Miss Dorothy Thomson and Miss Mabel Murray Smith.

Miss Sadie American, of New York, who was one of the prominent speakers in the International Congress last summer, was in town last week and gave an address before a good-sized audience in the Royal Victoria College Assembly Hall, on "College Settlement Work." The meeting was arranged for the object of stirring up public interest in the McGill Alumnae Society's Neighborhood Club, for boys and girls. Mrs. J. S. Goldenstein, Westmount, was Miss American's hostess and had some people in to meet her informally at tea.

Miss Agnes C. Laut who, as chairmen say, "needs no introduction," was the after-luncheon speaker at the Woman's Canadian Club on Thursday in the Royal Victoria College, her subject being "The Conservation of National Resources." Mrs. Roswell Fisher presided.

The Hon. T. Chase-Casgrain, K.C., and Mrs. Casgrain, have returned from spending a couple of months abroad, most of the time in Italy.

Lady Reid has her son, Mr. R. G. Reid, and Mrs. Reid and their little boy, staying with her for a while.

Mrs. G. Horsley Townsend entertained very pleasantly at a tea for her sister, Mrs. Frank Stocking, of Quebec, who has been visiting her. Mrs. S. B. Townsend, Mrs. Charles Notman and Mrs. Thomas Gavin Wells looked after the tea-table. Mrs. J. L. Carson had a largely-attended "At Home," at which Mrs. J. H. Carson and Mrs. Lincoln, of Calgary, presided in the tea room. Mrs. T. A. Crane, Kensington avenue, was the hostess at an enjoyable tea on Tuesday afternoon, and the same afternoon Miss Fetherstonhaugh gave a delightful little tea for girls, in honor of Miss Mildred Robertson, who has been visiting Mrs. Loud, Sherbrooke street.

Bridge parties have not fallen off noticeably since the beginning of Lent, although at most of them only a few tables are in use. Mrs. E. N. Heney, Sherbrooke street, entertained in this form on Tuesday afternoon; Mrs. Edgar Armstrong had a bridge party of three tables, the prizes being captured by Miss Evelyn Clay, Miss Violet Desbarats and Mrs. Trenholme; Mrs. David Brown, Pine avenue, entertained at "bridge" for her sister, Mrs. Stevenson, who was visiting her from Quebec; Mrs. Lockhart, Bishop street, gave a "bridge" party on Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. F. S. Maclennan entertained at cards on Friday evening. Miss Maud Mitchell was a "bridge" hostess on Thursday afternoon; Mrs. F. H. Markey gave a "bridge" on Monday afternoon, and Mrs. Howard Pillow one on Monday evening.

B. E.

A FUTURE COUNTESS.

Lady Beatrice Herbert, who is a daughter of the late Lord Alexander Paget, was married in 1904 to Captain Lord Herbert, M.V.O., eldest son of the 14th Earl of Pembroke. She is a sister of Lady Ingestre, who is well known in Canada, and of the Marquis of Anglesey.

Wax Farming in China.

ONE of the less known industries of China is wax farming. A certain tiny insect is cultivated with great skill by the Chinese of a certain district, because of the fine wax which it produces.

This little insect, hardly yet known to Western science, has many peculiarities, one of which is that, for the successful production of wax, two stages of its life must be passed in very different regions. The earlier stage, in which the females develop until almost ready to deposit their eggs, is in the Chien-Chang Valley, in the western part of China, where grows a tree at an altitude of 5,000 feet, on which the insect passes the first part of its existence. In May it is time to remove the colonies of wax workers to the lower altitudes of Szechwan Province, where is found another tree, feeding upon which the insect makes its wax.

This removal is one of the most picturesque features of the industry. Thousands of porters are employed in it. The colonies of insects removed from the tree are wrapped in leaves of the wood oil tree. Packed carefully in baskets, they are slung from the shoulders of the porters, who must bear them from 200 to 400 miles. Their way lies over the rocky paths and heights of the Szechwan Mountains, through several cities, and ends at the farms, where the masters of the bearers await them. All the journey must be made at night, as the sun's heat would develop the insects too fast.

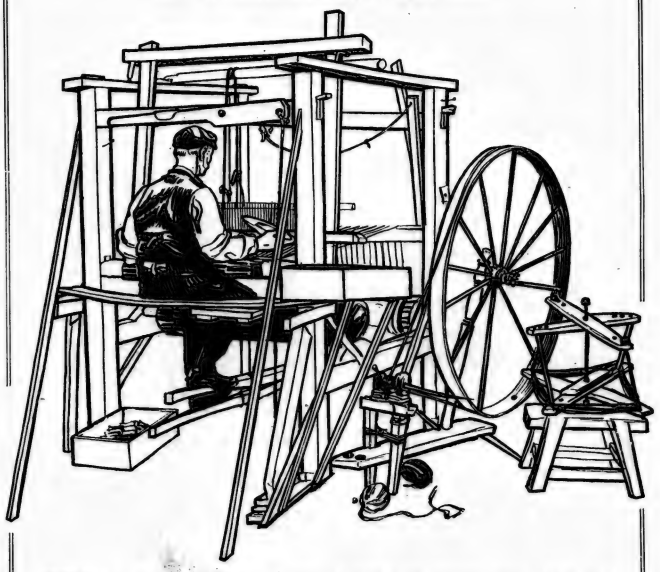
At that time of year it is the custom of the cities along the way to leave their gates open all night in order that the progress of the bearers may not be interrupted. With the baskets suspended from their shoulders, the porters run in weird procession at their top speed from dark till daylight. Clad almost invariably in rainproof straw, they carry picturesque lanterns which swing as they run, throwing the fantastic shadows of their bodies all around.

At daybreak the men find some dense shade for their burdens, prepare their meals and go to sleep. At nightfall they are under way again.

At the farms where the wax is to be formed, the leaves containing the insects are tied to the limbs of trees, where the heat of the sun develops them. Crawling out, the males proceed to form cocoons and these are the sources of the wax. In a short time the entire tree is covered with the shining white, so that but for the heat, one would believe the tree was hidden in frost. The white covering is sometimes a quarter of an inch thick over most of a tree. It is scraped off and refined, and from it are made candles for the household, objects for the temples and many other things, and an annual tribute of the best quality is sent to the royal family at Pekin.

A Little Bit of "Thrums" Has Been Brought to Simpson's

Part of the Process Exhibition now taking place in our Housefurnishing Department



THIS week we have an Ayrshire man and his old hand loom at work in our Carpet Department close beside a power loom from one of the largest of our Canadian factories. One is impressed as by an object lesson with the great historical fact of our own times—the modern Renaissance, that wonderful re-birth of invention, which of a sudden moved the world from stage coaches into railway trains, from sailing ships into iron-clad, steam driven palaces, from primitive water wheels to turbines and dynamos, from clogs, in short, to wings.

Standing beside the old loom one realizes, too, the truth of Barrie's picture of Thrums. Mr. Jamieson belongs to that day, and to just such a village.

"The factories came in," says he, "and the hand-loom had to go. Why they have as many as 300 power looms in one factory now!" And the old hand weaver looks at you with an undying wonder in his eyes that such transformation could be possible in the time of one man's life.

"Ah, yes, Ayrshire is a grand country, and a grand climate—but (with a wistful smile) a man's home must be where he can sell his weaving. Still, when I think of it, I would like to be back in Ayr. There's a smell of salt there, and the seaweed is a pleasant thing to remember. There's no snow lies in Ayr—if it falls it's gone overnight. There's not much sickness there—rheumatism I never saw—and people get so old they go bent almost double on their sticks. It's the salt air from the harbor—I think it must be that. It's grand to walk in the country where I come from. I don't know about the Hielan's, but in Ayr—oh, it's a beautiful country. There's such fine trees there, plenty of them, and rabbits and partridges, and trout jumping under the bridges—only you daren't touch any of them. Ah, yes, I used to weave 18 yards a day in the old country, or 20 sometimes; but I came to Canada when the power looms drove out the hand loom weavers. Girls could do the work cheaper than we could. That was 27 years ago—and I've been weaving by hand ever since—Ingrains, rag carpet, curtains and such. This old loom must be 70 or 80 years of age. I got it here in Toronto from a man on Queen street west. It was made in this country, I guess, but the Ingrain Carpet looms we used to use up in Archie Campbell's factory in Markham, and up in Paris and Mount Forest, came from Philadelphia. This old shuttle here was made in Philadelphia. But I'd never live over there mysel'. I'd never like to live anywhere but under the Old Flag. You see I used to sojer."

The old weaver from Ayr will tell you how he enlisted at 17, how he told a "lie" about his age to the sergeant, putting on an extra six months that his appearance belied, how he was drafted to Canada to join his regiment, the 68th of the Line, at the time of the American civil war, and how the 68th were held in Montreal in case the Federal troops should cross into Canada. Then he will explain that he went back to Woolwich and worked in the Arsenal for 20 years before returning to his native Ayrshire, and his old trade of weaving woollen yarn into cloth. And after that again comes the factory system, and his migration to Canada for good, 27 years ago. He and his old hand loom are links with the childhood memories of many and many a good Scotch-Canadian public school supporter in Toronto to-day, and we will be delighted to have such come in and see the old loom at work, and have a "crack" with Mr. Jamieson.

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Smyrna Rug Weaving.
Velvet Carpet Weaving.
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For Easter Brides.

THE girl who is to be married at Easter has no time to waste waiting for the very latest decree of fashion, for a bridal robe is something which must be ready on time, and is usually home for a week or two before the great day on which it makes its triumphant appearance shrouded in the folds of a wedding veil.

In New York recently there have been several very smart weddings at which the gown worn by the chief figure at each assuredly showed the latest fashion in such apparel. One such gown was of white chiffon exquisitely embroidered in flowers and mounted on white satin, the dress being modified princess in form and chiefly remarkable for its wonderfully graceful lines. With this dress was worn a Court train of white satin embroidered in roses.

Another lovely wedding gown seen recently at a fashionable New York wedding was of white satin, the upper part of the gown being of rose point lace, and cut rather low and round in the neck. The gown had a plain satin skirt on which point lace was flatly applied, its pattern being only visible through the slashings of the satin tunic, which opened at the sides to within a foot or so of the waist line. The long, almost square, train hung from the shoulders just below the yoke-like effect of the lace and was formed in a sort of box pleat, the sides of the train being caught to the dress. The sleeves, like the trimming, were of fine lace.

A very beautiful and recently imported French model for a wedding gown is made largely of chiffon over a foundation of satin charmeuse. The deep pointed yoke is slightly rounded and is made of tucked tulle, the edge being finished about the neck with a narrow frill of old lace. The satin charmeuse is used to form the fichu and most of the bodice, the former being fashioned in points both back and front and so draped that it comes well down over the shoulders and the top of the lace sleeves. From under the fichu falls a berthe of handsome

OF PARISIAN DESIGN.

This attractive and unique gown has as its principal feature a skilfully made tunic of pale blue and gold, large, open-meshed, beaded net called "resilie." The tunic is finished with a heavy fringe of turquoise and gold beads, the same appearing on the corsage. Under the tunic is worn a princess gown of turquoise blue satin..

lace which extends to the ends of the fichu, where it is caught in front with a pearl ornament. The bodice has one unusual feature, for it extends to at least six inches below the waist line and is finished at the edge with a narrow silk cord. The bodice itself is of closely swathed folds of the satin, while the skirt, which is gathered at the back, is of satin trimmed with a centre panel of lace. The skirt is also trimmed with three deep flounces of the lace, the top of the upper one being within a foot of the natural waist line. The effect of this gown is most picturesque and has all the charm of an old picture.

Still another lovely imported wedding gown is of white satin, the feature being the long straight tunic of crystal embroidered net in a floral design which hangs from the high waist line. The yoke is of folds of white tulle also embroidered in the floral design, while the sleeves are long and tight fitting, and extend well over the hand, the satin covered with the tulle being used to make them. Their lines are only broken by a deep fold of the embroidery. The effect when donned by a tall, slim girl is very charming, and the gown itself permits of many modifications.

Wedding veils when not of lace are usually of tulle, and when worn over the face the latter are certainly the most becoming, as the pattern is more likely to produce an odd appearance. Just now the favorite way seems to be to wear the tulle veil off the face and to arrange it simply in accordance with the type of face it surmounts. There is no set rule being followed, and individuality has full swing. Quaint little Juliet caps of seed pearls are popular, but the old fashion of wearing

AN ARTISTIC EVENING CLOAK.

This exquisite wrap is made of a combination of purple and white, trimmed with beautiful embroidery. The upper part of the wrap, which is arranged in graceful folds, is of clematis purple satin, while the under part is of fine white silk canvas embroidered in clematis silk in a floral and conventional design, the finishing touch to the cloak being given by a jeweled collar.

orange blossoms with one's veil seems to keep in favor no matter what its rivals.

There seems a general desire, however, when orange blossoms are worn to do away with the flat effect that is so seldom becoming, and at many recent weddings the bandeau of orange blossoms has been surmounted by many little sprays of the flowers which give the suggestion of a pointed tiara and is certainly becoming to most faces. In many cases the long veil is carefully arranged to reach to the foot of the train, and a shorter veil, which appears one with the longer one, is so fastened over the face that it may be easily removed before the reception, and can even be taken off in the vestry before the bride and groom face the ordeal of walking down the aisle after the register has been signed.

A very pretty lace veil worn recently by an English bride was of Brussels net bordered all around for some five inches with point d'Alencon. This veil was not worn over the face, but was becomingly caught up at the sides and held in place by gardenias and sprays of myrtle. When a lace veil is worn it is always better to have it off the face, for after all it is the bride and not a family heirloom which is of really supreme importance at a wedding.

While roses and lilies are the favorite flowers of many brides, orchids and gardenias are rapidly growing in favor, and will be seen at most smart weddings during the Easter season. VOGUE.

To replace the pocket with which a well-dressed woman is seldom equipped, a London jeweler has designed a new purse-bag which can be had in any color to match any costume. It is fitted with a purse on a safety chain, and also a wrist-chain, which ensures its safety. These bags are proving very useful and are much in demand just now.

The artistic effect is so eagerly sought for in the development of the tea gown that many of the most attractive of these models are more like ball gowns than the tea gowns to which one is accustomed. Just now sheer fabrics in flowered designs are among the most popular materials for these frocks.

Women who are wearing black velvet costumes have adopted the fashion of having scarfs of the same material lined with white silk and trimmed with the same fur as that composing the muff.

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NEW YORK, Feb. 14th, 1910.

MAYOR GAYNOR still constitutes a unique and interesting study in municipal government. His amazing activity we have already dwelt upon. Every day newspaper headlines disclose some new direction for his energy. A recent decision of the Supreme Court which makes him practically censor of theatres and responsible for the opening or closing of Sunday theatres brings that energy dangerously near the borderland of our artistic life. In contemplating these qualities, this curious inquisitiveness with its over regard for small detail, there is danger of overlooking the more philosophic attributes of his mind. The note may be querulous, even peevish at times, but that he sees things in their broad human relations, is evidenced by the following philosophic if depressing estimate of humanity, brought on by the constant revelations of graft. Speaking of an award of over twenty thousand dollars where the actual damages were under three, he observes: "Such things are enough to make one lose faith in the integrity of the intelligence of government." And in another letter he again observes: "How discouraging it is that many men who are honest enough as they go about among us seem to feel that no such rule of honesty binds them when they get into the employ of the city."

The game of practical politics as it is gradually revealed to his unsophisticated mind, never ceases to interest him, and with every turn of the devious way he passes from one mood of reflection to another. He is a sort of Hamlet in civic government, weighing with a sad and lonely heart the frailties of political mankind, and penning his moods in these pensive soliloquies.

* * *

WHATEVER the validity of Canada's claims to the Polar seas, Canadians hereabouts are taking the initiative in doing honor to the surviving discoverer of that contested region. The Canadian Camp, the Canadian Club and the sporting clubs of United States and Canada, will tender Commander Peary a banquet in the new ball room of the Astor on the night of March 5. The banquet will be international both in scope and character, with some prospect of President Taft and Earl Grey occupying seats of honor. From the way the applications are pouring in, the big banquet hall which can seat twelve hundred, will hold about half those who want to attend. This you may accept as a "tip" to make your reservations at the earliest moment. Tickets are five dollars, wine, *a la carte*.

Stirred no doubt by these neighborly efforts to do honor to their hero, a national testimonial without any of the convivial features of a dinner, was tendered Mr. Peary at the Metropolitan Opera House this past week. Governor Hughes presided and spoke the nation's feeling in these eloquent, sensible words:

"We desire to express our intense gratification that an American, backed by American enterprise, had attained the object of the quest of centuries. We wish to do honor to one who has bravely won an apparently impossible victory. I have no sympathy with those who inquire of what utility may be the discovery of the North Pole. When the time comes that knowledge will not be sought for its own sake and men will not press forward simply in a desire of achievement without hope of gain, but to extend the limits of human knowledge and information, then indeed will the race enter upon its decadence."

The top note was reached, however, when Commander Peary holding aloft the ten thousand dollar check that had been handed to him as a recognition of his services, patriotically devoted it to the cause of polar exploration in the South.

"Permit me," he said, "to contribute this money as a help and incentive toward the triumph of our country in its contest with Great Britain to discover the South Pole."

* * *

I SHOULD be loathe at any time to speak lightly of the Suffrage movement. It is much too serious. But placed here on a page sacred to *her* interests, it would be very doubtful taste if not an out and out breach of hospitality. Just why I am here, of course, is still a secret of the editorial conference. Possibly in the hope that the surroundings may exert a gentle restraint on my tendency to profanity. Who knows. However, to return to the subject. The suffragettes are very much with us at this moment. In the wider field of State politics, their activities at this moment extend along the whole frontier to Albany, with the main army resting at the gates of the legislature ready to receive terms of surrender. The situation is therefore gloomy or gladdening according to your viewpoint. At the worst, as these political activities do not touch our intimate life our composure may be comparatively unaffected. But in the local field which does concern us, activity is breaking out in very intimate and personal directions. When our own hearths refused to shelter us from the insistent appeal we found refuge in the Club. But where shall we turn when our hard earned hours at the playhouse are threatened? That experience befel us only this past week. The play was "Just a Wife," the author Mr. Eugene Walter, and the theatre that hitherto impeccable shrine of Art, the Belasco. The reason for this invasion was not disclosed until the end of the third act when the curtain goes down on a vigorous denunciation of the male sex. The author had made them out a bad lot and we are inclined to agree with him. Even then the mental connection between the discarded mistress for which we were upbraided, and her unfranchised sisters, did not occur to us. The more we think of it the less there is. The author had been arguing the very stupid and romantic theory of sex responsibility. The suffragettes, if I understand them, stand for the enlightened and unromantic gospel of sex equality. Little differences of that kind, however, did not deter the spokesman of this militant band from using this denunciatory speech as a text for a harangue. She had some trouble getting under way, the demands of the audience for curtain calls being exceptionally numerous and prolonged. Pandemonium reigned for some time, recalling the good old days on Adelaide Street, when Manager Sheppard had to threaten his unruly gods with fire hose and the police. Mrs. Sophie Loebinger, however, like the good suffragette she is, is not easily put down it seems. She is a very thin and acid lady and when the noise finally subsided—well, she paid her respects to the audience in a manner calculated to shrivel the soul of the most ribald. That the effect of her rebuke was not far reaching, however, was evident a few minutes later, during the fourth act. One of the actors had this line, "Let her hire a hall," whereat the audience howled its delight. Having furnished such unexpected entertainment, we should not complain, only that the possibility of an invasion of the realm of Art and Literature for political purposes may be fraught with serious consequences. The problems with which literature and art deal are usually too subtle to respond to legislative enactment. In saying this, however, I am ready to admit that the only sex problem there is, if there is one at all, is an economic one.

By the way, the reception of the bill now before the legislature to test the popular strength for suffrage forces on us the thought that the granting of the franchise to women would have about the same effect on our suffragette friends as the granting of Home Rule would on the Nationalist Party. Who was it said, "She is a woman and she has a grievance; what more can she ask?" The answer is in that.

* * *

WITH one or two exceptions the last instalment of plays has not materially enriched our theatrical repast. Some have even been returned to the cupboard untouched. "The Heights" had this misfortune and "None so Blind" is like to follow soon. Not even such sterling actors as Mr. Frank Keenan and Mr. John Mason could save them.

"Madame X," "In Mid-Channel," "The Inferior Sex" and even the very slender "Mrs. Dot," on the other hand are assured of a fair measure of success each. The most important of these, Pinero's "Mid-Channel," may attribute its success to the personal popularity of Miss Ethel Barrymore, enhanced of late by two very interesting events. Since we saw her last as the ever adorable "Lady Frederick," Miss Barrymore has become, as you know, both wife and mother. It is a very illuminating commentary on our preconceptions of stage folk that this very simple exercise of her woman's functions should excite such interest. But so it is. If the present atmosphere of reverent interest is kept up Miss Barrymore is like to become the Madonna of the Stage. One artist at least has already been guilty of the symbolism. We of the multitude bring our humble gifts to the cradle and to the beautiful mother bending over it, the adoration of a pagan saint.

In the present mood, therefore, to contemplate Miss Barrymore as an artist would be as sacreligious as a contemplation of the æsthetic features of a ritual. Miss Barrymore is the victim of admirers, but in spite of the handicap her art has steadily grown and ripened into one of the most finished products of the American stage.

J. E. W.

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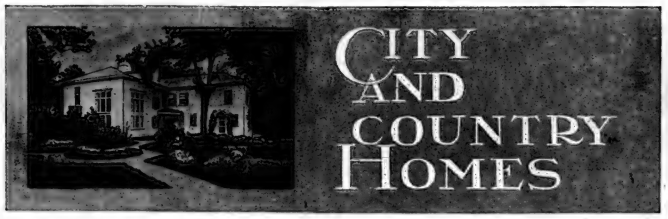

An Interesting Port Hope Residence.

"INGLEBUSH" is the appropriate name of the home of Mr. H. T. Bush, of Port Hope, Ont., who is the president and general manager of an important industry located in that thriving little town. It is unusually interesting for several reasons—so interesting, indeed, that Construction (Toronto), one of the foremost journals in America devoted to architecture and building, recently published a lengthy and very fully illustrated article describing this very attractive place. The house was erected over fifty years ago for Senator Seymour. It was built in the good, old-fashioned way. It is square and solid, and its walls are of thick, substantial brick masonry, laid up to "last forever" after the fashion of workers in the elder days of the mason's art in this country. It stands on finely wooded premises, two acres in extent, and house and grounds are in perfect harmony. Indeed the place is a most charming one, and, from its elevated position, one may, on a clear day, looking from any of its windows, obtain a fine view, not only of the town, but of the surrounding country for a distance of about fifteen miles. The house is approached by a wide macadam driveway which sweeps around past the entrance porch, and the grounds have a restful and matured beauty—the beauty of fine old elms and maples and well-grown, carefully tended turf.

In its original state the house was very attractive in its way, but when Mr. Bush purchased it he set about the task of equipping it with all modern conveniences and remodelling it without destroying its existing beauty by heterogeneous patching. Among Mr. Bush's personal friends is Monsieur J. J. Lafreme, of Paris, France, a member of the Paris Chapter of the French Academy of Architects, and the latter undertook the work of alteration. This was accomplished on quite an unusual plan, especially in the matter of remodelling the interior. Possibly from reading the descriptions accompanying the pictures of the rooms which illustrate this article the reader, if possessed of quiet tastes, may conclude that some of the color schemes carried out are bizarre and "loud." As a matter of fact, however, every room is really very tasteful and not at all gaudy, and the general effect is pleasing and admirable. Wall coverings, hangings, floor coverings, wood trim, and furniture all harmonize so completely in every room that the general effect produced by Mons. Lafreme and Mr. Bush is unusually attractive. Very often an architect of taste and originality plans a beautiful house only to have it made unbeautiful as a home by the lack of taste or at least of co-operation on the part of the owner. But in the case of Mr. Bush's residence, owner and architect have worked together, and the result is not only a pleasing house but a most pleasing home.

The wing shown on the left of the picture of the exterior is given over to the service department. In the main part of the house on the ground floor are the dining room and library, both large apartments, and a living room nearly 36 feet in length and over 17 feet wide. Upstairs are seven bedrooms, most of them being unusually large. Upstairs there is closet space galore, but of the bath rooms, of which there are three, no adequate description can be given in this short article. One of these rooms is over 15 feet by nearly 11 feet in size and it is fitted up, seemingly, with every sort of tub and bath accessory imaginable, and of the best grade.

The entrance hall has a color scheme, roughly speaking, of gold and crimson. The staircase is finished in white enamel with mahogany rail. A number of wrought iron wall shields add to the general effect. The library is perhaps the most inviting room in the house. It is decorated in Oriental style with soft reds, greens, and

"INGLEBUSH," THE HOME OF MR. H. T. BUSH, PORT HOPE, ONT.
This charming and delightfully situated residence was built more than fifty years ago for Senator Seymour, and was recently remodelled in an interesting way by a French architect who is a personal friend of Mr. Bush.

LIBRARY, HOME OF MR. H. T. BUSH, PORT HOPE.
An Oriental scheme, carried out in soft reds, greens, and yellows. The woodwork is a dull black, the hangings are yellow, and the furniture is upholstered in leather.

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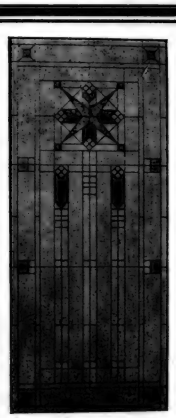

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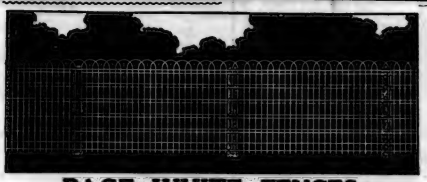

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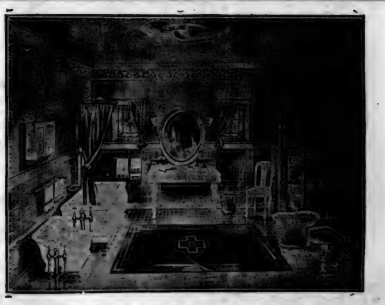

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CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

ENTRANCE HALL, HOME OF MR. H. T. BUSH, PORT HOPE.
Showing a glimpse of the library (on the left) and of the dining-room (on the right). The walls are decorated in soft, rich yellow tones and panelled with a b order design in gold, black, and red. The hangings are of crimson and gold satin, and the rugs and stair carp et are in harmony with the coloring of the walls.

yellows, and the panelling is rich and striking. The book cases are built-in. The living room has a southern exposure, and, as has been noted, is very large, making your average city living room look very cramped in comparison. The kitchen, pantries, and also maids' sitting room and dining room are in the wing to the north. Upstairs the decorations are very attractive. Among these are a blue room, a pink room, a rose room, and a yellow room.

Altogether Mr. Bush's home furnishes a most interesting study in a genuinely successful remodelled home.

Marking the Boundary Line.

IN cities of late years the custom of doing without fences or hedges to mark boundary lines between residential properties has grown to such an extent as to be the rule, not the exception. In Toronto especially the practice has become very common, and the idea that it gives an added appearance of spaciousness both to streets and individual properties has come to be very generally accepted. Now, however, comes along Grace Tabor, a well-known writer and observer on matters affecting the home, with the argument that this idea has been exploded. At any rate, if it has not, she says, it ought to be, and she is doing her best, by means of very interesting and instructive articles in journals dealing with such matters, to revive the old custom of having well-defined boundaries. She says:

A boundary is "a visible mark indicating the limit"—those are the exact words—hence there can be no greater anomaly than an "invisible boundary." And happily we are outgrowing the affectation that led us, a decade or so ago, to such violation of good sense as the total elimination of hedges, fences and all other "visible" evidences of limits.

It must have been affectation pure and simple, for there is absolutely nothing in human experience nor human instinct which prompts such action. Rather indeed, do these urge an opposite course. A little bit of the earth with a fence around it is the honest demand of human nature, common to all but the anarchists. These want the fences down to be sure—or they say they do—but is it so the other fellow may walk in, or because they themselves want to walk out?

The sacrifice of boundaries in suburban communities has usually been made, I think, under a doubly mistaken idea—the idea that an effect of spaciousness is thus gained, and that this particular effect is the great desideratum to which all else should be willingly sacrificed.

As a matter of fact spaciousness is of small consequence, alone and by itself. When it results naturally from conditions which have been carefully taken advantage of in the layout of a garden, when the greatest attention to economy of space has produced it or emphasized it, well and good. In other words, when it actually exists, where there actually is "space" to take advantage of and to emphasize, then and only then is it suitably made the motif of a place. Efforts to produce it under other circumstances are misguided, none more so than the unhappy obliteration of boundaries to that end.

The position of a dwelling and its relation to those about it show plainly where the boundaries of the land with which it is furnished lie, and the observer is never deceived by lack of definite markings. All the lovely seclusion and privacy which good taste demands for the home, and which may be the attribute of the tiniest scrap of a dooryard if it is well planned, are thus sacrificed in vain; only garish publicity and barrenness, or vulgar ostentation result—never the delusion of space fondly and commonly hoped for.

Boundaries should therefore be marked—always; not simply defined as property limits but marked defensively—aggressively if you will—as a beginning to the gradual process of home-building which is to go on within them. They separate the home from the outside world and suggest its aspect of refuge and snug retreat, of safe and pleasant harbor. And the smaller the place and more thickly settled the neighborhood, the more imperative the need for this defensive setting apart, the greater the gain from this resolute planting out of the big world and planting in of the little, individual one.

LIVING-ROOM, HOME OF MR. H. T. BUSH, PORT HOPE.
The color scheme of this room is worked out in ivory and dull green. The furniture is mahogany, and the floor rugs are both beautiful and rare.

DINING-ROOM, HOME OF MR. H. T. BUSH, PORT HOPE.
The walls are covered with gold hopsacking paper with panel and medallion decoration. The fireplace with built-in cupboards on each side is a pleasant feature.

Chicory, used to mix with coffee, is the oldest known adulteration of food.

Wait for the Next Car

"Wait for the next car" is the advice offered by the City Engineer to citizens who complain about overcrowding.

It is not the first time that Mr. Rust has made this suggestion when called upon to point out a remedy for avoiding overcrowding.

The Toronto Railway Company has been giving the same advice for years; always to the great amusement of some writers who know so little about transportation problems as to suppose that the mere putting on of additional cars will forever remove all inconveniences.

On another occasion, the question of Rapid v. Luxurious transportation will be discussed.

In the meantime, passengers who are really anxious to get seats would do well to accept the recommendation of the City Engineer. Mr. Rust knows, and the officials of the Toronto Railway Company know, that even on those lines where the overcrowding is greatest the cars are not equally crowded. The first car may be packed. Nevertheless, nine people out of ten would prefer to jam into it rather than wait for the next. The reason, probably, is that they want to get home.

Those who want more comfortable accommodation will probably find it in the next car. Supposing they have to let two cars go by? Well, the chances are that they will not be kept waiting more than eight or ten minutes, except in the case of a blockade, until the car with plenty of room comes along.

Statistics kept by the Company will prove this assertion to anyone who questions its accuracy.

Special counts taken by the City Engineer will prove it.

Your own experience will prove it if you would rather wait a few minutes than stand in a crowd.

Then it will be your experience, the observations of the City Engineer, and the figures of the Toronto Railway Company against the opinion of an occasional uninformed writer.

Wait for the next car and see who is right.

JAMES GUNN, Superintendent.

Toronto Railway Company

The Words of the Widow

It is marriage that makes many a woman envy the widow's lot.

* * *

A pessimist is one who has experienced nothing and who fears everything.

* * *

Love is a mystery which nobody pretends to understand except those who have never experienced it.

* * *

Usually the better one intends to be, the worse one has been.

* * *

Most women wonder if other women's husbands are as dull as their own—and some of them find out.

* * *

Man has only one love but he is generous enough to lavish it on different objects.

* * *

To-morrow—which never comes—holds the reward we are slaving to win.

* * *

It's a pity to have a head which is stronger than the heart. One misses so much genuine emotion in consequence.

* * *

Jealousy and rheumatism have much in consequence—one warps the mind and the other twists the body.

* * *

To accuse another of a mean action is to prove ourselves capable of doing the same thing under similar conditions—it's the old story of setting a thief to catch a thief.

C. C. M.

Russian Women and the Universities

RUSSIAN women have long been interested in the question of university education for their sex, and the story of their struggle is one of alternating success and defeat which began as far back as 1861 with an effort to obtain admission as "hearers" to the lecture rooms of the University of St. Petersburg. Nothing resulted from the movement; but the question of providing women with a higher education became yearly a more vital one, as numbers of girls belonging to the poorer gentry and to the professional classes were driven to seek it as a means of support. The definite start, made several years later, arose out of the Congress of Naturalists, held in 1868, when the women who attended felt that their knowledge and schooling were not sufficient to enable them to follow the lectures profitably. A petition to the Government for facilities for a better education was drawn up and signed by four hundred women, and Count Tolstoy, the Minister of Public Instruction, gave permission for evening classes, which could be held by university professors, and which students of both sexes might attend on payment of a small fee. As these classes conferred no diplomas and gave no academic status the women again petitioned for a thoroughly organized women's college.

In the meantime Mme. Conradi, editor of Nedelia, addressed a memorial on the subject of university education for women to the Science Congress, which was then sitting at St. Petersburg. The congress expressed cordial approval of the idea, but could give no help. Nothing daunted, she then formed a society to organize lectures for women in science, history, and philology. Its first work was to present an address, signed by women from all parts of the country, appealing to the rector and professors of St. Petersburg University for help. They received a reply of warm sympathy, and the leading men of the universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow gave of their best, for trifling fees. They lectured to the women in the evenings, after their hard day's work was done, and they allowed practical work in the laboratories on Sundays and holy days, when the men were away. The women gratefully availed themselves of these privileges, and nine hundred attended the lectures in the first year. Courses of lectures were also given at Moscow by Professor Yuerrier, now an Emeritus Professor of Moscow University, to whom Russian women owe a deep debt of gratitude; but they were stopped several years later by order of the Government.

HON. MRS. GERVAISE BECKETT.

The marriage of the Hon. Theresa Mabel Duncombe to the Hon. William Gervaise Beckett, M.P., brother of the 2nd Baron Grimthorpe, took place in 1898. Mrs. Beckett, who is among the most charming women in English society, is the daughter of the 1st Viscount Helmsley, and a granddaughter of the 1st Earl of Feversham.

The Russian Government by its reactionary measures now found itself placed in an antagonistic position towards the students of both sexes, and the position was becoming acute. The women were leaving no stone unturned to gain recognition of their claims for a university education; the men were becoming daily more dissatisfied with the system by which the universities were governed, and were agitating for the removal of very real grievances. The Moscow students demanded the right to select their own rector (who had hitherto been nominated by the Emperor on the recommendation of the Minister of Education), the exclusion of spies who had been sent among them disguised in their own uniform, and a university court of honor in the place of police control. The ringleaders were disgraced, but the disaffection spread, and things went from bad to worse. In 1905 the professors and students of the universities and higher schools, acting together and in collusion with the local Zemstva and the Assemblies of the Gentry, sent a declaration to the Emperor, informing him that the present position of affairs was intolerable. The following year many students at the University of St. Petersburg were wounded in street conflicts with the police, and the same thing happened a few weeks later in the universities of Moscow and Kazan.

On Sept. 8, 1905, the Emperor gave way and granted autonomy to the universities, with the power to choose their own rectors and to hold meetings within their walls. One of their first acts was the admission of women. Now that they had attained the goal of their ambitions Russian women were not slow to avail themselves of their new privileges, and over two thousand at once began to study at the universities. For a year all went well. They passed their examinations in 1907 successfully, some doing remarkably well, and it was acknowledged that both the moral and intellectual atmosphere of the universities had improved since their admission. In 1908 M. Kaufmann was succeeded as Minister of Education by M. Schwarz, a well-known opponent to the cause of women's higher education. On May 21 the blow fell. A circular was issued in which all women were expelled on the plea that as they were forbidden to serve the State they had no business in the universities. At that time the number of women studying in the universities of the empire was 2,130.

This blow was crushing, but the students were not going to take it lying down. The Russian Women's Union took up their cause, and sent a circular to all the well-known professors, with a request to answer the following questions: (1) Have the women students proved themselves sufficiently prepared to follow the university courses? (2) Have they shown diligence in their work? (3) Have the results of their examinations been satisfactory? (4) Do you consider their admission to the universities desirable? A large number of answers were received. Very few replied in the negative to the first and fourth questions, while with one exception all answered the second and third in the affirmative. The letters were interesting. Many of the professors expressed their admiration of the women's devotion to their studies. Their practical work had been uniformly on a high level, and in some cases was brilliant, while several of their scientific essays were worthy a place in the best scientific reviews. The professors considered that the presence of women at the universities was, on the whole, beneficial to the men. The Minister of Education was pressed on all sides, and there was a chorus of disapproval. Some of his colleagues were strongly opposed to his action and in favor of the women's demands. The prohibition caused general indignation throughout the country; the Press supported the women as far as possible; the universities sent up strongly worded protests, and a most dignified remonstrance was addressed to the Minister by the women themselves. All was in vain. The utmost concession that could be obtained was the permission to those who were already studying to finish their course. And here the matter now rests, says a writer in The Queen.

Thus after years of heroic effort, with hope deferred again and yet again; after a well-deserved victory and a brief and brilliant sojourn in the Promised Land, Russian women have been cast out of the universities of their country merely through the whim of a reactionary minister, and in spite of universal testimony to their capacity and the justice of their claims. There is something absolutely tragic in their struggles, and the way in which they are persevering in the face of difficulties which would prove overwhelming to less ardent enthusiasts is a testimony to the ability, courage and organizing power of the leaders. It is difficult to see what can be gained by the action of the Government, and there is much to lose. The desire for knowledge among Russian women is insatiable, and will not be stamped out by arbitrary laws. Many are starving themselves to obtain it. They are now flocking to foreign universities, all of which contain more Russian students than of any other alien nation. They will return to their native land with foreign degrees, and indignation in their hearts against a Government which is treating them so unjustly. They will join the ranks of the disaffected, where their learning and the knowledge they have acquired in other lands will stand them in good stead, and they will prove a thorn in the side of every Government until it alters its attitude towards them.

THE KAISERIN AND HER DAUGHTER.

Quite recently the German Emperor was presented with a copy of this photograph, which had been taken without his knowledge, the surprise delighting him greatly. Princess Victoria Louise is not yet "out," but she looks more than her seventeen years, and is her father's devoted companion. The question of the Princess's marriage is interesting all Germany, but as yet there has been no suggestion of selecting a husband for her.

Concerning Women Convicts.

WOMEN constitute 5.5 per cent. of the total number of convicts in United States prisons. This might seem to be an almost negligible minority, but persons who have studied the subject declare that wicked women make up in quality any shortcomings in the matter of quantity. Thus Mrs. Amigh, matron of the Women's Industrial Prison, at Geneva, Ill., says that the hysterical element in the woman criminal renders her more desperate in her offences when at large and more difficult to manage when in custody.

After years of study and observation, says a recent writer, Mrs. Amigh has come to divide women convicts into three classes: dependents, defectives and delinquents. Dependents are those who have been without homes, reared haphazard or at the hand of charity and without the restraining influence of their parents.

Defectives are born into the world below the normal in mind and body. The number of these among the women convicts is much greater than might be supposed. Mrs. Amigh's observation has convinced her that the child of a drunkard father or drunkard mother is almost always defective mentally, morally, physically, or all three.

Mrs. Amigh's third classification, delinquents, comprises those that go astray because of temptation, necessity, conditions or ignorance. Thus, of the 800 women at Geneva 90 per cent. come from broken up homes, or from no homes, their parents having been divorced or separated or else never married.

More than 100 prisons and reformatories in the United States are exclusively for women. Take 10,000 women annually committed to these penal institutions and suppose that, as at Geneva, 90 per cent. of these come from destroyed homes. Here is mathematical and indubitable measure of the value of home influence.

Among the women convicts at Geneva are several burglars and two horse thieves. One of the burglars is a former housemaid. She had lost her place, and some money was owing to her. She broke into the house one night and took enough valuables to cover her claim.

With most of her charges Mrs. Amigh has found moral regeneration quite possible. She has a system of arousing their interest in music and in things beautiful and good that really seems to train the evil out of them. Of her graduates many have won success and honor in the outer world.

One is a highly paid stenographer in Chicago. She had been convicted of larceny. Until she went to Geneva she had never known one good influence.

At Geneva the girls receive a general education, are taught dressmaking and housework, and are specially trained in music or art if they show aptitude for either. Above all, they are placed under the beneficent parole system.

Not Long Ago

Didn't now What they Liked.

MARKHAMITES are telling a good joke on themselves. The Women's Auxiliary of the Church of England there gave a pancake social last Shrove Tuesday. One of the ladies of the congregation, the wife of a local hotelkeeper, offered to provide the dripping with which to fry the cakes, and Mrs. Chauncey, a life member of the Auxiliary, was unanimously elected chief cook. On the afternoon of the social one of the younger members posted off to the hotel to procure the promised dripping and returned with two bowls of beautifully rendered white grease.

The pancakes were light as Southern waffles, and browned to the color of golden syrup. While everybody was voting them the best they had ever eaten, and backing their assertions by encore orders for the delicacy, the donor of the dripping hurried into the hall and rushed through to the kitchen, laden with two more pots of snow white fat. All was hustle, commotion, laughter, and suppressed excitement in the smoke filled kitchen, but only the delicious pancakes found a way to the tables, so well ordered was the work of the committee.

Never in the history of Markham had so many pancakes been disposed of at one sitting. The social was such a success that this year it was repeated shortly after the Christmas festivities. The crowd was just as large, the pancakes just as light and their color as delicate a brown, but somehow they lacked the flavor of the year before, and the people said so. This aspersion proved too much for the volunteer cook and her willing assistants. Then and there they let out the fact that on Shrove Tuesday, 1909, the maids at the hotel had made a terrible mistake which was not discovered until the entertainment was well nigh over—instead of the clear dripping specially rendered for the social, they had sent two pots of goose grease, and in this the pancakes had been fried.

A "Lady Mayoress."

THE Lady-Mayoress of Montreal for the next two years will be Miss Guerin, sister of the Mayor, Dr. Guerin, who has been mistress of his home since the death of his wife. Miss Guerin is well-known socially, and entertains her friends from time to time at an extremely pleasant little tea or afternoon musicale, rather than at one or two big assemblies. She is one of the leading members of the Women's Branch of the Antiquarian Society, for which she has written interesting sketches of the early days in Lower Canada's history, and she has also contributed articles to periodicals. Like many Montreal women, Miss Guerin does much for charity and for the cause of the poor and unfortunate. Dr. Guerin's young daughter, Miss Carroll Guerin, who was a debutante last year, will assist her aunt in her duties as Lady-Mayoress. The Mayor's residence is one of some half-dozen fine homes on Edgehill avenue, off Dorchester west.

My Creed.

I DO not fear to tread the path that those I love have long since trod;
I do not fear to pass the gates and stand before the living God.
In this world's fight I've done my part; if God be God He knows it well;
He will not turn His back on me and send me down to blackest hell
Because I have not prayed aloud and shouted in the market-place.
'Tis what we do, not what we say, that makes us worthy of His grace.

—Jeannette L. Gilder in Putnam's Magazine.

Foreign comment on the Steinheil case so much impressed M. Barthou, the French minister of justice, that he will propose radical changes in the trial courts. He plans to take from the president of the court the duty and privilege of interrogatoire and confide to the public prosecutor and the counsel for the defence the task of examining the accused and the witnesses.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS.

Secretary of the National Council of Women of Canada for a number of years, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings has resigned that appointment in order to become Field Secretary of the Women's Department of the Annuities Branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce. In the past Mrs. Cummings has been widely identified with women's work in Canada, and has had a long experience in journalism.

Letters of a self-made woman to her Daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE:

For the past fortnight everyone has been saying how restful life would be when Lent came—but mortals are queer, especially female mortals. Ever since Ash-Wednesday everyone seems to be trying to invent ways of entertaining, and afternoons are just as much frittered away as in the full tide of the season. Not to be behind her neighbors in this irrational procedure, your mother decided to give a card party, and it is of that I want to tell you, for it came very near being a disastrous affair. You remember my mentioning to you the lady about whom your father said: "She was a good person to let alone." She came in the day of my card party, while I was puzzling over arranging the tables and so kindly offered to take it off my hands. "That's one thing I am good at," she said, and how could I refuse her? So she very quickly arranged the players and told me why she had placed each one in the order chosen. In fact she told me so much that I was quite bewildered. Then she went home to dress, and I went up to lie down. The children came over at noon to ask if their mama could do anything for me, and I told them everything was in order, and how kindly Mrs. ——— had arranged the tables. Ten minutes after they went away my beautiful kind friend hurried in and asked to see me. When I went down she begged to be allowed to look at the list of guests and at the arrangement of the tables. Then her sweet face grew quite severe, and she asked if it were a fact that Mrs. ——— had arranged the players for me. I told her yes; "Then," said she, "might I take the liberty of asking you to allow me to undo the mischief she has done?" And while I watched her, half comprehending the chasm I hadn't fallen into, she made several changes, finally picking up the slip which contained the other lady's name, and with a smile putting it at another place. "She deserves that," was all she said, and I only said. "Thank you." Everyone had a happy time and Mrs. ——— slipped away immediately after the game without saying good-bye. It amused me very much to watch her face during the afternoon. I think she looked rather frightened, and avoided meeting my eye. I showed my dear friend the prizes I had chosen and she smiled and said: "In perfect taste. I hope I win one!" which put the finishing touch to my satisfaction. We are going to church every noontide, and I like it, the funniest thing is to watch the people who come in—here a lady famous for her naughty stories, there a person who has just crawled out of a sea of scandal, and again one who is said to be on the verge of financial ruin, all as meek and serious and devout as the greatest Puritan or saint. I am afraid I am more interested in watching for these unexpected penitents than in thinking of my own sins. In fact, when a very pronounced roue sat down beside me the other morning, I nearly laughed and asked him what brought him to prayers? Am not I a precious penitent to have such ideas? However, I like the quiet church and the simple prayers and I sit and think far away from to-day and to-morrow, to those old times before I had everything that life can give, which are yet dear old times to me. How can people forget, or wish to forget, the climbing of the ladder, unless indeed they have climbed unfairly, unkindly, or at too great cost? I am looking forward to Easter, dear child, and have already planned several nice things for you, if your father does not come back and whisk us off to some place we've never even dreamed of seeing. However, he can't do much of that sort in ten days, so perhaps he will be content to stop at home and let us see what he really looks like. Several women have asked me about your coming out, but I don't think we will worry about that just yet. My idea would be to take two years in travelling abroad, and learn about foreign things, and I am hoping we may spend them happily together. I think it would broaden you, Annie, and I must say I did not get a very clear idea of those parts in hurried trips with your father the last few years. It used to be a rush for some clothes, a rush to the ship, and then a very unhappy time, a rush to some huge hotel and many lonely hours, or a very tired man to soothe, and make pretense of being quite interested and happy. How different when you and I shall dawdle around Europe! I could fancy it would be great fun to pretend we were rather poor, a pair of school teachers or newspaper writers or even stenographers over on a trip, and go with suit cases and only a small trunk and have adventures. Oh! Annie, I've never really had the sort of time I want over there. I wonder if you could enjoy it with me! I hope when you do come back to my arms that we may keep side by side for a short while, though I do not approve of the maternal selfishness which encompasses a daughter to the exclusion of life's greatest experiences. I know that my girl will probably be snapped up by some man creature whom I shall pretend to love and secretly abhor, but just for a little while, Annie, let us be young together. The Irish in me refuses to become ancient on account of you. And now, dear, the church bell is ringing, so I'm away to look as penitent as ever I can.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

A DUKE'S DAUGHTER.

Lady Violet Manners is one of the three lovely daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, all of whom are noted for their beauty and cleverness.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

It is persistently rumored that the great French actress, Mme. Bernhardt, intends to appear in London on the variety stage. While apparently nothing definite is settled, such an action would not in the least surprise her friends, as she is noted for her caprices, and during her long and successful career has done many unexpected things. Since her debut in 1862, Mme. Bernhardt has produced many great plays, a number of which were first seen at her own theatre in Paris. She is wonderfully versatile in her tastes and has educated herself in many branches of art, becoming a clever sculptor as well as the greatest actress of her time.

A Question of Names.

LOTS of people have fussed and worried in this world simply because their names didn't suit them. There are many who are willing to quarrel with Shakespeare's idea that there isn't much in a name anyway, and to believe for their own part that they themselves would be much more attractive if called by something else than the selection handed out to them as a surname by fate, or a Christian name by their godparents.

All sorts of people have felt the unpleasantness of being known as "Dash" when they infinitely prefer "Dot," or as "Montmorency de Vere" or its high flown equivalent, when they yearn soulfully for a simple handle such as a name of one syllable. I have personally known a helpless infant who was christened "Lenore" grow up to the mature age of eighteen and announce to her scandalized relations that hereafter and for ever more she would answer to no name but "Ann." There is on record in the family annals of a friend of mine an instance of a "Hereward Marmaduke" becoming simply "David" and of a "Rachel Alice" who developed into "Aurora Beatrice." Usually when a girl changes her Christian name it is in order to be called by something which appeals to the romance of her young heart, and many of the "Edythes" and "Aimees" of our acquaintances denote simply a change of spelling that is supposed by their bearers to be more suitable to their own youthful charms than the more simple names with which they were endowed in earliest childhood.

Surnames are changed quite frequently but usually for business reasons and not to meet with the approval of the romantically inclined. Quite recently in England, a man reduced by process of law, a long and certainly ridiculous name to ordinary proportions. Now Judge Vann of Syracuse, New York, has ruled that a man may change his name without application to the Court, provided he does so "in good faith and for an honest purpose."

In handing down his opinion the Judge said in part:—

"The history of literature and art furnishes many examples of men who abandoned the name of their youth and chose the one made illustrious by their writings or paintings. Melancthon's family name was Schwartzerde, meaning black earth, but as soon as his literary talents developed and he began to forecast his future he changed it to the classical synonym by which he is known.

"Rembrandt's father had the surname Gerretz, but the son when his tastes broadened and his hand gained in cunning changed it to Van Ryn on account of its greater dignity.

"A predecessor of Honore de Balzac was born a Guez, which means beggar, and grew to manhood under that surname. When he became conscious of his powers as a writer he did not wish his works to be published under that humble name, so he selected the surname Balzac from an estate that he owned. He made the name famous and the later Balzac made it immortal.

"Voltaire, Moliere, Dante, Petrarch, Richelieu, Loyola, Erasmus and Linnæus were assumed names. Napoleon Bonaparte changed his name after his amazing victories lured him toward a crown and he wanted a name to fit it. The Duke of Wellington was not by blood a Wellesley but a Colley, his grandfather, Richard Colley, having assumed the name of a relative named Wesley, which was afterward expanded to Wellesley.

"Many other instances of voluntary change of name, both given and surname, might be added, but we will mention only two more. In Larke's 'General Grant and His Campaign,' it is stated, and the fact is well known, that 'Gen. Grant's baptismal name was Hiram Ulysses, and he bore that appellation until he was appointed a cadet at West Point. Gen. Hamer, who nominated him for a cadetship, by some means got his name mixed with that of his brother. He was therefore appointed as "Ulysses Sidney Grant," and that name once so recorded on the books of the Military Academy could not be changed. He was baptized into the military school as U. S. Grant and he has ever since been thus designated.'

"Another instance equally well established by current history is that of President Cleveland, who had the baptismal name of Stephen G. Cleveland. After he entered his teens he omitted the word Stephen and assumed the name of Grover Cleveland, by which he was known throughout his distinguished career."

Further on in his judgment, Judge Vann says,

"Camden mentions a man with eight sons, each with a different surname and not one with that of his father."

And he quotes Judge Daly to the effect that

"The surname was frequently a chance appellation, assumed by the individual himself or given to him by others, for some marked characteristic, such as his mental, moral or bodily qualities, some peculiarity or defect or for some act he had done which attached to his descendant, while sometimes it did not.

"It was in this way that the bulk of our surnames that are not of foreign extraction originated and became permanent. They grew into general use, without any law commanding their adoption or prescribing any course or mode respecting them. But though the custom is widespread and universal for all males to bear the names of their parents, there is nothing in the law prohibiting a man from taking another name if he chooses. There is no penalty or punishment for so doing nor any consequence growing out of it, except so far as it may lead to or cause a confounding of his indentity."

Judge Vann also cites the opinion of Chief Justice Abbott in an English case where a man was to inherit certain property should he have his name changed to that of his benefactor. This he did by merely assuming the new name. Writing of the case Chief Justice Abbott said:

"A name assumed by the voluntary act of a young man at his outset into life adopted by all who know him and by which he is constantly called, becomes for all purposes that occur to my mind as much and effectually his name as if he had obtained an act of Parliament to confer it upon him."

So it looks as if there were plenty of authority for the belief that a change of name is easily accomplished without recourse to the law, and that no one need submit to being called by a name that is distasteful simply because he finds he has inherited it. Probably the same thing applies equally to women, but then they always have a chance—or at least a hope—of changing their names by marrying, and instances are not unknown of a young woman refusing to accept the hand and heart of a man whose surname she did not fancy.

Queen Wilhelmina's Palace.

THE Dutch Court is in its winter quarters at Amsterdam—scarcely to Queen Wilhelmina's personal liking, for the Het Paleis, although large and, in its way, splendid, is very far from being a comfortable dwelling according to modern ideas and requirements. It is situated in the very centre of the network of canals intersecting the old city, and was built for a Town Hall, but presented by the burghers to King Louis Bonaparte in 1808. There he and Queen Hortense lived during the stormiest days of their married life; and there their son, Napoleon, died—the boy whom the great Emperor had adopted as his heir, and whose life was so precious to poor anxious Josephine.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

For some time it has been persistently rumored that Princess Clementine, youngest daughter of the late King of the Belgians, will marry Prince Victor Napoleon, the Imperialist Pretender to the throne of France. For many years an affection is said to have existed between the Prince and Princess, and their marriage would be very popular in Brussels, where both are much liked. The late King was much opposed to the match and employed every means to prevent it taking place. The Prince is forty-eight years of age, and very well off, the Princess being ten years his junior.

The palace stands on the west side of the Dam, the square which is the focus of the trade and fashion of Amsterdam. Although built on piles, the buildings on the Dam are very handsome. One sees there the Exchange, the Nieue Kerk—which is five centuries old—and many magnificent private houses where the "best people" live. In its centre rises a lofty modern statue to Concord, erected to commemorate Dutch fidelity in the national crisis of 1831. Queen Wilhelmina is passionately patriotic, and gladly puts up with the vast rooms and ill-lit passages of her huge Het Paleis during a certain number of weeks each year, for there she feels "closer to the heart of the nation," as she herself has phrased it, than either at The Hague, which is the centre of government, or at her lovely country-place of Loo, away on the eastern edge of her little kingdom.

Every day, unless the weather be quite impossible, the Royal carriage can be seen in the Vondel Park, with the Queen sitting very upright, ready to bow and smile whenever her people salute her, and the bundle of laces and ribbons upon the knee of the nurse beside her.

August Belmont is actively engaged in stimulating the work upon the Cape Cod Canal, which is to save sixty-five miles in distance between New York and Boston, a week in time for sailing vessels and barges, and many thousands of dollars in the annual wreckages in storms and fogs along the treacherous coast. The canal is to be wide and deep enough for passenger steamers, so that it will be possible in all weathers to leave New York in the evening and arrive in Boston before business hours the next morning. Sites for manufactories and summer resorts are being selected along the new line of travel and will help to pay dividends upon the $12,000,000 capitalization. Captain J. W. Miller, U.S.N. (retired), is in charge of the excavation, breakwater, and locks.

Mrs. Emma B. Kennedy heads the list of large taxpayers in New York City with an assessed property valuation of $6,000,000. Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Russell Sage follow with $5,000,000 each.

Old Friends and New

The Sons of Martha.

THE sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part,
But the sons of Martha favor their mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart;
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord, her guest,
Her sons must wait upon Mary's sons, world without end, reprieve or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock;
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock;
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the sons of Mary by land and main.

They say to the mountains, "Be ye removed." They say to the lesser floods, "Run dry."
Under their rods are the rocks reproved—they are not afraid of that which is high.
Then do the hilltops shake to the summit; then is the bed of the deep laid bare—
That the sons of Mary may overcome it; pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

They finger death at their glove's end when they piece and repiece the living wires
He rears against the gates they tend; they feed him hungry behind their fires.
Early at dawn ere men see clear they stumble into his terrible stall.
And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad and tend him till evenfall.

To these from birth is belief forbidden—from these till death is relief afar.
They are concerned with matters hidden—under the earthline their altars are—
The secret fountains to follow up; waters withdrawn to restore to the mouth,
Yea, and gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them again at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the rivets work loose.
They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their work whenever they choose.
As in the thronged and lightened ways, so in the dark and desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days, that their brethren's days may be long in the land.

Lift ye the stone or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat,
Lo! it is black already with blood some sons of Martha spilled for that.
Not as a ladder from earth to heaven, not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service, simply given, to his own kind, in their common need.

And the sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they know the Angels are on their side;
They know in them is the Grace confessed, and for them are the mercies multiplied.
They sit at the feet and they hear the Word; they know how truly the promise runs.
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and the Lord He lays it on Martha's sons.

—Rudyard Kipling.

The Wind in the Pines.

WHEN winds go organing through the pines
On hill and headland, darkly gleaming,
Meseems I hear sonorous lines
Of Illiads that the woods are dreaming.

—Madison Cawein.

Rondeau to Ethel.

"IN teacup times!" The style of dress
Would suit your beauty, I confess;
Belindalike, the patch you'd wear;
I picture you with powdered hair,—
You'd make a charming Shepherdess!

And I—no doubt—could well express
Sir Plume's complete conceitedness,—
Could poise a clouded cane with care
"In tea-cup times!"

The parts would fit precisely—yes:
We should achieve a huge success!
You should disdain, and I despair,
With quite the true Augustine air;
But . . . could I love you more, or less.—
"In tea-cup times?"

—Austin Dobson.

A Poet's Wife.

MME. ROSTAND, wife of the celebrated poet and playwright, Edmond Rostand, takes a great interest in her husband's work. Before her marriage to M. Rostand she was Mlle. Rosemonde Gerard. She has two sons, one of whom will probably be intrusted with the work of translating into English his father's most recent success, "Chanteeler," which was finished in 1904, but was first produced quite recently in Paris. The delay was owing to the death of Coquelin, who was to have played the principal role. "Chantecler" is said to be Rostand's masterpiece, and since it was first discussed, it has probably received more advertisement than has fallen to the lot of any other play.

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TORONTO SOCIETY

MR. and Mrs. Charles W. Leonard, of London, Ontario, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edna Leonard, and Dr. John Gerald FitzGerald, of the University of Toronto. Their marriage will be quietly celebrated on April 9.

At the swimming contests on Ash Wednesday evening, the championship was won by Miss J. C. Ewart, of St. Hilda's College. Miss Newington, Y.W.C. Guild, and Mrs. H. C. Osborne were second and third. Mr. Osborne presented the prizes. Four hundred and thirty girls have learned to swim in the fine tank opened last May in the Guild Hall.

Mrs. J. D. McDonald and Miss Mildred McDonald, of Dowing avenue, are spending the month in Montreal.

Mrs. Barker is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Alan Macdougall Jones, in Ottawa. These two ladies were among the Toronto people attending the reception given this week in his residence by Hon. Sydney Fisher. The bachelor host was chaperoned by several of the Cabinet ladies, and the unusual departure of his entertaining was the cause of much merry comment and congratulation. The other ministerial bachelor, Hon. W. Mackenzie King, is also to hold a reception, but will be under the wing of his mama, Mrs. John King, whom he has asked to go to the Capital for the reception. At Mr. Fisher's reception, Mrs. Power, the handsome Irish wife of the Senator, and Miss Molly Cartwright, presided in the tea-room.

Miss Muriel Jarvis returned from Ottawa the end of last week. Miss Nan Grant is still at the Capital, visiting Mrs. Cassels and her relatives. Miss Larkin is having a good time as the guest of Mrs. Clifford Sifton, who takes her about everywhere. Major James Fraser Macdonald went down at mid-week to begin his new duties as chief of the Ordnance Department at Ottawa. Mr. A. W. Campbell went down last Sunday, and has been busy picking up the threads of his new work, under his chief, Hon. Mr. Graham. He will be back in Toronto next week for a few days on business.

VISCOUNTESS CRICHTON.
This charming new picture of Lady Crichton shows her with her two children. Daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, she is devoted to sport, and some time ago met with a very serious accident in the hunting field. Her husband is the eldest son of the Earl of Erne.

Mrs. Hagarty and her daughters are back from England. Miss Campbell-Noble sails to-day from New York for Glasgow by the Anchor Line boat, California. What that very bright and bonnie young lady says about Canada would make a long story, and it's all good.

Mrs. Crosthwait and her three children left on Saturday for Winnipeg after a visit of a couple of months to Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann at Fallingbrook, Kingston road. On Friday, Mrs. Mann asked a number of friends *pour dire adieu* to bonnie Mrs. Crosthwait, some of the ladies coming for luncheon and some later on to tea. Among the guests was a fellow citizen of the departing visitor, Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald, who returned with Mrs. Machray from a visit to Buffalo a few days earlier.

Miss Winifred Tate and the Misses Schoenberger have gone to England for three months.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor entertained at dinner on Thursday of last week. The following gentlemen had the honor of being invited: Hon. Mr. Justice Garrow, Hon. Mr. Justice MacLaren, Hon. Mr. Justice Magee, Hon. Mr. Justice Teetzel, Hon. Mr. Justice Clute, Prof. Ramsay Wright, Rev. Dr. Rose, Rev. T. Crawford Brown, His Honor Judge Winchester, His Honor Judge Snider (Hamilton), Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture; Mr. A. W. Campbell, Deputy Minister of Public Works; Mr. A. Laird, Dr. R. W. Hoyles, Hon. E. J. Davis, Mr. J. R. Cartwright, K.C., Deputy Attorney-General; Dr. James Loudon, Hon. R. Harcourt, Mr. J. D. Allan, Mr. G. H. Watson, K.C.; Mr. E. T. Malone, K.C.; Mr. Ben Allen, Dr. Galbraith, Mr. G. W. Monk, ex-M.P.P.; Mr. J. J. Warren, Mr. G. B. Smith, ex-M.P.P.; Mr. R. H. Bowes, Mr. John King, K.C.; Mr. E. Douglas Armour, K.C.; Mr. J. F. Eby, Mr. C. H. Ritchie, K.C.; Mr. O. B. Sheppard, Mr. L. K. Cameron, King's Printer; Mr. J. Lonsdale Capreol, K.C., Clerk of Executive Council; Rev. Dr. Thomas Eakin, Mr. A. B. Ingram, Mr. Angus MacMurchy, K.C.; Mr. T. C. Robinette, K.C.; Mr. Peter Ryan, Major J. F. Macdonald, Capt. D. D. Young, and the following members of the House: Mr. W. H. Hoyle, Mr. S. Clark, Mr. R. R. Gamey, Dr. D. Jamieson, Dr. E. Jessop, Mr. D. J. McDougal, Lieut.-Col Hugh Clark, Dr. J. S. T. Smellie, Mr. D. Reid, Mr. V. Stock, Mr. A. A. Mahaffy, Dr. H. G. Lackner, Mr. F. G. Macdiarmid, Mr. R. J. McCormack, Mr. R. E. Truax, Mr. G. H. Ferguson, Mr. J. S. Gallagher, Mr. T. W. McGarry, K.C.; Mr. C. M. Bowman, Dr. R. F. Preston, Capt. H. A. C. Machin, Mr. J. P. Downey, Mr. W. F. Mickle, K.C.; Mr. J. J. Preston, Mr. A. Studholme, Mr. J. W. Johnston, Mr. P. H. Bowyer, Dr. Forbes Godfrey, Mr. John Shaw, Mr. T. R. Whiteside, Mr. T. E. Bradburn, Mr. J. H. Fisher, Mr. G. W. Neely, Mr. A. E. Fripp, Mr. J. J. Carrick, Mr. A. H. Musgrave, Mr. A. W. Nixon, Mr. J. C. Elliott, Mr. J. McEwing, Mr. A. Mackay, Mr. T. R. Mayberry, Mr. G. Pattinson, Mr. I. J. Fox, Mr. W. A. Preston, Mr. C. R. McKeown, Mr. W. J. Paul, Mr. R. H. McElroy, Mr. J. H. Devitt, and Mr. G. H. Pharand.

Mrs. Denison returned on Wednesday from a visit to Lady Bourinot in Ottawa.

On Thursday of last week a delightful tea was given by Mrs. W. T. White, of Queen's Park. The house, which really needs little to perfect its everyday attractions was made extra lovely by hundreds of roses and daffodils, making an ideal setting for the groups of handsomely gowned women who attended the festivity. The hostess was in deep green velvet and wore a bouquet of orchids and lily of the valley. Mrs. Lizars Smith, Mrs. Alexander Laird and Mrs. Miller Lash assisted.

The monotony of Lent has not struck Toronto to any great extent, teas, luncheons and dinners are going on as merrily as ever, and bridge is even more a favorite *pour passer le temps*. On Valentine's Day a number of entertainments were given. This romantic anniversary generally falls before Lent's sackcloth and ashes are in wearing, and apparently people determined not to remember the early date of the penitential season this year. Several affairs for visitors in town were pleasantly carried out.

The first of the Lenten lectures at Trinity was a reunion of the steady friends and patrons of these Saturday afternoon treats, which for the past decade have been so carefully and wisely arranged and carried out. The Vice-Provost of Trinity took part for the first time in the course, giving a very fine initial lecture on "Problems of the Pacific Coast." To-day's lecture will be by the president of the O.S.A., Mr. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., on "Ideals in Contemporary Art," and will be illustrated by limelight views. The patronesses of the lectures are Mrs. Gibson, Lady Whitney, Mrs. Sweeny, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. R. A. Pyne, Mrs. Auden, Miss Acres, Mrs. W. R. Brock, Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mrs. John Boulton, Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. G. G. Burnett, Mrs. Bigwood, Mrs William Clark, Mrs. J. R. Cartwright, Mrs. Covert, Mrs. C. E. Clarke, Miss Cartwright, Miss Curlette, Miss Cayley, Miss Cox, Mrs. F. C. Denison, Mrs. Duckworth, Mrs. J. S. Dignam, Mrs. E. E. A. DuVernet, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mrs. James George, Mrs. F. H. Hartley, Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. A. Jukes Johnson, Mrs. J. B. Kenrick, Mrs. J. A. Kammerer, Mrs. Wm. Laidlaw, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Miss Laing, Mrs. Llwyd, Mrs. J. H. McConnell, Mrs. M. McLaughlin, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mrs. Edmund Osler, Mrs. W. H. Pepler, Mrs. H. P. Plumptre Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Mrs. G. B. Strathy, Mrs. D. T. Symons, Mrs. Sweny, Miss Scott. Mrs R. Tyrwhitt, Miss Tilley, Miss Veals, and Mrs. J. N. Woodcock.

Mrs. Dunbar, Roxboro street, gave a young folk's dance for her daughter, Miss Reta Dunbar, last night.

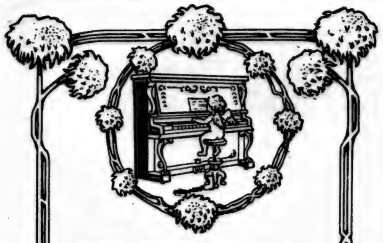
The St. Andrew's Institute was the mecca for many a pilgrim on Wednesday when an excellent luncheon was provided for the patrons of the affair by the ladies of St. Andrew's Hospital Circle. Between three and four hundred people enjoyed the tasty luncheon and formed gay coteries of old friends and cronies about the dainty tables. Major Michie and Mrs. Miller Lash carved in the anti-room and all the charming young matrons and girls of St. Andrew's congregation waited on the guests. Rev. Crawford Brown and his fair lady moved from table to table welcoming their friends and everything was lovely and everyone happy scoring another success for these always popular luncheons.

Mrs. Bryce B. Hunter will receive on the fourth Friday in February for the last time this season.

Mrs. R. S. and Miss Leanora Decon, who have been the guests of Major and Mrs. Pope, Huron street, have returned to Montreal.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt is holding Monday afternoon receptions every week in February for which cards have been received by her friends.

A very pretty house wedding was celebrated on Wednesday, the 16th, when Miss Sarah Sternberg was married to Mr. C. W. Hehner, formerly of London, England, at her mother's residence, 124 Kendal avenue. Miss Sternberg was gowned in white satin and lace and was attended by her sister, Miss Amy Sternberg, who wore a very pretty dress of pink silk with pearl trimmings. Owing to the recent severe illness of the bride's mother the wedding was very quiet, none but the immediate family being present. Mrs. L. W. Sternberg, sister-in-law of the bride wore mauve satin. A reception was held in the evening at which a number of friends were present. The room was prettily decorated with smilax and flowers. The wedding trip will be through the eastern States and Mr. and Mrs. Hehner will return to Toronto for a time before going to their home in British Columbia.



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Column

WOMEN who are built on worry lines never miss a subject their attention. Yesterday I met I who has worried herself perently for the past fortnight about tail of a comet! It has become her a real menace, a terror she built up until she trembles be it. I pointed out to her that had apparently a monopoly of apprehension as none of the ers seemed to let it spoil their ce of mind or appetite. But she ld only bleat to me with furrowl brow and plaintive tone, "Ah, they will probably never realize their danger, until it is too late. I can almost fancy even now, that I smell noxious fumes about me," while the comet-mad young lady is doubtless an extreme case, there are thousands of others not a bit more sensible, who are making their own and other people's lives unhappy by the senseless and exasperating habit of worrying ver what no one can help. If you relieve them of one cause for worrying they snatch at another and go on in a worse way, with an obstinate temper that shows you they won't be cured. The young lady who has convinced herself that before the June roses bloom we shall all be suffocated with comet-tail gases, is having a grand time. No one can tell her she is wrong, for no one can foresee what a comet's tail might do to us, but fortunately, we are a reckless, optimistic lot and can eat three meals and sleep soundly in our accustomed round, despite her warning wrinkles. Worry is positively as bad a habit as I know.

❦

Another abominable habit is sniffing. There are degrees of sniffiness, from the angry snort of the British man or matron over politics, or the manners and customs of foreigners, to the tiny, meagre, attenuated sniff of the old maid or bad tempered man, when their opinions are jarred or contradicted. Hanging is far too good for the confirmed sniffer, capital punishment would give them something to sniff at, the sacrifice of a life being really an excuse for a moderately accented sniff. Besides being shockingly rude, the sniff is not an argument. It seems merely to infer that the utter inferiority of the creature sniffed at, the obvious imbecility of his premises and the outrageous absurdity of his conclusions can not be met with ordinary language, hence the employment of the sniff. If there be any more offensive description of its import, it will doubtless fit it better, and one can estimate its malignant nature by the resentment it arouses in pleasant people like you and me. Contempt is always difficult to endure, even from those we acknowledge as superiors (in spots), but there has never been a creature so abject that he could not feel somewhere a sense of wrong in being sniffed at. Sniffers are not, never were and never will be superior to anybody, even in spots.

❦

An Englishman wrote me the other day that Ottawa was one day to be a splendid city. Six days of winter in Ottawa make me say it is a pretty fine city now. So clean! the snow staying its proper white, instead of at once taking on its home shade of "pepper-and-salt," so bright and gay and bracing with the glorious sunlight and the cloudless blue of the sky. And always that marvel in site and construction of the pile of grey stone and delicate tracery on Parliament Hill, the most inspiring bit of building on such winter days that one could hope to enjoy. Ottawa is a "power" city, very few belches of filthy soft coal smoke defile its beautiful air, its pay-as-you-enter cars are as warm and clean as one could wish. Its cosy low sleighs muffled in dense soft rugs, dashing here and

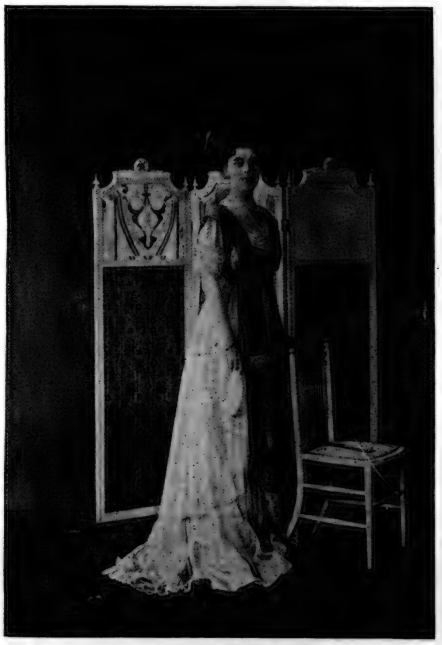
MISS EDITH HOLLAND.

there with merry bells and freight of fine dames rushing from tea to tea, the Western dame in wondrous hat and mantel, entering into the unwonted whirl of "sessional" entertaining with the untiring interest of the newcomer to whom everything is important and delightful. The more seasoned mondaine, vowing she won't go, and invariably going, for there's "go" in the air, and everything is charged with electricity, the maid helping you off with your wraps gives you a "shock' till your arm tingles, if you touch a steam-pipe there is a quick "pick" and you get it again. People are swarming along the streets with ski's, snowshoes, skates, rosy cheeks and soft fur or wool hats and blanket or coon coats. Yes! No use denying it, Ottawa has them all beaten in fine, clean winter weather.

❦

And the Ottawa babies, in their white bonnets and caps, tucked into their pretty little sleighs, pushed by red nosed little nursemaids who parade three abreast, and shove you off the path with the indifference of a German officer returning from a Potsdam review. The mischief in the air gets into the youngsters as they sally out from school, and one tiny urchin caroms against you premeditatedly, and chuckles to see your prancings as you regain your equilibrium. You are quite likely to get a big snowball neatly planted on the top of your hat, and various other attentions that no one could resent in such weather. Even the ugly old sleigh drivers, in their coon coats and mufflers and peaked caps grow facetious and frolicsome, to an extent undreamed of in our dull city. A trio of us, one in seal, one in beaver and one in Labrador seal, were being dug out of a nest of robes by a hideous old driver, at the door of a smart abode. "I don't think much of that coat of yours," said he to the amazed lady in the Labrador seal garment, "I once had one like it. No warmth in it, like a piece of ice it was. I gave thirty-five dollars for it, too. I'd not give ten cents for one now." Then, as he hauled out the bride in the beaver overcoat, he confidentially remarked to her, "You've got the best of the three." When the ladies got behind their hostess's front door they had a giggle over the episode. I hate to add that on mature consideration the driver hoped the lady in the despised garment had not taken offence at his criticism, "For," said he, "It's the truth I told you, and you made a mistake choosing that sort of fur!"

LADY GAY.



LADY GORST.

Wife of Sir Eldon Gorst, K.C.B., British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, Lady Gorst plays an important part, being the social leader of Cairo. Before her marriage Lady Gorst was Miss Evelyn Rudd, daughter of Mr. C. D. Rudd, of Ardnamurchan.

Mob Law in England.

LYNCH law is not unknown in England, and there have been many cases of summary justice being meted out without the formality of trial. The most famous on record was that known as the Porteous Riot. On April 15, 1736, Capt. Porteous commanded the military guard at the execution at Edinburgh of the famous smuggler Wilson. Wilson was very popular, for he had given up his own liberty to save a comrade.

The infuriated spectators pelted the guard with stones, and Porteous, fearing a rescue, ordered his men to fire. Seventeen persons were killed or wounded and Capt. Porteous was arrested and lodged in jail. A huge mob collected, stormed the prison, broke down the doors, hauled the unfortunate officer out into the Grassmarket and hanged him on a dyer's sign post.

There was an exciting episode in Darlington about nine years ago. The trouble started with some children being made ill by ice cream sold by Italian street vendors. Later a crowd mobbed the Italian hawkers. One barrow was smashed to pieces, whereupon two of the Italians drew their knives. They were seized, disarmed and carried away to the river, into which they were flung. It was only through the exertions of the police that they were not both drowned.

A French giant was being exhibited on the sands at Weymouth when two little children offended him by laughing, says Answers. He ran at them and struck the boy and kicked the girl. Instantly the crowd made a rush at his tent and pulled it about his ears. The giant ran for his life, the crowd at his heels. There was a cab on the parade. The giant flung himself into it and shrieked to the driver to drive off. But the mob kept up the chase. Stones smashed through the windows of the cab, and had it not been for the police the giant and his agent both would have probably been killed.

At Thrapton fifty women were obliged to waste their whole day at the suit of an assignee against a local draper. As hours passed and they thought of their uncooked dinners and uncared for children they got more and more angry. When the case was at last over they gathered and surrounded the draper and fell upon him furiously. Capless and coatless he escaped; but they chased him. Only the very hardest running saved their quarry.

Concerning Grey Hair.

GREY hair is certainly as unpopular as it is general and of late there seems to be a wide-spread desire on the part of those whose locks are turning to resort to some means which will restore the natural hue. This is especially the case with women in business who seem to have a rooted objection to getting grey, a view which is shared by men who are in a somewhat dependent position and are forced to keep young in order to hold their own against the competition of those who are their junior. Worry, hard work, and poor health are among the reasons given for premature greyness, but there is no explanation that is really satisfactory as many people happily situated become grey by forty while others who find the world a hard struggle are not grey at that age.

It is seriously suggested that grey hair is the result of overheated rooms and that close confinement in a hot atmosphere is the reason why we of this generation become grey so much younger than our fathers did. Of course physical conditions also have something to do with the matter.

Many heads of big houses deny that grey hair is a hindrance to a man who is still young in years. The manager of one important business which employs many men and women had the following to say on the question: If a man appears to be vigorous, hale and hearty, if he looks alert, acts as if he had some life in him, the color of his hair doesn't count a rap. The same rule applies to women. In fact in very many cases grey haired women are to be preferred to young girls. It is their credentials I judge by, not their hair.

"But you can't make some persons believe that. Why, there is a youth of 18 in our delivery department who has a patch of grey hair over one temple. The rest of his hair is jet black. Ten chances to one before he is 30 his hair will be almost white. No, the day is past when grey hair necessarily means old age.

At a New York establishment devoted principally to altering the color of woman's hair, it was recently admitted that with few exceptions the customers of the place were under forty.

"We have really very few old ladies who come to have their hair dyed or touched up," an attendant said, "but the number of quite young women who come for that purpose is far larger than it was when I was first employed here, twelve years ago. We have three sisters on our books, the oldest perhaps 35, who have been coming here for two years; at least one of them has. The youngest, who looks to be about 25, came for the first time this winter. All are self-supporting women, the two oldest being teachers and the other a stenographer. Each feels it to be to her interest not to have grey hair.

"Perhaps one-half of our patrons are business women. Of the women of leisure the largest percentage are about 35 years old or look to be about that age. It's not easy to tell a woman's age. Women patrons are in the majority, but men are far more numerous now than ten years ago. It would surprise the public to know how many quite young men come here to have their hair dyed. For instance one customer, only 23, is an actor. Every once in a while his hair is done thoroughly here, and when on the road he keeps it touched up himself. Another young man who comes regularly is not yet 20. These of course are exceptional cases.

"In most cases I come across it is owing to business reasons rather than personal vanity, which causes the man to dye his hair. It is perfectly true that the number of grey haired young and middle aged men and women increases every year; it certainly has increased fast in the last ten years."

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THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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CHAPTER XXII.

DEFIANCE PROVES DEFENCE.

I HAD, I confess, allowed my anger to rise above my gorge. That action of mine in attacking Kirk was both ill-timed and very injudicious, for in an instant—before even those frantic words had left my lips—I found myself looking down the ugly black barrel of a big Browning revolver, that most effective and deadly of all man-killing weapons.

"Kindly release me, Holford," he said, rather hoarsely and with some difficulty, as my muscular fingers had closed upon his scraggy throat. "Come, this is all very foolish! Let me go! I have no desire to harm you," he added, quite calmly.

"Then tell me where I can find my wife," I repeated.

"I would—if I could."

"Tell me who can!" I demanded fiercely, my fingers still closed upon his throat, so that he breathed only with great difficulty.

"Give me time—time to make—inquiry!" he gasped. "I've only just returned, and am in ignorance of a great deal of what has transpired."

"Upon your own admission, Mabel has fallen a victim of a plot merely because I became too active and too inquisitive. You feared lest I might discover something."

"I have admitted nothing, my dear sir!" he cried. "One day you will withdraw all these malicious words—mark me," he added, in a hard voice, lowering his weapon and replacing it in his hip-pocket as I released my convulsive grip.

"I've lost my wife, Mr. Kirk, and you know where she is," I said.

"In that you are quite mistaken," he declared. "As I've already explained, I've not yet had opportunity for making inquiry. I believed," he added in reproach, "that you would assist me in this strange affair concerning Professor Greer. Yet my confidence in you, Holford, has been sadly misplaced. Recall for one moment what I told you—of the seriousness of what was at stake, and of the absolute necessity for complete secrecy. Yet to-night you threaten to bungle the whole affair by going to the police."

"I've lost my wife!" I interrupted. "She's the victim of some plot or other, and it is to find her that I intend to invoke the aid of Scotland Yard."

"Well, by adopting that course, you would not find her—but you'd lose her," was the old fellow's brief response.

"Antonio told me the very same thing when we met in Rome!" I exclaimed. "Your threat shows me that you are in league in this conspiracy of silence."

Kershaw Kirk burst out laughing, as though he considered my anger a huge joke. It annoyed me that he did not take me seriously, and that he regarded the loss of Mabel so lightly.

"Look here, Mr. Holford," he said at last, looking straight into my face. "It's plain that you suspect me of being the assassin of Professor Greer. That being so, I've nothing more to say. Yet I would ask you to regard the present situation both logically and calmly. Do you for one moment suppose that were I guilty I would have taken you to Sussex Place and explained the whole affair in detail? Is it, indeed, to be supposed that I would place myself so entirely and completely in the hands of a stranger?"

I shook my head dubiously.

"Well," he went on, "I repeat to you now all that I told you that night, and assert that all I told you was the truth."

"But how do you account for Ethelwynn being still alive?" I interrupted quickly.

"There is an explanation of that," he declared; "one that you will probably be told very shortly. Fortunately, the poor girl was not dead, though I confess I was entirely deceived by the symptoms. You will remember that the mirror remained unclouded by her breath?"

"I remember every incident, alas! only too vividly," was my slow, distinct reply. "But," I asked very pointedly, "pray tell me, Mr. Kirk, what was you object in calling upon me and inducing me to go to Sussex Place?"

He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and smiled.

"An ulterior one—as you may imagine. But one which was as much in your interests as in ours."

"Ours!" I echoed. "You mean you and your accomplices?"

"Call them so, if you wish," he laughed. "I, unfortunately, am not in a position to enlighten you upon the actual reason I invoked your aid."

"And your action has only brought upon me a great misfortune—bitter despair, and the loss of the woman I loved!" I cried, dismayed.

"Ah!" he said. "You judge me a little too hastily, Mr. Holford. It is your failing, Mr. Holford, that you are given to rushing to premature conclusions. That is always fatal in any delicate negotiation. When you've had my experience—that of a traveller and thorough-going cosmopolitan—you will learn how to repress your own opinions until they are fully and entirely corroborated."

I looked into the grey face of the clever adventurer, and there saw craft, cunning, and an ingenuity that was superhuman. A look was in his eyes such as I had never before seen in those of any human being.

"But I am in search of my wife!" I cried frantically. "I am in no mood to hear this philosophy of yours."

"Well—how do you know she is not here—in London?" he asked, waving his thin hand towards the window where showed the glimmering lights of the Thames bank.

"What?" I gasped. "A man can be foully done to death here in London, and yet the police refuse to believe the story of an honest man—a man who is a witness!"

To the right, where I stood, I could see the gleam of electric light from the summit of Big Ben, showing that the House, which had assembled only a few days before, was sitting late after the Christmas recess.

"I suppose you wish to mislead me into the idea that she is back again in London, hiding from me, eh?" I exclaimed resentfully. "No, Mr. Kirk, I tell you plainly that I've had enough of this tragic comedy of yours. I've watched you this evening with your precious friends, Flynn and Langton."

"And, pray, why should I not possess friends?" he asked, looking at me with some surprise.

"To me Langton denied all knowledge of you."

"Well—and am I to be blamed for Langton's pretended ignorance?"

"No; but it shows me that you are not dealing with me in a straightforward manner!" I declared, without mincing words.

But the strange old fellow only laughed.

"My dear sir," he said a few moments afterwards, "I can quite understand your distrust of me, therefore it is as well that I hesitated to place a further confidence in you. You might have betrayed it."

"Betrayed it!" I echoed angrily "Have you not betrayed me? Is it not due to you, and you alone, that my wife is missing?"

"That I emphatically deny, my dear sir," he replied, still quite unperturbed. "But why let us discuss it? Any denial of mine you'll regard as false. It's a great pity that my judgment led me to seek your aid. Had you carried out my request and refrained from prying into matters which did not concern you, you might have found it to your distinct advantage."

"You mean that I should have profited pecuniarily by concealing the fact that Professor Greer is dead and that an imposter has assumed his identity? You intended that I also should be an accomplice of the assassin!"

"No—not exactly," he replied with an evil, triumphant grin. "But, really, my dear sir," he added, "I've had a very long journey, and I'm tired. Is it any use prolonging this argument?"

"Not unless you wish!" I snapped. "I have given you full warning of my intention to reveal the whole affair to the police."

"Ah! Then that will be very unfortunate—for you," replied the queer old man; "and for your wife most of all."

"Yes, I know. You intend to bring disaster upon me and upon her if I dare to go to Scotland Yard!" I cried.

In my ignorance of the truth I believed my threats would be of avail. Ah, had I but known the actual facts, how differently would I have acted! But surely that enigma was one that was beyond human power to elucidate. Upon every hand I found complications. Plot lay within plot—all directed against myself and against poor innocent Mabel, who had flown to me on receipt of what she had believed to be my urgent telegram.

"My intentions, Mr. Holford, entirely depend upon your actions," said Kirk, very plainly. "If you are foolish—well, then I cannot guarantee the safety of your wife. My advice to you, however, is to recall all I told you, believe in the truth of my statements, and act with slow discretion."

"But my wife?" I cried. "I must—I will save her. She is in peril, I am sure of that!"

"She may be in grave peril if you go to the police," he said enigmatically; "and, believe me, they cannot assist us in the least to discover who killed Professor Greer."

"Why?"

Kirk hesitated. In that pause I scented an intention further to prevent me from speaking.

"Well, regard the matter calmly and without prejudice," he said at last. "As a matter of fact, what evidence is there that the Professor is dead?"

"Evidence!" I cried. "Why, did not you and I see him dead? Did not his daughter stand before his lifeless body?"

"Ah, she would never tell what she saw!" he said, with a mysterious smile.

"Why not?" I asked, much surprised at his remark.

But my mysterious neighbor only shrugged his shoulders vaguely, answering:

"There is a reason why she will never admit his death—a strong reason."

"Well," I said, "I recovered from the ashes of the furnace certain remains—coat buttons and other scraps of clothing."

"And you think they would be accepted as evidence that Professor Greer was done to death?" he laughed. "You are evidently unaware of the great caution exercised by the Criminal Investigation Department in accepting any evidence such as that which you could furnish. No," he added, "only Antonio and Ethelwynn were the actual witnesses, in addition to ourselves, of the Professor's tragic end. And as they refuse to admit that he is dead, any information you may lodge at Scotland Yard must only reflect upon yourself and bring greater peril upon Mrs. Holford. I simply tell you the truth—believe me, or believe me not."

"Well," I exclaimed, "I disbelieve you, Mr. Kirk."

"Then I wish you good evening!" he exclaimed abruptly. "Act as you think proper!" he added defiantly, as, turning from me in disregard he walked to his large writing-table, where he took up some letters, at the same time singing with that careless cosmopolitan air of his Lucien Fugere's popular *chanson,* which at the moment one heard everywhere in the streets of Paris.

"Then that's your last word, eh, Mr. Kirk?" I asked when he had concluded the verse.

"It is," he replied determinedly. "If you must act as a fool, then I can't assist you further. Good night!" And he sat down and busied himself with his accumulated correspondence.

I now realized that he was utterly defiant, and thoughts of my loss of Mabel caused my blood to boil within me. His light, careless manner irritated me beyond measure.

"Very well," I cried. "Good night, Mr. Kirk!" And turning swiftly upon my heel, I left the room and found my way down the great staircase and out into Whitehall.

Too late at that hour to call at New Scotland Yard, close by, I hailed a hansom and drove straight home, almost beside myself with rage at the calm, unruffled, defiant attitude with which the adventurer had met me.

Next morning, after writing some letters, I went round to the garage, where I found Pelham, somewhat excited.

"This morning, when I arrived at eight o'clock," he said. "I found awaiting me a rather shabbily-dressed old man who said he wanted to see an Eckhardt tyre. Recollecting my previous experiences of people who've come in to handle them, I told him that if he wished to buy one I could sell him one, but I hadn't time to waste on sightseers. Whereupon the old fellow promptly paid for a cover before seeing it, and took it away on a cab which he had waiting."

"Well?" I asked, rather surprised. "And who was he?"

"That's the curious point. He was an old chap I've seen about the neighborhood many times—thin, rather shabby and disreputable, grey hair and moustache—lives in your road, I think. Drake says you know him."

"Kershaw Kirk!" I gasped.

"Yes; that's the name Drake said before he went out with the 'sixty,'" replied my manager. "What does he want with a tyre when he hasn't got a car?"

I stood in silence. What, indeed, did that man want with one of the new tyres? Had he merely come down there to have further words with me, or did he require a cover for some specific purpose?

My mind, however, was made up. I had resolved to go to New Scotland Yard, and, even though tardily, to place the whole of the facts before the Criminal Investigation Department. Therefore I got out the "forty-eight" and drove along the Hammersmith Road and Knightsbridge, across St. James's Park, and through Storey's Gate to Whitehall, where in the big courtyard of the police headquarters, where a number of motor-buses were drawn up for inspection, I descended and entered the large stone hall, where a constable came forward to inquire my business.

I handed him my card, explaining that I wished to see one of the detective inspectors upon a confidential matter, and was shown upstairs and along a wide corridor to a bare waiting-room.

For some ten minutes I remained there, when the door opened, and I found myself face to face with a middle-aged, pleasant-faced man, who was one of the most noted and experienced officers of the department.

For a moment I held my breath. I recollected all the threats that had been made of Mabel's peril if I dared to speak the truth.

The detective-inspector closed the door behind him, and, wishing me a polite "Good morning," inquired my business.

I told him. Yes; I blurted forth the truth, and made a clean breast of the whole matter.

But the instant I had done so I bitterly repented it.

I realized something which I had not before recognized.

I saw that, even though my dear wife were missing and in peril, I was a fool—an utter idiot—for having dared to breathe a word.

My injudicious statement had only rendered the enigma still more complicated than hitherto.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

The shrewd officer seated at the table with me, a pen in his hand, heard my narrative to the end, now and then making brief memoranda.

Presently he exclaimed:

"Would you kindly excuse me? I'd like another gentleman to hear this story." And he rose and left.

A few minutes later he returned with a rather taller, clean-shaven man,

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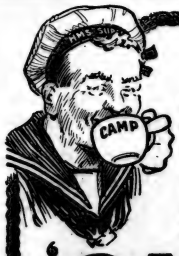

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slightly younger, who had on a dark overcoat and carried a silk hat in his hand.

"This is Mr. Holford," said the first officer, introducing me. "He's just told me a very remarkable story, which I'd like you to hear for a moment."

Then, turning to me, he asked me to repeat briefly what I had alleged.

The new-comer, seating himself, listened attentively to every word which fell from my lips. I noticed that he exchanged curious glances with his brother officer.

"Your main reason, then, for telling us this story is in order to compel those responsible for your wife's absence to reveal her whereabouts, I take it?" asked the younger man.

"Exactly."

"The false telegram was dispatched from Turin, eh?"

"Yes. Cannot you communicate with the Italian police concerning it?"

"And pray what good would result?" he queried. "After long delay we might perchance get the original of the telegram, but I don't see that that would assist us very far. When people send bogus messages they generally disguise their handwriting."

"Well, I leave it to you to take what steps you like to assist me," I said. "My sole object is to find my lost wife."

"Naturally, my dear sir," observed the officer. "We'll first take down your statement in writing."

And then the man I had first seen wrote at my dictation a brief summary of the mysterious death of Professor Greer and its attendant complications and my suspicion of Kershaw Kirk.

"Well, we'll place this before the Commissioner to-day. Perhaps you'll call to-morrow; say about this time. We will then let you know our opinion and our intentions."

With that I was compelled to be satisfied, and I left the waiting-room full of hope that by that bold move of mine I might gain knowledge of the whereabouts of my well-beloved.

How I existed throughout that day I cannot tell. I tried to attend to my business, but in vain. I was wondering what action was being taken by my sinister-faced neighbor who lived in Whitehall Court under another name, and who seemed to possess a dual personality.

At last the hour came when again I turned the car into Scotland Yard from Parliament Street, and once more ushered upstairs into that bare waiting-room wherein so many stories of crime are related.

Presently, after a lengthy wait, the two officers entered together and greeted me.

"Well," commenced the elder of the pair with some slight hesitation, "we've placed your statement before the Commissioner, Mr. Holford, and he has very carefully considered it. He has, however, decided that it is not a matter for our department."

"What?" I gasped. "A man can be foully done to death here in London, and yet the police refuse to believe the story of an honest man—a man who is a witness!"

"We do not doubt you in the least degree, Mr. Holford," the other assured me, speaking very quietly.

"But you do!" I exclaimed in quick anger. "I've told you that a crime has been perpetrated."

"My dear sir," said the officer, "we get many startling stories told here almost hourly, and if we inquired into the truth of them all, why, we'd require a department as big as the whole of Whitehall."

"What I told you yesterday is so strange and extraordinary that you believe I'm a madman," I said. "I see it in your faces."

"Excuse me, but that is not the point," he protested. "We are only officers, Mr. Holford. We are not the commander. The chief has given his decision, and we are compelled to obey, however much we may regret our inaction."

"So you refuse your aid in assisting me to find my wife?"

"No. If we can help you to discover Mrs. Holford, we willingly will. Perhaps you'll kindly give us her description, and we'll at once circulate it through all our channels, both here and abroad. But," added the man, "I must first tell you that we can hold out very little hope. The number of missing wives reported to us, both here at headquarters and at the various local stations in the metropolitan area, is sometimes dozens in a day. Most of the ladies have, we find on inquiry, gone away of their own accord."

"But this case is different. My wife has not!" I asserted. "She has been enticed away by a telegram purporting to come from me."

"And that's really nothing unusual. We have heard of ladies arranging with other people to send urgent messages in the names of their husbands. It is an easy way of escape sometimes." And he smiled rather grimly.

"Then, to put it plainly, I've nothing to hope for from you?" I snapped.

"Very little, I fear, sir."

"And this is our police system which was only recently so highly commended by the Royal Commission of Inquiry!" I blurted forth. "It's a scandal!"

"It is not for us to make any comment, my dear Mr. Holford," said the elder of the two officers. "The Commissioner himself decides what action we take upon information we may receive. I dare say," he added, "our decision in this case does appear to you somewhat strange, but—well, I may as well point out that there is a special feature in it which does not appear to you—an outsider."

"What special feature can there be, pray? A well-known man has been assassinated. Surely, therefore, it is the duty of the police to stir themselves and make every inquiry!"

"We have only your statement for that. As far as we or the public are aware, Professor Greer is travelling somewhere on the Continent."

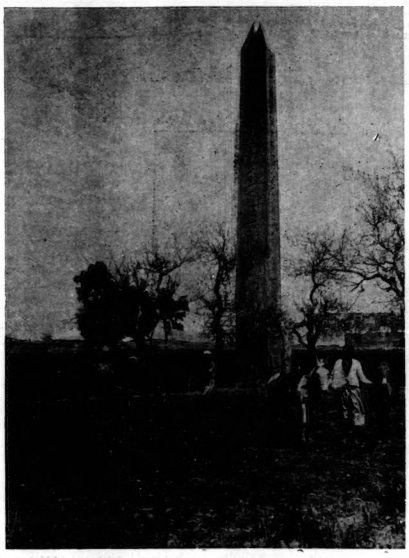
"But, if you disbelieve me, go to Kershaw Kirk, in Whitehall Court, or to the Professor's daughter down at Broadstairs, or to Pietro Merli, who keeps a newsagent's in the Euston Road. Each of these persons knows the truth, and would speak—if compelled."

"The Commissioner has had all those names before him, but in face of that he has decided not to enter into this matter. His decision," said the officer, "is irrevocable."

"Then our police system is a perfect farce!" I cried. "No wonder, indeed, we have in London a host of undiscovered crimes! The man Kirk laughed at you here as blunderers!" I added.

But the pair only exchanged glances and grinned, causing me increased anger.

"In any other city but London the police would, upon my information, at once institute inquiry!" I declared. "I'm a tax-payer, and am entitled to assistance and protection."



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THE OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS.

Egypt's aviation week opened at Heliopolis, warm and under favorable wind conditions. The Khedive, with several members of his entourage, was present and manifested much interest in the flights. The ox and the ass shown in the picture, standing by the Obelisk of Heliopolis, will perhaps in their dull minds feel that modernity is aiming its last blow at the tradition of old Egypt, as they watch the aeroplanes wing their flight towards and around the Pyramids.

"We have already offered to assist you to discover the whereabouts of Mrs. Holford," the elder man pointed out politely.

"Then inquire of this man Kirk, or Seymour, as he calls himself, in Whitehall Court," I said. "He can tell you where she is—if he chooses."

"You suspect him of having a hand in her disappearance? Why?" inquired the other detective officer.

I related clearly and succinctly the facts upon which my belief was based and of the description given of my wife's companion by the hotel-manager in Florence.

The officer slowly shook his head.

"That's scarcely conclusive, is it? The description is but a vague one, after all."

"Well," I said bitterly as I rose, "if you refuse to assist me, I must, I suppose, seek redress elsewhere. May I see the Commissioner myself?"

"You can make formal application, if you like. But I don't expect he will see you. He has already fully considered the matter." And that was all the satisfaction accorded me.

"Then I'll do something!" I cried. "I'll get a question asked in the House. It's a scandal that, with Professor Greer killed in his own house, you refuse to bestir yourselves. After all, it seems quite true, as has been recently alleged, that the police are nowadays so fully occupied in regulating the speed of motor-cars that they have no time for the investigation of crime."

I noticed that at my threat to have a question asked in the House, one of the officers pulled a rather wry face. The Metropolitan Police were not fond, I knew, of questions being put about them. I chanced to know rather intimately a member for a country division, though to get the question put would necessitate me explaining the whole affair.

Yet was not Mabel's liberty—nay, perhaps her very life—at stake?

"You've told us very little regarding this friend of yours, Mr. Kershaw Kirk, whom you appear to suspect so strongly," the younger of the two men remarked at last. "Who is he?"

"An adventurer," I replied quickly. "I have no doubt whatever upon that point."

The man pursed his lips dubiously.

"May it not be that you are somewhat prejudiced against him?" he ventured to suggest.

"No. He was in the house at the time when the Professor's body was cremated in his own furnace. If you went to Sussex Place you would probably discover some remains among the ashes."

"Do you allege, then, that you were an actual witness of the cremation?" asked the officer.

"No; I found him in the house."

"And, later on, you discovered the furnace alight, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then it is only a surmise on your part, after all, my dear sir," remarked the detective, twisting a pen between his fingers as his dark eyes were fixed upon mine. "The actual evidence is really *nil*. That is just the view taken by the Commissioner."

"But my wife is in the hands of the assassins," I cried. "You can't deny that!"

"Is there any actual evidence of it? None, as far as we can see," he declared. "Would it not be natural for your wife, on failing to find you in Florence, either to wire to her sister at home or to return home at once? She did neither, which only goes far to prove that she did not desire to return to London."

"You suggest that she has purposely left me?" I cried, staring at the man in a frenzy of angry resentment.

"I suggest nothing, Mr. Holford. Pray don't misunderstand me. I merely put before you the facts in order to obtain a logical conclusion. Only one can be arrived at—she had some motive for not returning to her home. If she had, then how are we to find her? She would, no doubt, purposely cover her tracks."

"But she was with that man, the man who——"

"And that just bears out my argument," interrupted the detective.

"But may she not have been prevented from sending any message home?" I suggested, though that very point he had made had, I confess, been the one which had continually obsessed me.

Both the detectives shook their heads.

"No," replied the elder of the two. "We are both agreed, as the Commissioner also believes, that your wife would not be held a prisoner. Criminals do not hold women prisoners nowadays, except in works of fiction. No," he added, "depend upon it, Mr. Holford, when you discover the truth, you will find that your wife was acquainted with one or other of these friends of yours, and that her disappearance was part of a plan."

The story of the message received by Mabel while I was in Scotland flashed across my mind. I recollected all that Gwen had so guardedly related to me.

But I stirred myself quickly. No, a thousand times no! I would never believe evil of Mabel before I had absolute proof in black and white. The mystery of her disappearance was as great and inexplicable as the problem of Who killed Professor Greer?

(To be continued.)

A MODERN PORTIA.

Miss Annesley Kenealy, who claimed that she had been wrongfully dismissed from the staff of The London Daily Mail, conducted her own case in court when she sued Lord Northcliffe and the Associated Newspapers Limited. Miss Kenealy lost her case, but seems to have conducted it with considerable ability. She is a daughter of the late Dr. Kenealy, who was one of the counsel engaged in the famous Tichborne case, and her sister is Dr. Arabella Kenealy, a wellknown doctor and novelist.

A Royal Schoolroom.

THE present occupants of the Royal schoolroom at Marlborough House, are the Princess Mary and her brothers, Prince Henry and Prince George; the "baby" of the Prince of Wales Household, Prince John, will enter it very shortly.

The Royal children were taught to read and write at four years old, and from the age of five had to speak in French and German. Once a week they must speak in French and German during lesson time, when their studies are conducted altogether in one or other of these languages, and during meals they also must talk either in French or German.

The schoolroom at Marlborough House is in charge of Mr. Hansell, who came to supervise the education of the young Princes some years ago. It is a large, well-lighted room on the first floor. In the centre there is a big round mahogany writing-table; one side of the room is lined with oak book-shelves filled with school books, and on the other there is a massive old oak bureau of the Georgian period where exercise books, drawing portfolios, paints and paint brushes, pencils, rubbers, and such impedimenta of the schoolroom are kept.

Study begins at eight a.m. in the winter, and half an hour earlier in the summer. Breakfast is served for the young Princes in the morning-room adjoining the schoolroom at nine in the winter, and half-past eight in the summer, and is followed by three more hours' work in the schoolroom. In the afternoon, between four and six, there is a further period of study which is not, however, joined in by the Royal pupils under seven years of age.

These are the hours of study usually observed when the Princes are at Marlborough House; but they are, of course, frequently at other of the Royal residences; they may be in Scotland, at Abergeldie, one week, at York Cottage another, and perhaps at Sandringham or Windsor Castle the week after; the hours devoted to lessons are then varied, but, except in the holidays, the Royal Princes put in at least four hours' work in the schoolroom every day.

Very special care, by the way, is taken in instructing all the Royal children in English history. In order to interest them in this branch of their studies, the Princes are taken frequently to the British Museum by Mr. Hansell to see original letters and documents of great historical importance which they have found mentioned in their books.

This method of instruction was one that greatly appealed to Prince Albert, for whom these documents had a tremendous fascination; the young Prince would frequently plead to be taken to the Museum instead of going to see a football or cricket match; sometimes his request was granted, and he would spend hours in reading these musty old documents which deal with affairs that have had so great an influence on the history of our country.

The King and Queen take the liveliest interest in the education of their little grandchildren. The Sovereign is, by the way, solely responsible for the manner in which the education and upbringing of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales shall be conducted, and, as a matter of fact, no tutor could be engaged for Prince Edward, nor any step taken in the matter of his education without the direct consent of the King. This rule does not apply, of course, to Prince Edward's younger brothers, but the Prince and Princess of Wales have always consulted their Majesties as to the lines upon which their education and general upbringing should be conducted.

Every month, test examinations are held in the Royal schoolroom, the results of which, together with Mr. Hansell's report on the general conduct of his pupils, are sent to the King as well as to the Prince of Wales.

In addition to their studies in the schoolroom, the young Princes have to be taught from their earliest years to observe a great many customs and formalities. They are, for example, taught to be always most scrupulously careful in returning military salutes. A Royal Prince, even when he is a baby, is saluted by every soldier who knows who he is, and at four years old all the young Princes were carefully instructed to return this salute in the proper manner.

Adjoining the schoolroom at Marlborough House there is a large playroom, which contains a big chest of toys, several of them of historical interest. Some have been played with by more than one King of England. There is a model stage coach, for example, made for George IV. which was a plaything of William IV. and King Edward.

The playroom is used chiefly by the young Princes on wet days, where they indulge in various forms of indoor football, cricket, or lawn tennis.

A strict rule of the Royal schoolrooms, says M.A.P., is that all books, pencils, rubbers, etc., must be put back in their proper places by the Princes at the end of their lessons, and a like rule prevails with regard to the toys used in the playroom. Any violation of schoolroom discipline is followed by punishment, the severity of which is measured by the gravity of the offence. Punishments, however, are not often incurred by the Royal pupils.

Literature for Children.

A STRONG trend toward civics and social problems is shown in the selection of new books for the public schools, says a Philadelphia paper. The selection made by the committee on supplies and text-books contains contributions to the strenuous literature of the times, headed by Theodore Roosevelt's "Stories of the Great West," as well as modern books on mental and social development.

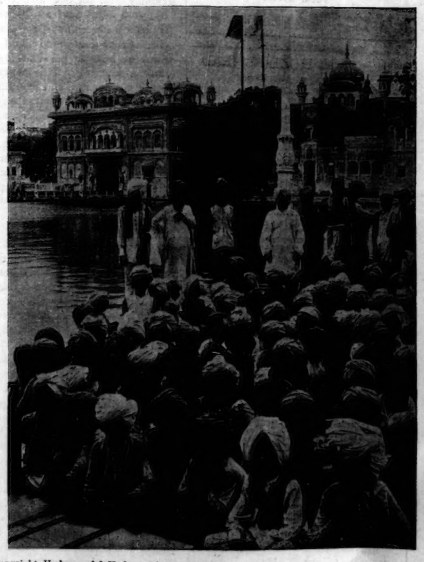
The youngsters of to-day have cast aside such mental pabulum as "Fairy Tales for Little Readers" and "Little Daffy-down-dilly," and among the discarded books, which will be replaced by the new list, are many old-time favorites belonging to a simpler age.

For instance, in place of inane books, dealing with the doings of "Two Girls in China," or relating to the adventures of Pansy, the committee has substituted a "Primer on Sanitation," a treatise on "Mental Development," and a high-brow volume on the "Essentials of Civil Government."

These books are not being thrust upon the children, and their teachers, and only those are discarded for which the demand has fallen off. Therefore, the inference is that the boys and girls of to-day are keeping pace with the ethical and social trend, and that they prefer sanitation to the "Arabian Nights."

Three of Luther Gulick's works dealing with social and physiological problems have been put on the list. These are "Emergencies," "The Body at Work," and "Control of the Body and Mind." Dunn's "Community and the Citizen" has taken the place of Whittier's poems, and the up-to-date kid has displayed a preference for Whitman and Poe instead of the less intensive writers of prose and poetry.

"The Ethics of Success" and Hoag's "Health Studies" have been placed on the schedule, and though Robinson Crusoe has been retained and Rip Van Winkle and King Arthur still hold their own, indications are that the day of the knightly hero, the troubadour, and the fair lady is threatened by the approach of the dawn of civics, sanitation, and pure food.



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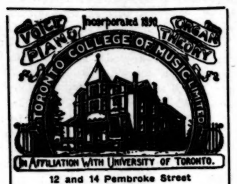
SCHOOL CHILDREN IN INDIA.

Every effort is being made in India to place public instruction on a broader and more popular basis, to give encouragement to private and to native schools, so that the education of the people will advance equally with that of the wealthier classes. The education of the girl receives special care, since for many centuries woman has had to occupy a very back place in the world of India. In spite of all that is being done, however, only about 28 per cent. of the boys and only about 3 per cent. of the girls attend school. There are something like 98,000 primary schools for boys and 8,300 for girls, while there are secondary schools, training and special, engineering and technical, and several art schools.



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M U S I C

SCHUMANN.

THE inevitable has happened, and the Mendelssohn Choir has captured Cleveland, thus enrolling the inhabitants of another city in the lists of its admirers. That this could eventuate in any other way would not for a moment enter into the minds of any who might stop to reflect. As a "winner," this virtuoso band of songsters is a "sure thing." May the success of its members grow from move to move, to the honor of themselves, their distinguished conductor, Dr. Vogt, and their native country, Canada!

* * *

The concerts of the Schubert Choir next Monday and Tuesday evenings in Massey Hall, under Mr. H. M. Fletcher, with the co-operation of the Pittsburg Orchestra under Mr. Emil Paur, are being awaited with much interest.

The programmes will include Tscharkowsky's "O Praise Ye," Handel's "Zadok the Priest," Leu's "In Wald," and Purcell's "In these delightful, pleasant groves." The foregoing will be sung on Monday evening, and the Orchestra on that night will play Goldmark's overture, "Sappho"; Smetana's "Vltava" and Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer Nights' Dream."

On Tuesday evening the choir will sing Kahn's "Bebrabinisgesang," a set of vocal dances by Schubert, which will be new to Torontonians; Schubert's choral ode, "God in Nature"; "Spinning Chorus" from the "Flying Dutchman," for ladies voices; and several other interesting numbers. On this occasion the orchestra will perform Chabrier's "Espana," which the Theodore Thomas Orchestra gave here the week before last, and a second hearing of which will be very timely from an educative standpoint. Also, the great C minor symphony of Brahms will be performed. This is a colossal work, and should be a strong drawing card. Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, the great dramatic soprano, will be heard in important arias with orchestral accompaniment upon both evenings. On Wednesday night the choir will make a bid for international recognition by giving a concert in Rochester. Thus the Schubert will have a busy week of it.

* * *

The most successful event so far in the history of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra was their fourth concert of this season given in Massey Hall on Monday evening last. Mr. Welsman and his band of players were most artistically convincing; and the assistance of Fritz Kreisler, the world-famous violinist, rendered the occasion a memorable one.

The Orchestra opened the programme with the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute," and at the very first strains of the composition one felt a sense of the authority and control which seemed to pervade Mr. Welsman's conducting. The orchestra was keenly responsive, and the result was a rendering excellently satisfying.

Then followed the Beethoven Concerto in D major, Op 61, for violin and orchestra, and this was played and accompanied with rare charm. Kreisler is a virtuoso of the finest type, for he never seeks to be sensational; his tone while not as sonorous as Elman's is invariably full of sensuous beauty. His double stopping was the wonder of those present, and his harmonics were of a purity and certainty that was unearthly in its perfection.

In the concerts, and also in the group of short pieces which he played, he was ever the consummate artist, legitimate in all he did, and expressing his music with a maturity and a poise often lacking in such a giant.

Grieg's exquisite "Elegiac Melody for Strings," and Massenet's colorful "Scenes Alsaciennes" were performed with distinguished success by the Orcnestra. Also, it might be mentioned that Mr. Welsman showed his versatility by playing the piano accompaniments to the shorter numbers which the great violinist rendered.

It was the general expression of those leaving the hall at the conclusion of the concert that our Toronto Orchestra had presented the most enjoyable programme thus far in their history.

* * *

In Convocation Hall, on Friday evening of last week, the University of Toronto Glee Club, under the conductorship of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, gave a programme of signal merit which was most cordially received by the large audience present. As a leader of male choruses Mr. Tripp needs no introduction to Toronto audiences, and the fine list of his past successes in such capacity was further augmented by the conspicuous excellence of this concert. The Club sang with much spirit and abandon, and made especially good effects with the following numbers: "Hymn to Night," Beethoven-Spiker; "Men of Harlech"; "Song of the Minnesingers," Leslie; "Largo," Handel. Also Mr. Tripp's own little composition, "A Woodland Love Song," which is strikingly melodious; and a stirring march-song, "The Blue and White," composed by Clayton E. Bush, the president of the club, were well rendered and heartily encored.

The performance of chamber music is usually "caviare to the general," but the audience being of cultivated taste, the rendering of several numbers by the Toronto String Quartette met with a good reception, albeit their finesse was somewhat lost in the spacious proportions of Convocation Hall.

The personnel of any choral body in connection with a University is necessarily unstable to a more than ordinary degree; and taking this into account one feels that Mr. Tripp has done wonders with his present organization. It revives the hope that he may see his way clear to reorganize the Toronto Male Chorus Club with which he succeeded so brilliantly in former days.

* * *

Once more we have had Mark Hambourg with us at Massey Hall. At his piano recital on Friday evening of last week his powers showed no abatement, although his power showed much—and commendably so. He does not go after tone in such sledge hammer fashion as in former days, and seeks with more success for the poetical meaning of his selections. Among the numbers performed might be mentioned the Chopin Sonata in B flat, played as a memorial to the late Stewart Houston. Hambourg's closing number, the Mendelssohn-Liszt "Wedding March and Dance of the Elves," was a *tour de force* which brought back memories of the Hambourg of old.

* * *

The following programme by pupils of the Primary grade—Piano and Singing—was given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday afternoon.

Krogmann, The Robin's Lullaby, Miss Evelyn Thompson; Ernest Simon, Squirrel's Frolic, Miss Maude Creighton; Del Riego, Happy Song, Miss Grace Green; Esipoff, Danse des Fees, Master Torquil Rose; Wachs, Fete Calabraise, Miss Gladys McLean; Jungmann, In the Forge, Miss Annie Cholwell; Newton, The Magic Month of May, Miss Donalda Clark; Bohm, The Fountain, Miss Rita Hutchins; Lege, Butterflies, Miss Margaret Patterson; Victor Harris, Madrigal, Miss Mayme Pilkey; Wachs, La Diva, Miss Dorothy Joliffe; Poldini, What the Babbling Brook Says, Miss Dorothy Bernard. The teachers represented were Miss Eva Hughes, Miss Alma Tipp, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Margaret Macdonnell, Miss Edith Myers, Miss Ada Twohy, Miss Mary L. Caldwell.

* * *

Olive Casey, a promising young soprano, pupil of Dr. Torrington, was highly successful in her recital at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening, February 10th. Miss Casey sang with rare sweetness and ease an exacting programme which included "Carmena," Wilson; "Silently Blending" from Le Nozze de Figaro, Mozart; When the Roses Bloom, Reichart; the Indian Love Lyrics, Woodforde-Finden; Serenade, Gounod; the Duet, "Of Fairy Wand Had I the Power," Wallace; "Ombra leggiera" (Dinorah), Meyerbeer; Pretty Mocking Bird, Bishop; and Regnava nel silenzio" (Lucia), Donizetti. The following performers rendered acceptable assistance:— Mrs. J. D. Dickinson, Messrs. J. E. Fiddes, Lorne Marshall and J. R. Milne, vocalists; Miss Dollie Blair, pianist; Mr. Arthur E. Semple, flautist.

* * *

Speaking of Master Wilfrid Morison, the well known boy soloist of All Saints' Choir, who is at present in Great Britain, the Belfast News-Letter says:— "His singing caused the greatest enthusiasm. He possesses a voice of remarkable purity and power, and sings with dramatic force and culture."

Master Morison returns to Toronto in March, and will shortly be heard with the choir of All Saints' Church in Mendelssohn's Motett for soprano solo and chorus, "Hear My Prayer."

* * *

Monsieur Paul Balbaud, Bachelor of Letters of the University of Paris, and pupil of the "Ecole Superieurs de Commerce de Paris," has been appointed to the Staff of the Conservatory of Music, as teacher of French. Monsieur Balbaud has resided in Toronto for several years and is no stranger to students of the French language. His two lectures on the second and ninth of February, held at the Conservatory, attracted large audiences. The subjects were: "Legendes de l'Aigle," Anecdotes on the Military Career of Napoleon I., and "Fairy Tales and Their Utility for Young People." Further particulars may be obtained by applying to the Registrar at the Conservatory.

* * *

The following piano and vocal pupils of Eveline Ashworth, A. T. Coll. M., gave a recital in the Concert Hall of the Toronto College of Music last Saturday afternoon:—(Piano) Bertha Haviland, Lillian Westman, Lucy Colbeck, Mildred Lotz, Margaret Steele. (Vocal) Margaret Maher, Ethel Booth, Arloa Fraser, Merle Neimeier, Elsie Evans, Josephine Fairty. Miss Ashworth's pupils were assisted by Geraldine Hartwell, pupil of A. Easter Smith, F.C.V., who played two violin solos.

* * *

The Jessie MacLachlan Concert Co. appeared in Winnipeg recently before the largest and most enthusiastic audience ever assembled in the Walker Theatre. Barnaby Nelson (pupil of Marie C. Strong), a new acquisition to the company, evidently made a splendid impression. The Winnipeg Free Press says:—"Barnaby Nelson has a fine tenor robusto voice, which he uses to excellent purpose. His first song, Allitsen's 'There's a Land,' gave an indication of what he can do, and is prophetic of great things for this good looking, deep-chested young Canadian."

* * *

Mr. Max Fiedler has just been engaged for a further term of two years as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The management of the Orchestra desires to state that, with-the exception of Dr. Karl Muck, of Berlin, no other conductors have been approached nor has the possibility of engaging any other than Mr. Fiedler been even considered.

* * *

During the past four months Mr. Marley R. Sherris, of this city, has been touring Western Canada at the head of his own concert company, appearing successfully in all the larger cities and towns of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Mr. Sherris will return to Toronto during the first week of March, and is now completing arrangements for a recital to be given here by Marion Green, the eminent baritone who sang with the Mendelssohn Choir in the "Children's Crusade."

* * *

Mr. George Dixon, the Canadian tenor, will appear next Monday night as soloist with the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, the foremost male organization of the metropolis.

* * *

A highly interesting recital was given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Wednesday evening by Miss Grace Smith, an English pianist of much ability. The young artist is gifted with considerable emotional depth, and a certain piquancy of style which gives her playing real individuality. Her opening Bach number, the C minor prelude and fugue, was a model of thoughtfulness and clear treatment. In the Variations in E flat major of Mendelssohn, Op. 82, the pianist, while not absolutely note-perfect, reached an emotional plane that was most gratifying. In such numbers as "Danse Villageoise," of Boely; "Des Towibillons" of Dandrieu; "Idyll," of Macdowell; and "Il moto continuo," of von Weber, Miss Smith clearly revealed her particular *metier*, which is in a light, dainty, tasteful style of performance, very charming to hear. The Chopin Sonata in B Min., Op. 58, was the most important work on the programme, and while the performer at all times made it interesting, one felt that her slight physique formed an insuperable barrier to those heroic heights to which some of the movements aspire. The recital, on the whole, was one of uncommon interest, for this young lady has such a fund of natural expression that she is able to afford enjoyment by anything she undertakes to play.

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Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, FEB. 17, 1910.

MRS. GEORGE VALLANCE, Mrs. William Vallance and Miss Emma Vallance left last week for Nassau.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Whitton are spending this month in Florida.

Mrs. Harry Fearman gave a delightful bridge party at her pretty residence, Fairmount ave., last Tuesday for a number of friends, among whom were Mrs. Frank Fearman, Mrs. Willie Fearman, Mrs. Hillman, Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mrs. Arthur Rowe, Mrs. P. H. Alexander, Mrs. Fred Walker, Mrs. Percy Domville, Mrs. James Rogers, Mrs. Charles Graham, Mrs. W. A. Stewart, Mrs. Herring, Mrs. J. D. Laidlaw, Mrs. Shambrook, Miss Climie, Mrs. Kenneth Bethune, Miss Kittson, Miss Moore (Peterboro), Miss Simpson (Toronto) and Mrs. Langsford Robinson.

The residence of Mrs. John S. Hendrie was the scene of a brilliant gathering of members of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society on Friday afternoon, when Mr. J. P. Downey, M.L.A., of Toronto, delivered a most interesting address on the "Life of Florence Nightingale." After the address Mrs. Calder, president of the Society, thanked the speaker for his kindness. At the conclusion of the meeting tea was served by Mrs. James Gillies and Mrs. Alex. Gartshore from a prettily arranged table, on which daffodils were used in profusion. Mrs. Hendrie received in a smart princess gown of orchid embroidered cloth. The guests included Mesdames Gartshore, Martin, Findlay, Ghent, Robertson, John I. McLaren Counsell, H. H. Champ, W. A. Wood, Spratt, J. H. Kerr, Bradin, H. B. Greening, Harper, Denholm, Burns, Galbraith, Langsford Robinson, R. O. Mackay, Snider, Murton, Petrie, Tovell, Drynan, Bidwell, Way, Dr. and Mrs. Lyle, Rev. W. H. Sedgewick, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Miss Phylis Hendrie, Miss Ethel Calder, Miss Daisy Gillies, Miss Burrows and Miss Phylis Mackay.

Among those sailing for the Mediterranean this week will be Mr. and Mrs. Hugh C. Baker, who will spend some time in Madeira; Mrs. Charles Murton and Mr. Herbert Murton, who will go to Italy and then on a tour of the Continent; and Mrs. Leggat, Miss Leggat and Mr. John Leggat, who will sail for Egypt, where they will remain for some months, returning via England.

A very enjoyable luncheon was given on Friday by Mrs. Hobson for Mrs. Tinling, of Montreal, when covers were laid for twelve, the guests being Mrs. William Hendrie, Miss Jean Hobson, Miss Winans, Mrs. William Logie, Mrs. E. H. Ambrose, Mrs. Rogers and Miss Britton.

Mrs. J. J. Mackay received on Wednesday afternoon for the first time since her wedding. The bride looked very graceful in her beautiful wedding gown, and carried a bouquet of Killarney roses. Mrs. George Parke asisted in receiving, and Mrs. Cyrus Birge and Mrs. John Eastwood dispensed tea and coffee in the dining room, where the table was beautifully arranged with bride roses and lilies of the valley in silver baskets.

Miss Winifred Simpson (Toronto) is the guest of Mrs. Ernest Lazier.

Miss Chickering, of Oil City, Pennsylvania, is the guest of Miss Charlotte Balfour, Duke street.

A very jolly Shrove Tuesday dance was that given at the Jockey Club by a number of young bachelors. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Holton chaperoned the party, the guests including Miss Phylis Hendrie, Miss Isobel Scott, Miss Eleanor Lazier, Miss Edna Greening, Miss Simpson (Toronto), Miss Vera Millard, Miss Mona Powis, Miss Blanchard (Boston), Miss Muriel Cartwright, Miss Gibson (Quebec), Miss Pauline Grant, Miss Marjorie Hamilton (Dundas), Miss Kate Thomson, Miss Marjorie Grant, Messrs. Gordon Southam, Applegath, George Glassco, Victor Watson, Russell McCoy, George Balfour, Gurney, McKay, Kenneth Murray, G. Cromby and Montizambert.

Mrs. Charles Tinling (Montreal) is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Alexander Turner.

Miss Douglas Young entertained at luncheon on Thursday in honor of her guest, Miss Frances Phepoe, of Montreal, who will spend a fortnight at "Oakbank."

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gates gave an enjoyable supper party Tuesday evening, when they asked a number of their friends to meet Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Huntley. Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie also entertained in their honor at luncheon at the Valley farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Southam gave another bridge party on Tuesday evening at "Pinehurst," when the prizes were won by Mrs. P. H. Alexander, Mrs. Balfour, Mrs. Fred Walker, Dr. Rogers, Mr. J. M. Young and Dr. Rennie. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. George Lynch-Staunton, Miss Bristol, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. J. M. Young, Dr. and Mrs. Carter, Dr. and Mrs. Malloch, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Champ and Mr. P. H. Alexander.

Mr. Travers Lucas has returned to Vancouver after a month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, "Rowanhurst."

Miss Roos, of Berlin, is the guest of Mrs. George J. Robertson.

KATRINE.

Music Notes

The Toronto String Quartette will give its third concert at the Conservatory of Music next Saturday evening, March 19. This organization has become very popular with local concert-goers, and their appearances are always welcomed by most enthusiastic audiences. The programme for this occasion will be a most interesting one and will consist of the Slavonic Quartette by Glazounow; the E flat quartette by Mendelssohn and the Boellman Sonata, the last number being played by Frederic Nicolai, 'cellist and F. S. Welsman, pianist.

* * *

Mr. F. H. Burt, of the Conservatory of Music vocal staff, announces a series of three talks on subjects of interest to vocalists and voice teachers. The first of the series will be given in the Conservatory lecture hall on the evening of March 1, the subject being "The Vocal Instrument."

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, FEB. 17, 1910.

HER EXCELLENCY Lady Grey, who has been confined to her room for the past few weeks, is now convalescent, although as yet unable to go out. Mr. and Mrs. George Montagu, of London, England, who are taking a trip round the world, were guests of Their Excellencies at Government House for a few days recently and left at the week-end to continue their travels. Lady Harewood and Lady Dartrey, who have been staying at Government House for a fortnight past, have left for a visit to Washington, D.C., and other points in the United States.

Luncheons still continue to take the foremost place on the social programme each week. Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriss was the hostess of a most enjoyable affair of the kind on Thursday, given especially for Miss Allan, of Boston, who was Mrs. John Pugsley's guest. Among those present were the Countess of Lanesborough, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Nesbitt Kirchhoffer, Mrs. Wm. McDougall, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Francis McNaghten, Mrs. A. B. Broderick, Mrs Martin Griffin, Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Mrs. George Paley, Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Mrs. Robert Gill, Mrs. Vernon Eaton, Miss Fitzrandolph, Mrs. Charles Reade, Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. P. D. Ross, Miss Tudor Montizambert, Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mrs. John Pugsley and Miss Sparks. After luncheon an hour or two was given up to an interesting game of bridge, and several additional guests came into tea later in the day.

Another mid-day gathering arranged especially with a view to the entertainment of a number of the "sessional" and other guests now in town was Mrs. Frank Oliver's luncheon in the Ladies' Room in the House of Commons, when those who enjoyed the dainty repast at a table bright with daffodils and golden tulips were: Mrs. William Templeman; Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, of Toronto; Mrs. Ralph Smith; Mrs. Cloran, of Montreal; Mrs. George E. McCraney, of Saskatoon; Mrs. J. P. Molloy, of Morris, Man.; Mrs. George Powell, of Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. Orde Marshall, of London, England; Madame Jules Tessier, of Quebec; Lady Bourinot and her guest from Toronto; Mrs. Alfred Denison; Mrs. W. Melville, Martin, of Regina; Mrs. J. M. Courtney, Mrs. J. G. Turiff, Mrs. George E. King and Mrs. D. M. Finnie.

Mrs. R. L. Borden again entertained at one of her bright luncheons in honor of the "sessional" sojourners in the Capital. On this occasion her guests were Mrs. George P. Graham, Mrs. Ralph Smith, of Nanaimo, B.C.; Mrs. Alex. Haggart, of Winnipeg; Mrs. Geo. A. Clare, of Preston, Ont.; Mrs. E. N. Lewis, of Goderich; Mrs. Alex. Fraser, of Souris, P.E.I.; Madame Montplaisir, of Three Rivers; Mrs. F. A. Heney and Madame Chabot.

The Earl and Countess of Lanesborough entertained at a charmingly arranged dinner at Rideau Cottage recently, their guests being Lady Mary Dawson, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Col. and Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smellie.

Mrs. Alfred Denison, of Toronto, was the guest of honor at a particularly smart and pretty luncheon at which Mrs. H. M. Ami, of Laurier ave. east, was the hostess. The table was beautifully done with daffodils and violets, each guest finding a fragrant little bunch of the latter laid at her place. Those invited to meet Mrs. Denison were Lady Bourinot, Mrs. Adam Shortt, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. George E. Foster, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Mrs. George King, Mrs. Thomas Gibson and Mrs. W. P. Anderson. Mrs. T. Cameron Bate, Mrs. P. D. Ross and Lady Grant also entertained at delightful little luncheons at the end of the week.

Lady Bourinot invited a number of friends to meet Mrs. Denison during her short stay in Ottawa, when a most interesting evening game of bridge was ejoyed by about thirty-five players, the ladies' prizes being won by Mrs. R. L. Borden and Miss Louise de Bellefeuille Macdonald of Montreal (who is the guest of Mrs. Edward Farrer), Dr. R. M. Coulter and Mr. John Christie.

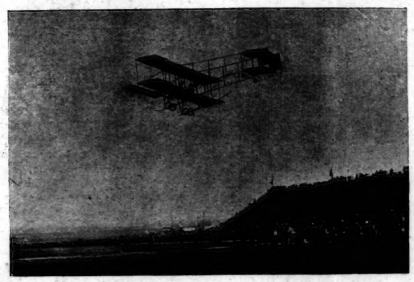
Others who entertained recently at bridge were Mrs. George Bryson; Mrs. Edward Fauquier, whose guest of honor was her niece, Miss Joan Arnoldi, of Toronto; Mrs. Henry Farrer, who invited about thirty ladies to meet Miss de Bellefeuille Macdonald of Montreal; and Mrs. Martin Griffin.

Mrs. Alex. MacDougall entertained at a perfectly appointed "Valentine" dinner followed by a jolly dance at the Country Club on the evening of St. Valentine's Day. Among the tea hostesses of the past few days were Mrs. Charles Morse, who entertained for Miss Flora Macdonald, of Toronto; Miss Elsie Himsworth; Mrs. Congdon, of Dawson, Y.T., who is residing in the Capital for the session; Mrs. E. H. T. Heward, whose guest of honor was Miss Phoebe Wright's visitor, Miss Williams, of Quebec; Mrs. Edmund Burritt; Mrs. Fred Hogg, whose mother, Mrs. Van Dusen, of New York, was the guest of honor at a large tea; and Mrs. Jack Craig, who on Tuesday of this week entertained for Miss Kathleen O'Hara, of Kingston.

Mrs. Harry Cassils entertained a number of young people, as well as a few of the younger chaperones, at a driving party followed by a dance at the Hunt Club in the middle of the week, the entertainment being in honor of Miss Annie Grant, of Toronto, the hostess' niece, who is now visiting another aunt, Mrs. E. C. Grant.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Powell, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell, to Mr. Victor Stewart Patton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Patton, of Winnipeg, took place in Grace Church recently, the ceremony being performed by the rector, Rev. J. F. Gorman, assisted by the groom's uncle, Rev. Herbert Patton, of Prescott. The church was decorated with white flowers and potted shrubs. The guests were shown to their seats by the ushers, Dr. Fred Powell, Mr. Ormond Haycock, Mr. Archie Gray, Mr. Carleton Monk, Mr. Morris Maynard and Mr. Arthur Biggar. The bride, who came in with her father, wore a bridal robe of rich old rose point lace, fashioned in princess effect over white satin. Her veil of Brussels net was bordered with the same lace and was surmounted by a coronet of orange blossoms becomingly arranged on her pretty brown hair. She wore the groom's gift, a pearl necklace with ruby pendant, and carried a large shower bouquet of lily of the valley and orchids. The maid of honor, Miss Gladys Parry, of Toronto, and five attendant maids, Miss Eva Lessard, Miss Anna Oliver, Miss Kathleen Ross, Miss Elsie Patton of Winnipeg (the groom's sister) and Miss Norah McKiel were gowned alike in apricot satin made semi-princess with yoke and sleeves of gold net and trimmings of jewelled embroidery, the draped sashes being finished with gold tassels. Their large picture hats were of similar satin to the gowns, and were faced with brown velvet and trimmed with jewelled lace and large gold roses. They carried sunset roses and wore the gifts of the groom, dainty gold necklets with pearl pendants. Mr. C. F. Howard, of Montreal, was the best man, and to him the bride presented a handsome set of waistcoat buttons, while to the ushers she gave pearl swastika tie pins. After a reception at Mr. and Mrs. Powell's residence in Metcalfe st., Mr. and Mrs. Patton left for Montreal en route to New York. The bride's going-away costume was of navy blue broadcloth, the long coat handsomely braided. Her hat was of blue velvet with plumes, and she also wore silver fox furs. Among the many gifts received by the bride was a diamond necklace and a magnificent chest of silver, both of which with a substantial cheque came from her parents, and another cheque from her grandmother, Mrs. Gordon Pattee.

THE CHAPERON.



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Louis Paulham in the Farnam biplane, in which he reached a height of 5,000.04 feet at Los Angeles, California. This photograph has just been received from the Los Angeles Aviation Meet.

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In memory of Edith Charters Gallagher, her father has fitted up a library browsing room at Smith College.

It is confidently predicted by some women residing in the State of Washington that their State will be the next to give the vote to women.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

BARRETT—At Toronto, on February 14, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Barrett, a son.

CRUMPTON—At Toronto, on February 14, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence F. Crumpton, twins, a boy and a girl.

FARMER—At Port Perry, Ont., on February 15, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Farmer, a daughter.

MEIGHEN—At Perth, Ont., on February 10, 1910, to Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Meighen, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

WATT—LARSEN—At Toronto, on February 15, 1910, Lila L. Larsen to George Watt, of Toronto.

WEISMILLER—HERTEL—At Toronto, on February 15, 1910, Leila Mildred Hertel to Dr. Sidney A. Weismiller of Parkdale.

DEATHS.

CLARKE—At Toronto, on February 16, 1910, James E Clarke.

COFFIN—At Wilmington, N.C., on February 14, 1910, Arthur John Coffin.

MARSHALL—At Edmonton, Alta., on February 15, 1910, Rev. Edson E. Marshall, B.A.

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